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APRIL 1, 1916

My Country Tish of Thee

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

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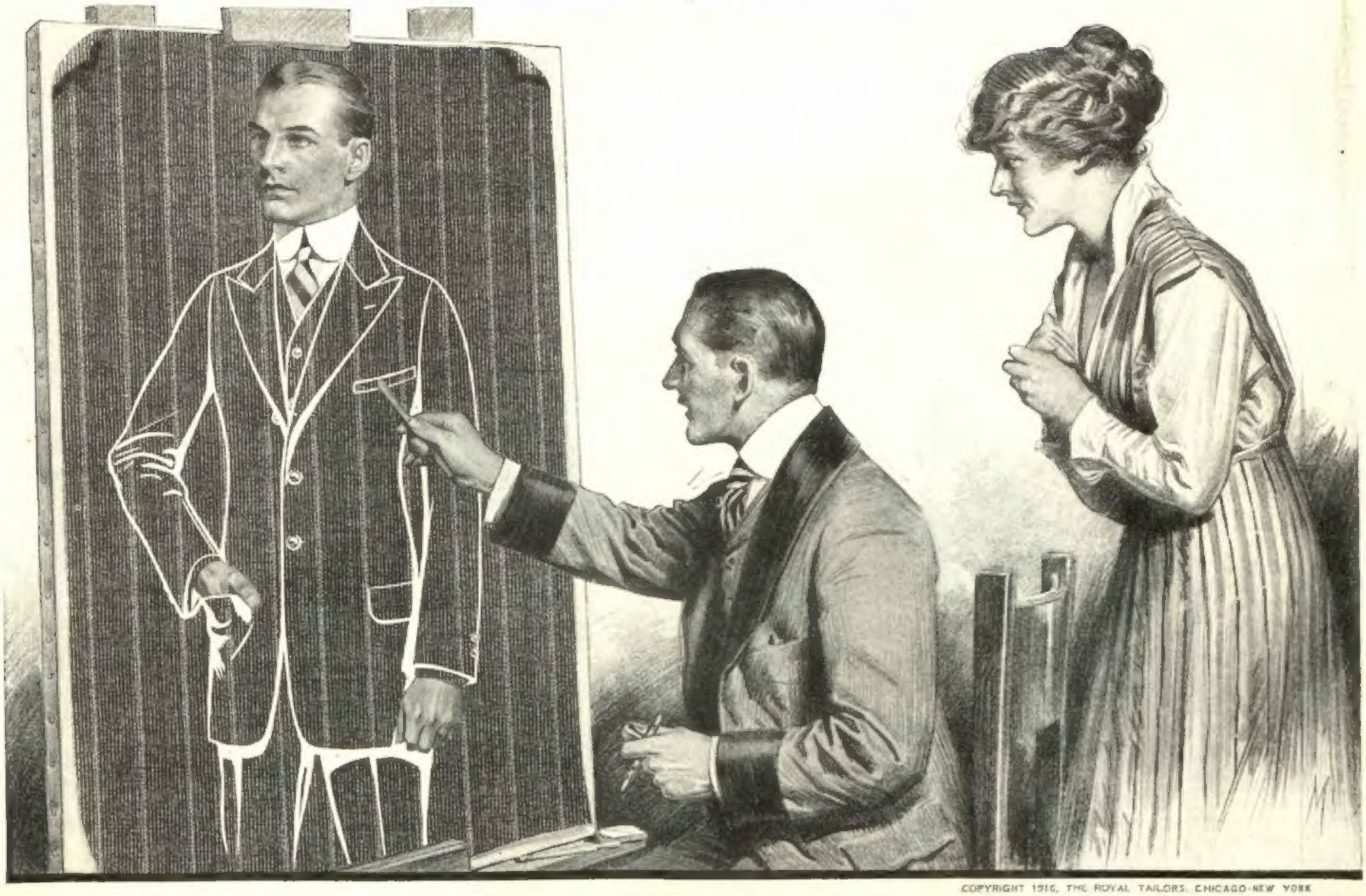

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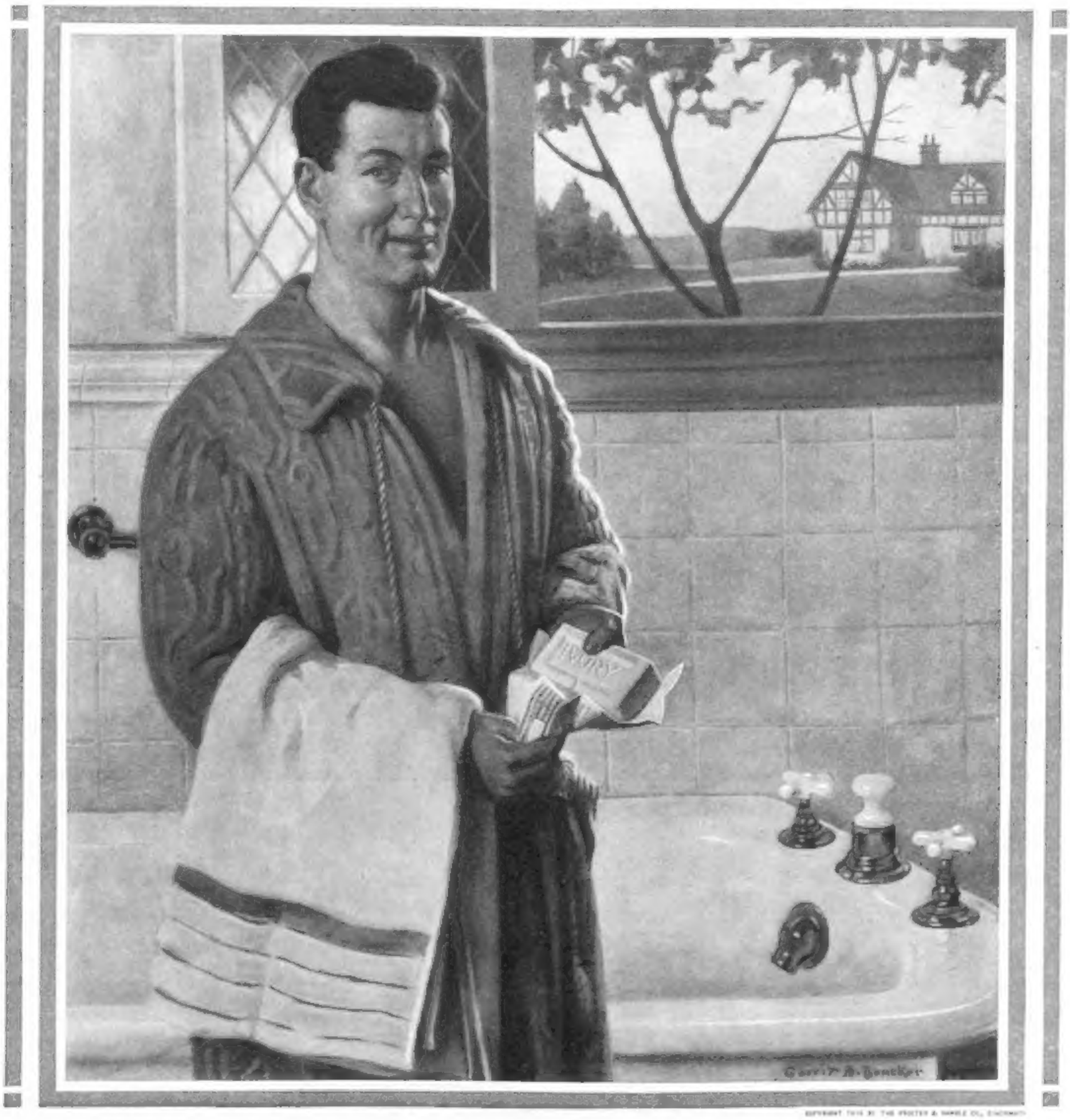

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My Country Tish of Thee—

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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WE HAD meant to go to Europe this last summer, and Tish would have gone anyhow, war or no war, if we had not switched her off onto something else. "Submarines fiddlesticks!" she said. "Give me a good life preserver, with a bottle of blackberry cordial fastened to it, and the sea has no terrors for me."

She said the proper way to do, in case the ship was torpedoed, was to go up on an upper deck, and let the vessel sink under one.

"Then without haste," she explained, "as the water rises about one, strike out calmly. The life belt supports one, but swim gently for the exercise. It will prevent chilling. With a waterproof bag of crackers, and mild weather, one could go on comfortably for a day or two."

I still remember the despairing face Aggie turned to me. It was December then, and very cold.

However, she said nothing more until January. Early in that month Charlie Sands came to Tish's to Sunday dinner, and we were all there. The subject came up then.

It was about the time Tish took up vegetarianism, I remember that, because the only way she could induce Charlie Sands to come to dinner was to promise to have two chops for him. Personally I am not a vegetarian. I am not and never will be. I took a firm stand except when at Tish's home. But Aggie followed Tish's lead, of course, and I believe lived up to it as far as possible, although it is quite true that, stopping in one day unexpectedly to secure a new crochet pattern, I smelled broiling steak. But Aggie explained that she merely intended to use the juice from a small portion, having had one of her weak spells, the balance to go to the janitor's dog.

"The Outside Edge, by George!" Said Charlie Sands. "The Old Sport!"

However, this is a digression.

"Europe!" said Charlie Sands. "Forget it! What in the name of the gastric juice is this I'm eating?"

It was a mixture of bran, raisins and chopped nuts, as I recall it, moistened with water and pressed into a compact form. It was Tish's own invention. She called it Bran-nut, and was talking of making it in large quantities for sale.

Charlie Sands gave it up with a feeble gesture.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Letitia," he said at last; "I'm a strong man ordinarily, but by the time I've got it masticated I'm too weak to swallow it. If—if one could have a stream of water playing on it while working, it would facilitate things."

"The Ostermaiers," said Aggie, "are going West."

"Good for the Ostermaiers," said Charlie Sands. "Great idea. See America first. My Country Tish of Thee, etc. Why don't you three try it?"

Tish relinquished Europe slowly. "One would think," Charlie Sands said, "that you were a German being asked to give up Belgium."

"What part of the West?" she demanded. "It's all civilized, isn't it?"

"The Rocky Mountains," said Charlie Sands, "will never be civilized."

Tish broke off a piece of Bran-nut, and when she thought no one was looking poured a little tea over it. There was a gleam in her eye that Aggie and I have learned to know.

"Mountains!" she said. "That ought to be good for Aggie's hay fever."

"I'd rather live with hay fever," Aggie put in sharply, "than cure it by falling over a precipice."

"You'll have to take a chance on that, of course," Charlie Sands said. "I'm not sure it will be safe, but I am sure it will be interesting." Oh, he knew Tish well enough. Tell her a thing was dangerous, and no power could restrain her.

I do not mind saying that I was not keen about the thing. I had my fortune told years ago, and the palmist said that if a certain line had had a bend in it I would have been hanged. But since it did not, to be careful of high places.

"It's a sporting chance," said Charlie Sands, although I was prodding him under the table. "With some good horses and a bag of this—er—concentrated food, you would have the time of your young lives."

This was figurative. We are all of us round fifty.

"The—the Bran-nut," he said, "would serve for both food and ammunition. I can see you riding along, now and then dropping a piece of it on the head of some unlucky mountain goat, and watching it topple over into eternity. I can see ——"

"Riding!" said Aggie. "Then I'm not going. I have never been on a horse and I never intend to be."

"Don't be a fool," Tish snapped. "If you've never been on a horse it's time and to spare you got on one."

Hannah had been clearing the table with her lips shut tight. Hannah is an old and privileged servant and has a most unfortunate habit of speaking her mind.

So now she stopped beside Tish.

"You take my advice and go, Miss Tish," she said. "If you ride a horse round some and get an appetite, you'll go down on your knees and apologize to your Maker for the stuff we've been eating the last four weeks." She turned to Charlie Sands, and positively her chin was quivering. "I'm a healthy woman," she said, "and I work hard and need good nourishing food. When it's come to a point where I eat the cat's meat and let it go hungry," she said, "it's time either I lost my appetite or Miss Tish went away."

Well, Tish dismissed Hannah haughtily from the room, and the conversation went on. None of us had been far West, although Tish has a sister-in-law in Toledo, Ohio. But owing to a quarrel over a pair of andirons that had been in the family for a long time she had never visited her.

"You'll like it, all of you," Charlie Sands said as we waited for the baked apples. "Once get started with a good horse between your knees, and ——"

"I hope," Tish interrupted him, "that you do not think we are going to ride astride!"

"I'm darned sure of it."

That was Charlie Sands' way of talking. He does not mean to be rude, and he is really a young man of splendid character. But, as Tish says, contact with the world, although it has not spoiled him, has roughened his speech.

"You see," he explained, "there are places out there where the horses have to climb like goats. It's only fair to them to distribute your weight equally. A side saddle is likely to turn and drop you a mile or two down a crack."

Aggie went rather white and sneezed violently. But Tish looked thoughtful.

"It sounds reasonable," she said. "I've felt for a long time that I'd be glad to discard skirts. Skirts," she said, "are badges of servitude, survivals of the harem, reminders of a time when nothing was expected of woman but parasitic leisure."

I tried to tell her that she was wrong about the skirts. Miss MacGillicuddy, our missionary in India, had certainly said that the women in harems wore bloomers. But Tish left the room abruptly, returning shortly after with a volume of the encyclopedia, and looked up the Rocky Mountains.

I remember it said that the highest ranges were, as compared with the size and shape of the earth, only as the corrugations on the skin of an orange. Either the man who wrote that had never seen an orange or he had never seen the Rocky Mountains.

Orange, indeed! If he had said the upper end of a pineapple it would have been more like it. I wish the man who wrote it would go to Glacier Park. I am not a vindictive woman, but I know one or two places where I would like to place him and make him swallow that orange. I'd like to see him on a horse, on the brink of a cañon a mile deep, and have his horse reach over the edge for a stray plant or two, or standing in a cloud up to his waist, so that, as Aggie so plaintively observed, "The lower half of one is in a snowstorm while the upper part is getting sunburned."

For we went. Oh, yes, we went. It is not the encyclopedia's fault that we came back. But now that we are home, and nothing wrong except a touch of lumbago that Tish got from sleeping on the ground, and, of course, Aggie's unfortunate experience with her teeth, I look back on our various adventures with pleasure. I even contemplate a return next year, although Aggie says she will die first. But even that is not to be taken as final. The last time I went to see her she had bought a revolver from the janitor and was taking lessons in loading it.

The Ostermaiers went also. Not with us however. The congregation made up a purse for the purpose, and Tish and Aggie and I went further, and purchased a cigar case for Mr. Ostermaier and a quantity of cigars. Smoking is the good man's only weakness.

I must say, however, that it is absurd to hear Mrs. Ostermaier boasting of the trip. To hear her talk one would think they had done the whole thing, instead of sitting in an automobile and looking up at the mountains. I shall never forget the day they were in a car passing along a road, and we crossed unexpectedly ahead of them and went on straight up the side of a mountain.

Tish had a sombrero on the side of her head, and was resting herself in the saddle by having her right leg thrown negligently over the horse's neck. With the left foot she was kicking our pack horse, a creature so scarred with brands that Tish had named her Jane, after a cousin of hers who had had so many operations that Tish says she is now entirely unfurnished.

Mr. Ostermaier's face was terrible, and only two days ago Mrs. Ostermaier came over to ask about putting an extra width in the skirt to her last winter's suit. But it is my belief that she came to save Tish's soul, and nothing else.

"I'm so glad wide skirts have come in," she said. "They're so modest, aren't they, Miss Tish?"

"Not in a wind," Tish said, eying her coldly.

"I do think, dear Miss Tish," she went on with her eyes down, "that to—to go about in riding breeches before a young man is—well, it is hardly discreet, is it?"

I saw Tish glancing about the room. She was pretty angry, and I knew perfectly well what she wanted. I put my knitting bag over Charlie Sands' tobacco pouch.

Tish had learned to roll cigarettes out in Glacier Park. Not that she smoked them, of course, but she said she might as well know how. There was no knowing when it would come in handy. And when she wishes to calm herself she reaches instinctively for what Bill used to call, strangely, "the makings."

"If," she said, her eye still roving—"if it was any treat to a twenty-four-year-old cowpuncher to see three elderly women in riding breeches, Mrs. Ostermaier—and it's kind of you to think so—why, I'm not selfish."

Mrs. Ostermaier's face was terrible. She gathered up her skirt and rose.

"I shall not tell Mr. Ostermaier what you have just said," she observed with her mouth set hard. "We owe you a great deal, especially the return of my earrings. But I must request, Miss Tish, that you do not voice such sentiments in the Sunday school."

Tish watched her out. Then she sat down and rolled eleven cigarettes for Charlie Sands, one after the other. At last she spoke.

"I'm not sure," she said tartly, "that if I had it to do over again I'd do it. That woman's not a Christian. I was thinking," she went on, "of giving them a part of the reward to go to Asbury Park with. But she'd have to wear blinders on the bathing beach, so I'll not do it."

However, I am ahead of my recital.

For a few days Tish said nothing more, but one Sunday morning, walking home from church, she turned to me suddenly and said:

"Lizzie, you're fat."

"I'm as the Lord made me," I replied with some spirit.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Tish. "You're as your own sloth and overindulgence has made you. Don't blame the Good Man for it."

Now, I am a peaceful woman, and Tish is as my own sister, and indeed even more so. But I was roused to anger by her speech.

"I've been fleshy all my life," I said. "I'm no lazier than most, and I'm a dratted sight more agreeable than some I know, on account of having the ends of my nerves padded."

But she switched to another subject in her characteristic manner.

"Have you ever reflected, either of you," she observed, "that we know nothing of this great land of ours? That we sing of loving 'thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills'—although the word 'templed' savors of paganism and does not belong in a national hymn. And that it is all balderdash?"

Aggie took exception to this and said that she loved her native land, and had been south to Pinehurst and west to see her niece in Minneapolis, on account of the baby having been named for her. But Tish merely listened with a grim smile.

"Travel from a car window," she observed, "is no better than travel in a nickelodeon. I have done all of that I am going to. I intend to become acquainted with my native land, closely acquainted. State by state I shall wander over it, refreshing soul and body and using muscles too long unused."

"Tish!" Aggie quavered. "You are not going on another walking tour?"

Only a year or two before Tish had read Stevenson's Travels With a Donkey, and had been possessed to follow his example. I have elsewhere recorded the details of that terrible trip. Even I turned pale, I fear, and cast a nervous eye toward the table where Tish keeps her reading matter.

Tish is imaginative, and is always influenced by the latest book she has read. For instance, a volume on Nursing at the Front almost sent her across to France, although she cannot make a bed and never could, and turns pale at the sight of blood; and another time a book on flying machines sent her up into the air, mentally if not literally. I shall never forget the time she secured some literature on the Mormon Church, and the difficulty I had in smuggling it out under my coat.

Tish did not refute the walking tour at once, but fell into a deep reverie.

It is not her custom to confide her plans to us until they are fully shaped and too far on to be interfered with, which accounts for our nervousness.

On arriving at her apartment, however, we found a map laid out on the table and the Rocky Mountains marked with pins. We noticed that whenever she straightened from the table she grunted.

"What we want," Tish said, "is isolation. No people. No crowds. No servants. If I don't get away from Hannah soon I'll murder her."

"It wouldn't hurt to see somebody now and then, Tish," Aggie objected.

"Nobody," Tish said firmly. "A good horse is companion enough."

She forgot herself and straightened completely, and she groaned.

"We might meet some desirable people, Tish," I put in firmly. "If we do, I don't intend to run like a rabbit."

"Desirable people!" Tish scoffed. "In the Rocky Mountains! My dear Lizzie, every desperado in the country takes refuge in the Rockies. Of course if you want to take up with that class ——"

Aggie sneezed and looked wretched. As for me, I made up my mind then and there that if Letitia Carberry was going to such a neighborhood, she was not going alone. I am not much with a revolver, but mighty handy with a pair of lungs.

Aggie Unfortunately Waved Her Red Parasol at Tish. The Result Was Most Amazing

Well, Tish had it all worked out.

"I've found the very place," she said. "In the first place, it's Government property. When our country puts aside a part of itself as a public domain we should show our appreciation. In the second place, it's wild. I'd as soon spend a vacation in Central Park near the Zoo as in the Yellowstone. In the third place, with an Indian reservation on one side and a national forest on the other, it's bound to be lonely. Any tourist," she said scornfully, "can go to the Yosemite and be photographed under a redwood tree."

"Do the Indians stay on the reservation?" Aggie asked feebly.

"Probably not," Tish observed coldly. "Once for all, Aggie—if you are going to run like a scared deer every time you see an Indian or a bear, I wish you would go to Asbury Park."

She forgot herself then and sat down quickly, an action which was followed by an agonized expression.

"Tish," I said sharply, "you have been riding a horse!"

"Only in a cinder ring," she replied with unwonted docility. "The teacher said I would be a trifle stiff."

"How long did you ride?"

"Not more than twenty minutes," she said. "The lesson was to be an hour, but somebody put a nickel in a mechanical piano, and the creature I was on started going sideways."

Well, she had fallen off and had to be taken home in a taxicab. When Aggie heard it she simply took the pins out of the map and stuck them in Tish's cushion. Her mouth was set tight.

"I didn't really fall," Tish said. "I sat down, and it was cinders, and not hard. It has made my neck stiff, that's all."

"That's enough," said Aggie. "If I've got to seek pleasure by ramming my spinal column up into my skull and crowding my brains, I'll stay at home."

"You can't fall out of a Western saddle," Tish protested rather bitterly. "And if I were you, Aggie, I wouldn't worry about crowding my brains."

However, she probably regretted this speech, for she added more gently: "A high altitude will help your hay fever, Aggie."

Aggie said with some bitterness that her hay fever did not need to be helped. That, as far as she could see, it was strong and flourishing. At that matters rested, except for a bit of conversation just before we left. Aggie had put on her sweater vest and her muffler and the jacket of her winter suit and was getting into her fur coat, when Tish said: "Soft as mush, both of you!"

"If you think, Tish Carberry," I began, "that I ——"

"Apple dumplings!" said Tish. "Sofa pillows! Jellyfish! Not a muscle to divide between you!"

I drew on my woolen tights angrily.

"Elevators!" Tish went on scornfully. "Street cars and taxicabs! No wonder your bodies are mere masses of protoplasm, or cellulose, or whatever it is."

"Since when," said Aggie, "have you been walking to develop yourself, Tish? I must say ——"

Here anger brought on one of her sneezing attacks, and she was unable to finish. Tish stood before us oracularly.

"After next September," she said, "you will both scorn the sloth of civilization. You will move about for the joy of moving about. You will have cast off the shackles of the flesh and be born anew. That is, if a plan of mine goes through. Lizzie, you will lose fifty pounds!"

Well, I didn't want to lose fifty pounds. After our summer in the Maine woods I had gone back to find that my new tailor-made coat, which had fitted me exactly, and being stiffened with haircloth kept its shape off and looked as if I myself were hanging to the hook, had caved in on me in several places. Just as I had gone to the expense of having it taken in I began to put on flesh again, and had to have it let out. Besides, no woman over forty should ever reduce, at least not violently. She wrinkles. My face that summer had fallen into accordion plaits, and I had the curious feeling of having enough skin for two.

Aggie had suggested at that time that I have my cheeks filled out with paraffin, which I believe cakes and gives the appearance of youth. But Mrs. Ostermaier knew a woman who had done so, and being hit on one side by a snowball, the padding broke in half, one part moving up under her eye and the second lodging at the angle of her jaw. She tried lying on a hot-water bottle to melt the pieces and bring them together again, but they did not remain fixed, having developed a wandering habit and slipping unexpectedly now and then. Mrs. Ostermaier says it is painful to watch her holding them in place when she yawns.

Strangely enough, however, a few weeks later Tish's enthusiasm for the West had apparently vanished. When several weeks went by and the atlas had disappeared from her table, and she had given up vegetarianism for Swedish movements, we felt that we were to have a quiet summer after all, and Aggie wrote to a hotel in Asbury Park about rooms for July and August.

There was a real change in Tish. She stopped knitting abdominal bands for the soldiers in Europe, for one thing, although she had sent over almost a dozen very tasty ones. In the evenings, when we dropped in to chat with her, she said very little and invariably dozed in her chair.

On one such occasion, Aggie having inadvertently stepped on the rocker of her chair while endeavoring by laying a hand on Tish's brow to discover if she was feverish, the chair tilted back and Tish wakened with a jerk.

She immediately fell to groaning and clasped her hands to the small of her back, quite ignoring poor Aggie, whom the chair had caught in the epigastric region, and who was compelled for some time to struggle for breath.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" said Tish in an angry tone. It is rare for Tish to use the name of a Biblical character in this way, but she was clearly suffering. "What in the world are you doing, Aggie?"

"T-trying to breathe," poor Aggie replied.

"Then I wish," Tish said coldly, "that you would make the effort some place else than on the rocker of my chair. You jarred me, and I am in no state to be jarred."

But she refused to explain further, beyond saying, in reply to a question of mine, that she was not feverish and that she had not been asleep, having merely closed her eyes to rest them. Also she affirmed that she was not taking riding lessons. We both noticed, however, that she did not leave her chair during the time we were there, and that she was sitting on the sofa cushion I had made her for the previous Christmas, and on which I had embroidered the poet Moore's beautiful words: "Come, rest in this bosom."

As Aggie was still feeling faint I advised her to take a mouthful of blackberry cordial, which Tish keeps for emergencies in her bathroom closet. Immediately following her departure the calm of the evening was broken by a loud shriek.

It appeared, on my rushing to the bathroom, while Tish sat heartlessly still, that Aggie, not seeing a glass, had placed the bottle to her lips and taken quite a large mouthful of liniment, which in color resembled the cordial. I found her sitting on the edge of the bathtub in a state of collapse.

"I'm poisoned!" she groaned. "Oh, Lizzie, I am not fit to die!"

I flew with the bottle to Tish, who was very calm and stealthily rubbing one of her ankles.

"Do her good," Tish said. "Take some of the stiffness out of her liver, for one thing. But you might keep an eye on her. It's full of alcohol."

"What's the antidote?" I asked, hearing Aggie's low groans.

"The gold cure is the only thing I can think of at the moment," said Tish coldly, and started on the other ankle.

I merely record this incident to show the change in Tish. Aggie was not seriously upset, although dizzy for an hour or so and very talkative, especially about Mr. Wiggins, a roofer to whom she had once been engaged, but had not married, owing to his having died just as Aggie had a dozen of everything ready and laid away, having slipped off a roof in pursuit of his occupation.

Tish was changed. Her life, which mostly had been an open book to us, became filled with mystery. There were whole days when she was not to be located anywhere, and evenings, as I have stated, when she dozed in her chair.

As usual when we are worried about Tish we consulted her nephew, Charlie Sands, who is the city editor of one of our foremost newspapers. But like all members of the masculine sex he refused to be worried.

"She'll be all right," he observed. "She takes these spells. But trust the old lady to come up smiling."

"It's either Christian Science or osteopathy," Aggie said dolefully. "She's not herself. The fruit cake she sent me the other day tasted very queer, and Hannah thinks she put ointment in instead of butter."

"Ointments!" observed Charlie thoughtfully. "And salves! By George, I wonder —— I'll tell you," he said: "I'll keep an eye open for a few days. The symptoms sound like —— But never mind. I'll let you know."

We were compelled to be satisfied with this, but for several days we lingered in anxiety. During that painful interval nothing occurred to enlighten us, except one conversation with Tish.

We had taken dinner with her, and she seemed to be all right again and more than usually active. She had given up the Bran-nut after breaking a tooth on it, and was eating rare beef, which she had heard was digested in the spleen or some such place, thus resting the stomach for a time. She left us, however, immediately after the meal, and Hannah, her maid, tiptoed into the room.

"I'm that nervous I could scream," she said. "Do you know what she's doing now?"

"No, Hannah," I said with bitter sarcasm. "Long ago I learned never to surmise what Miss Tish is doing."

"She's in the bathroom, standing on one foot and waving the other in the air. She's been doing it," Hannah said, "for weeks. First one foot, then the other. And that ain't all."

"You've been spying on Miss Tish," Aggie said. "Shame on you, Hannah!"

"I have, Miss Aggie. Spy I have and spy I will, while there's breath in my body. Twenty years have I —— Do you know what she does when she comes home from these sneakin' trips of hers? She sits in a hot bath until the wonder is that her blood ain't turned to water. And after that she uses liniment. Her underclothes is that stained up with it that I'm ashamed to hang 'em out."

Here Tish returned and, after a suspicious glance at Hannah, sat down. Aggie and I glanced at each other. She did not, as she had for some time past, line the chair with pillows, and there was an air about her almost of triumph.

She did not, however, volunteer any explanation. Aggie and I were driven to speculation, in which we indulged on our way home, Aggie being my guest at the time, on account of her janitor's children having measles, and Aggie never having had them, although recalling a severe rash as a child, with other measly symptoms.

"She has something in mind for next summer," said Aggie apprehensively, "and she is preparing her strength for it. Tish is forehanded if nothing else."

"Well," I remarked with some bitterness, "if we are going along it might be well to prepare us too."

"Something," Aggie continued, "that requires standing on one foot with the other in the air."

"Don't drivel," said I. "She's not likely going into the Russian ballet. She's training her muscles, that's all."

But the mystery was solved the following morning when Charlie Sands called me up.

"I've got it, beloved aunt," he said. Although I am not related to him, or Aggie either, he calls us the A.A.s, which means, I believe, the Amazing Aunts. Although why "amazing" I never could make out.

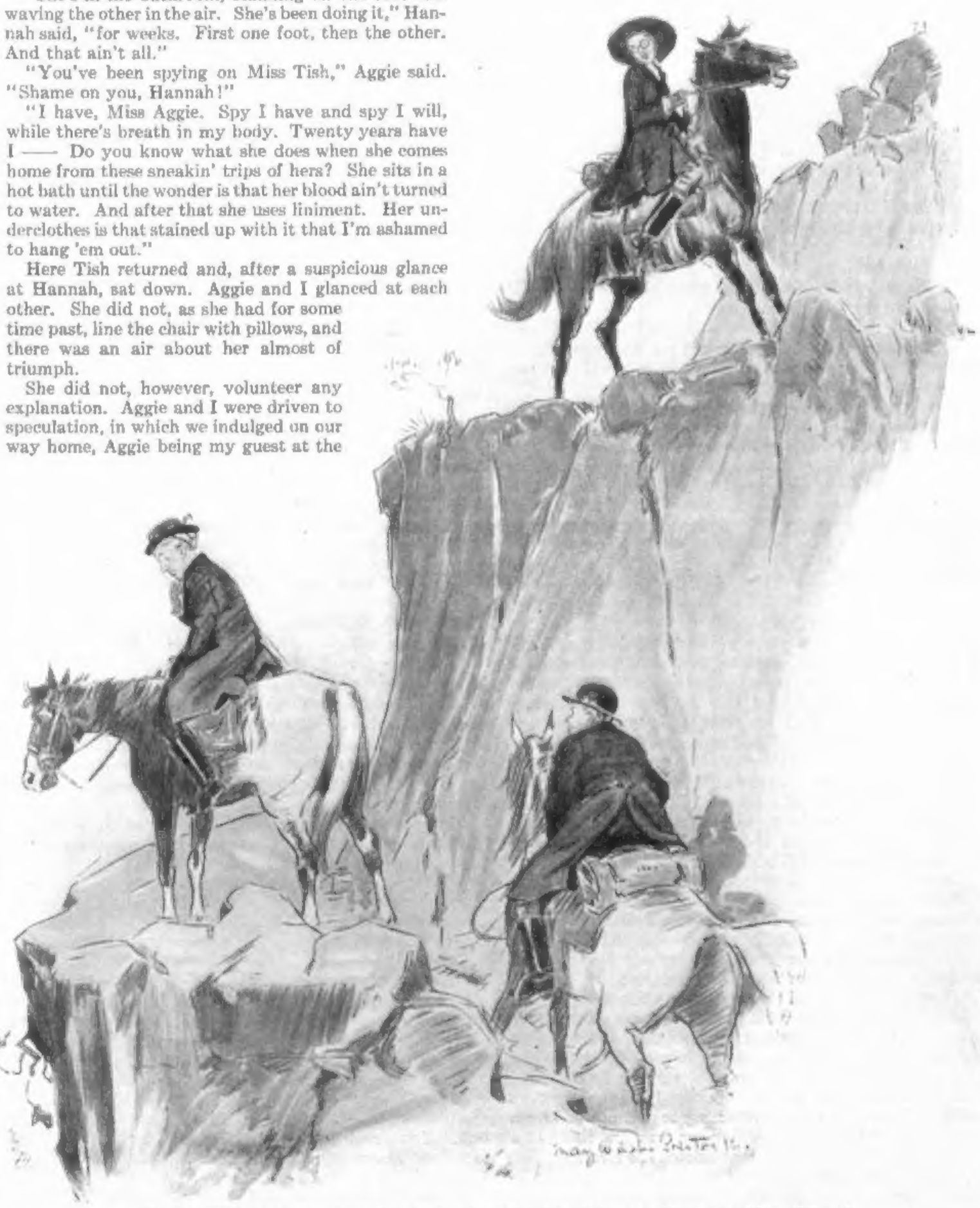
"Got what?" said I.

"What the old lady is up to. She's a wonder, and no mistake. Only I think it was stingy of her not to let you and Aunt Aggie in."

He asked me to get Aggie and meet him at the office as soon as possible, but he refused to explain further. And he continued to refuse until we had arrived at our destination, a large brick building in the center of the city.

"Now," he said, "take a long breath and go in. And mind—no excitement."

We went in. There was a band playing and people circling at a mile a minute. In the center there was a cleared place, and Tish was there on ice skates. An instructor had her by the arm, and as we looked she waved him off, gave herself a shove forward with one foot, and then, with her arms waving, she made a double curve, first on one foot and then on the other.



We Got Higher All the Time, and Rode Through Waterfalls and Along the Edge of Death

"The outside edge, by George!" said Charlie Sands. "The old sport!"

Unluckily at that moment Tish saw us, and sat down violently on the ice. And a quite nice-looking young man fell over her and lay stunned for several seconds. We rushed round the arena, expecting to see them both carried out, but Tish was uninjured, and came skating toward us with her hands in her pockets. It was the young man who had to be assisted out.

"Well," she said, fetching up against the railing with a bang, "of course you had to come before I was ready for you! In a week I'll really be skating."

We said nothing, but looked at her, and I am afraid our glances showed disapproval, for she straightened her hat with a jerk.

"Well?" she said. "You're not tongue-tied all of a sudden, are you? Can't a woman take a little exercise without her family and friends coming snooping round and acting as if she'd broken the Ten Commandments?"

"Breaking the Ten Commandments!" I said witheringly. "Breaking a leg more likely. If you could have seen yourself, Tish Carberry, sprawled on that ice at your age, and both your arteries and your bones brittle, as the specialist told you—and I heard him myself—you'd take those things off your feet and go home and hide your head."

"I wish I had your breath, Lizzie," Tish said. "I'd be a submarine diver."

Saying which she skated off, and did not come near us again. A young gentleman went up to her and asked her to skate, though I doubt if she had ever seen him before. And as we left the building in disapproval they were doing fancy turns in the middle of the place, and a crowd was gathering round them.

Owing to considerable feeling being roused by the foregoing incident we did not see much of Tish for a week. If a middle-aged woman wants to make a spectacle of herself both Aggie and I felt that she needed to be taught a lesson. Besides, we knew Tish. With her, to conquer a thing is to lose interest.

On the anniversary of the day Aggie became engaged to Mr. Wiggins, Tish asked us both to dinner, and we buried the hatchet, or rather the skates. It was when dessert came that we realized how everything that had occurred had been preparation for the summer, and that we were not going to Asbury Park, after all.

"It's like this," said Tish. "Hannah, go out and close the door, and don't stand listening. I have figured it all out," she said, when Hannah had slammed out. "The muscles used in skating are the ones used in mountain climbing. Besides, there may be times when a pair of skates would be handy going over the glaciers. It's not called Glacier Park for nothing, I dare say. When we went into the Maine woods we went unprepared. This time I intend to be ready for any emergency."

But we gave her little encouragement. We would go along, and told her so. But further than that I refused to prepare. I would not skate, and said so.

"Very well, Lizzie," she said. "Don't blame me if you find yourself unable to cope with mountain hardships. I merely felt this way: if each of us could do one thing well it might be helpful. There's always snow, and if Aggie would learn to use snowshoes it might be valuable."

"Where could I practice?" Aggie demanded. But Tish went on, ignoring Aggie's sarcastic tone.

"It's Well Enough for You, Tish Carberry, to Talk About Gripping a Horse With Your Knees"

"And if you, Lizzie, would learn to throw a lasso, or lariat—I believe both terms are correct—it would be a great advantage, especially in case of meeting ferocious animals. The park laws will not allow us to kill them, and it would be mighty convenient, Lizzie. Not to mention that it would be an accomplishment few women possess."

I refused to make the attempt, although Tish sent for the clothesline, and with the aid of the encyclopedia made a loop in the end of it. Finally she became interested herself, and when we left rather downhearted at ten o'clock she had caught the rocking chair three times and broken the clock.

Aggie and I prepared with little enthusiasm, I must confess. We had as much love for the rocks and rills of our great country as Tish, but, as Aggie observed, there were rocks and rocks, and one could love them without climbing up them or falling off them.

The only comfort we had was that Charlie Sands said that we would ride ponies, and not horses. My niece's children have a pony which is very gentle and not much larger than a dog, which comes up on the porch for lumps of sugar. We were lured to a false sense of security, I must say.

As far as we could see, Tish was making few preparations for the trip. She said we could get everything we needed at the park entrance, and that the riding was merely sitting in a saddle and letting the pony do the rest. But on the twenty-first of June, the anniversary of the day Aggie was to have been married, we went out to decorate Mr. Wiggins' last resting place, and coming out of the cemetery we met Tish.

She was on a horse, astride!

She was not alone. A gentleman was riding beside her, and he had her horse by a long leather strap.

She pretended not to see us, and Aggie unfortunately waved her red parasol at her. The result was most amazing. The beast she was on jerked itself free in an instant, and with the same movement, apparently, leaped the hedge beside the road. One moment there was Tish, in a derby hat and breeches, and the next moment there was only the gentleman, with his mouth open.

Aggie collapsed, moaning in the road, and beyond the hedge we could hear the horse leaping tombstones in the cemetery.

"Oh, Tish!" Aggie wailed.

I broke my way through the hedge to find what was left of her, while the

(Continued on Page 54)

THE CALL OF THE CALLIOPE

By L. B. YATES

IN THE drowsy dew of early morning and on the vacant hill lot usually dedicated to juvenile athletic effort a canvas city was springing into being. Lumbering red wagons, their wheels coated with the mud of many journeyings, had arrived at intervals. The center pole was already pointing skyward and little groups of sleepy canvasmen were tugging on the ropes that hauled the seventy-five-foot roundtop to its position. Stakes had been driven, and long before the inhabitants of the little Southern town of Hanford had risen to go forth to their daily avocations the tents of the famous Morse & Moffatt Consolidated Circus and Congress of World's Wonders had been erected.

All over the lot, superintending the labor of pitching from its inception to its close, a lean and lanky young man, who apparently possessed the secret of endless motion as applied to human endeavor, was moving restlessly from place to place. He was Frank Morse, sole proprietor of the unique organization that bore his name.

When all was finished the proprietor viewed the layout, from the flag that fluttered at the masthead of the maintop to the guy ropes that sustained the horse tent, and chuckled his satisfaction. With long strides he walked over to the edge of the hill, from which coign of vantage he could get a panoramic view of the little hamlet lying in the valley below. The smoke was commencing to curl upward from many chimneys and the morning sun was just rising in a pink ball from the tree tops that skirted the river.

Away in the distance a cloud of dust formed and gathered volume as it rose upward. The man on the edge of the hill watched it in an impersonal way until a horse and rider emerged therefrom. Then he woke to sudden interest as they came cantering slowly toward him. It was no unusual sight to see an equestrian in that particular locality, but this animal came forward with the frictionless gait that to the eye of the elect is the hallmark of tremendous reserve force and extraordinary speed.

Morse never took his eyes off the pair. The horse climbed the grade with the springy, swinging walk begotten of aristocratic breeding. He was ridden by a boy about seventeen years of age, and the circus man also noted the easy seat of a born horseman. Within a few yards of where the showman was standing the boy pulled up and for a second or two sat motionless.

"Howdy?" he said shortly.

"Howdy, kid?" returned the impresario cheerfully, with all the optimistic air of a man who had surmounted every obstacle and was unacquainted with hard luck in any manner, shape or form. "That's a likely kind of a goat you're straddlin'. A purty fair imitation of a ridable hoss. Looks like a short hoss that had got in th' wrong pasture. What do you use him fur, kid?"

"I was thinkin' I'd like to join th' circus," answered the boy. "Is there any chance? I own this hoss an' I have a few dollars saved up. I'm sick of this blamed town an' I'm a-goin' to move."

At the latter statement the circus man evinced a sudden and serious interest.

"There ain't any reason why you an' I shouldn't have a complete understandin', kid," said he cautiously, "because I see that we both belong. Th' elephant has stepped on my pocketbook an' flattened it out till it looks like a postage stamp. With a hoss like that you might join th' happy band of immortals; an' if you had some of th' In-God-We-Trust stuff hid away under a brick somewhere handy I dunno but what I'd declare you in as a partner. Four or five hundred iron men just now," concluded Mr. Morse, "would put me an' my outfit where th' wicked cease from troublin' an' th' weary are at rest."

On that selfsame night, when darkness enveloped all things, a boy stole forth from the family rooftree, mounted a horse, and commenced a long hike, following the direction taken by the wagon show as it journeyed to its next stand. Bear with me, gentle reader, while I make the admission that I was that boy. The horse's name was Little Trouper.

He was a quarter horse without a peer and had already won many races, by which I had profited in a monetary way unusual for most boys of my age.

My new partner was one of the most unusual characters it has ever been my privilege to meet. His was a long, tall, gangling personality, surmounted by an old-young face. He had confidence in himself and in almost everything else that lived or breathed. In the course of a variegated career Morse had been a lightning-rod agent, telegraph operator and medicine-show faker; and his quaint make-up surrounded the most optimistic disposition in the wide, wide world.

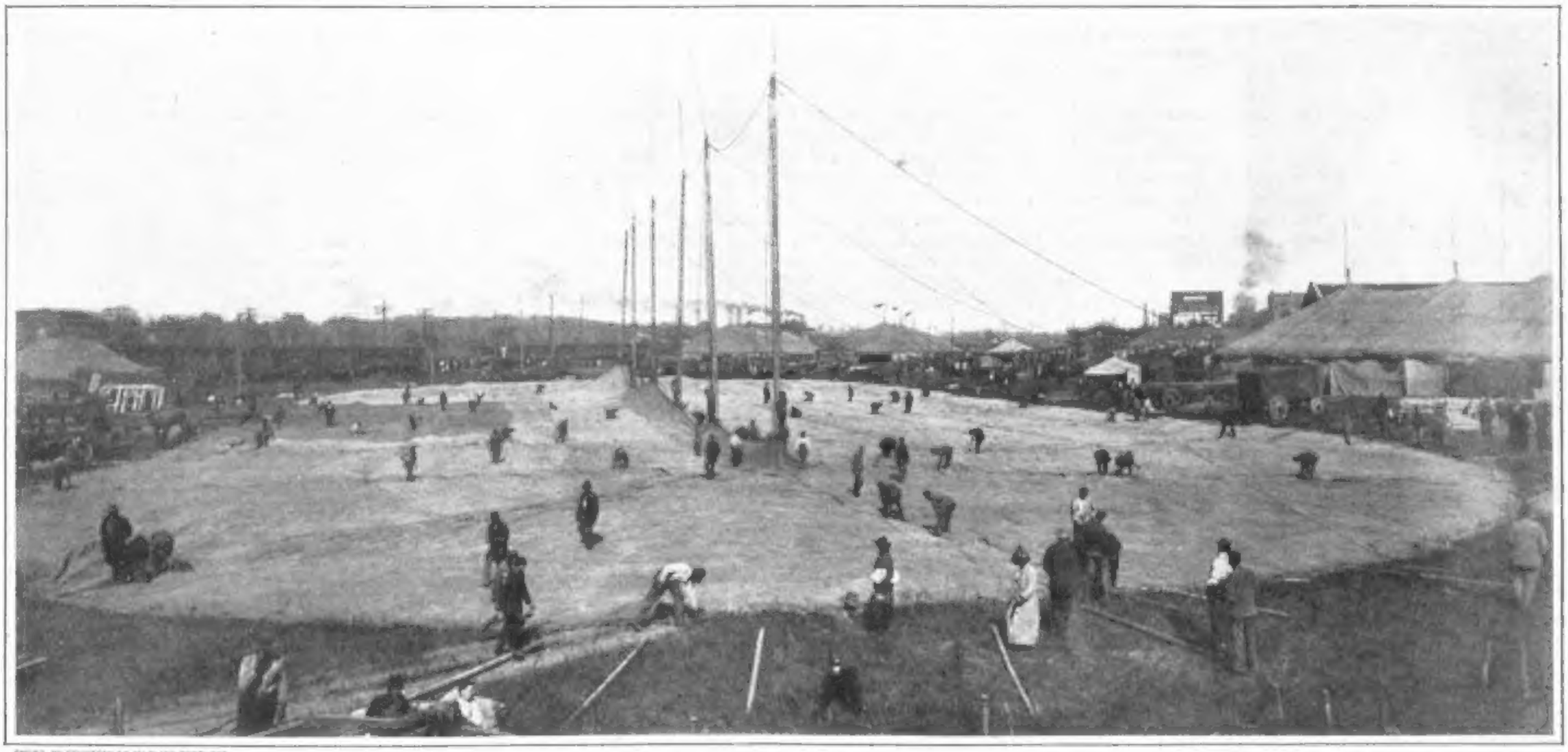


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF RINGLING BROTHERS

Getting Ready to Raise the Big Top

"Some day, kid," he would say, "you an' me will parade this little ol' show right down Broadway, N'York; an' we'll lean against that burg until it falls into th' North River."

He always made a sweeping statement of this kind about the time that we were at a loss to know where to turn for money to buy horse feed, or even the very common necessities of life. You could have put a photograph of my partner beside a portrayal of everlasting hope and claimed that they were twin brothers. He was the original prophet, priest and emperor of the Kingdom of Glad Tidings. The world should have been populated by his kind. He was a believer, with a faith in the future, built on a foundation as lasting as the guardians of the Great Divide. He had no yesterdays. His numerals on the calendar were all those of to-morrow.

Out With a Ten-Wagon Show

THE show itself was a little ten-wagon affair, which was run on such a peculiar haphazard basis that, when contrasted with the methods of the present day, it seems incredible that we got from town to town. All the advance work was done by one man, who carried his advertising matter in the bottom of an ordinary covered buggy. Our show paper was never larger than the average one-sheet, and was printed in old-fashioned block type in the offices of the local country weeklies that we met up with in the course of our travels. It was usual to pay some cash and balance out the bill with circus tickets. A really good agent never parted with anything that looked like currency. He was never more than three or four days ahead of the show, and he made all the arrangements for meals at the hotels, lots, license, and did everything else connected with the advance.

Our performance consisted of two riding acts; some mixed acrobatics, in which two men and two women participated; a black-faced knockabout act—and then the clown. The latter individual was the star and, as a privileged character, pulled many a burlesque on local happenings that might have got anyone else into serious trouble. He had to be a singer as well as a conversational entertainer, and the lyrics and music were not infrequently both clever and tuneful.

Everybody round our show worked. Frank Morse used to say that the worst disease a circus could have was the excess-baggage malady. The bandmen and all the male performers helped to drive the stakes and get the canvas off the ground. Sometimes, if we were late in reaching a town, the performers would don their costumes at the outskirts and parade through the main streets. The wagons would roll off toward the lot, and drivers and roustabouts would have the big top in position by the time we returned. Some of the larger wagon shows carried their own cook tents; but some did not, taking chances at feeding their people at the hotels or boarding houses.

When conditions were favorable the principals usually drove to the next town in a large carryall and spent the night sleeping in real beds; but frequently in bad weather, and when the roads were hub-deep in mud, we could not spare the extra teams, and everybody took chances at stowing away in the wagons as best they might. The parade itself was not a very imposing affair. It was usually led by the clown, who, mounted on the traditional mule, "brought the show into town." When I look back now and think what a tawdry and rather unkempt appearance we must have presented, I am more than convinced that the dear public has stood for a good deal in the show business.

Of course there were wagon shows, even at that time, that were founded on more consequential ideas than ours; but when I speak of it I speak of experiences which would probably be the same with the average itinerant attraction that traveled up and down the country haphazard.

My partner's creed was very simple and was embraced in a few brief sentences. "My friend can do no wrong," he would maintain whenever the subject was broached. Then, as good measure, he added: "You've got to be on th' level with people that are on th' level with you. After that, let th' other fellow do th' guessing." The philosophy of life has not been changed in its material points since the days when Frank Morse was the impresario of a cheap wagon show.

Of course we had grafters with our show—three tinhorns, who were pretty shifty with any device where cards or the elusive pea was concerned. Sometimes they reaped a pretty fair harvest, but, as a rule, the play was rather light; and, considering the trouble in which we were frequently involved by reason of it, I do not believe it paid in the long run.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF RINGLING BROTHERS

Manicuring the Elephant

The conviction that I was correct in this argument was forced on me before we had been out on the road two weeks. A countryman had lost some money at the shell game and protested vehemently. To pacify him his money was returned; but he went away vowing vengeance. Nothing more was thought of his threats, as such a happening was of daily occurrence; but the floods descended just when we were packing up after the evening performance. I was inside the ticket wagon when I heard the old familiar cry: "Hey, Rube!" I did not know at first what it meant; but my partner, who was with me, grabbed a heavy walking stick that was in the corner and jumped through the door into the darkness.

"Come along, kid!" he yelled back at me. "There's a clem on th' lot. We'll need everybody."

I may state I was ignorant also regarding the term "clem"; but youth, if not valiant, is always seeking information, and I followed.

A Real Clem on the Lot

BY THE light of what flickering torches remained standing I could see a mass of struggling, fighting forms silhouetted against the blackness beyond. Every male member of our company was engaged in standing off the toughs from the town with any weapon that came handy, from a toothpick to a pitchfork. In my hurried flight from the wagon I had grabbed up one of those old-fashioned round ebony rulers. It is a trenchant weapon at close quarters, and in the hands of an artist could have made the late-lamented Colonel Bowie hang his head for very shame.

The towners had assembled in considerable force and outnumbered our little company probably two to one. As I approached I could see that my partner was in the forefront of the fight. I always thought that coursing in his veins must have been the good old red blood of many Crusaders. He swung his heavy weapon round his head as if it had been a feather, and everything he landed on went down with a thud. Before I knew it I was in the center of the mêlée myself. I recollect the first blow that was struck; and after that, when I came to my senses, I was lying in the bottom of the band wagon, while my partner was kneeling beside me supporting my head in his arms.

"One of them ginks come near puttin' your light out, kid!" he exclaimed, with an air of relief as I opened my eyes. "I thought at first they had broke a hole in th' roof, but I see now they only took off one of th' shingles."

I put my hand up to the crown of my head, where I was sensible of a dull, throbbing pain, and felt a large, round wet spot.

"Yep," continued Morse, "that was a real clem, kid—th' best we've had since a year ago last fall." The right sleeve was torn out of his coat and there was a rectangular gash that had imprinted a quotation mark on his forehead; but he was grinning down at me with the air of a boy who had just robbed an orchard and brought

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF RINGLING BROTHERS

home the booty, despite the protestations of the family watchdog. "If we hadn't have had th' horses hitched up when it started," he assured me, "I don't believe we'd have got out o' town. But we give 'em a run for their money, and th' only thing I'm sorry for is that my old friend Denys wasn't along."

"Denys who?" I interrogated.

"There was only one o' them," maintained my partner—"only one guy in all th' books you can read that would have been th' real McCoy in a clem of that kind. I'm talking about Denys of Burgundy. Say, kid, if he'd of ever been on that lot with that boiler-plate harness of his'n, there would of been some doings! When th' music gets out of your ears, kid, I'm a-goin' to let you read that book."

Later on, I discovered that Morse's library consisted of three books: The Cloister and the Hearth; Dickens' Hard Times; and The Three Musketeers. Of all the characters portrayed therein, he favored Denys of Burgundy, and the swashbuckling soldier of fortune was always to him a real, living, tangible hero.

Just as day was dawning the wagons came to a halt, and I could hear the drivers and performers consulting in low tones. There was a little clump of pines next the road and four of the canvasmen took shovels and commenced to dig. I was still shaky, but crawled up on the seat of the band wagon and watched the proceedings. When an excavation of sufficient depth had been made, an inanimate body, wrapped in a blanket, was carried gently forward and deposited therein. I afterward learned that it was the body of one of our men who had succumbed to injuries received in the battle. Hardly a word was spoken, the members of our little company forming silently round as the newly made grave was filled in. Then my partner stepped forward and drew a worn volume from his pocket.

"I suppose on an occasion of this kind," he said in subdued tones, "that somebody ought to say somethin'. I haven't got a Bible with me an', so far as I know, there ain't one in th' outfit; but I'll tell you a little piece out of a book that was written by a man named Dickens, an' p'r'aps it'll pass muster for real coin up at th' main ticket wagon."

A Funeral Service From Dickens

I CAN see him now, his long hair streaming back from his whimsical face, overshadowed, as it was, with all the sympathy of genuine sorrow. The old careless manner had fallen away and for the moment he seemed another being. Briefly, and with a beautiful appreciation of the master's work, he recited the story of the horse-riding people, closing his remarks with excerpts from the valedictory of poor old Slearey:

"There's a love in the world—not self-interest, after all, but something very different. . . . Don't be cross with us poor vagabonds; people must be amused. . . . Do the wise thing—the kind thing too. Make the best of us—not the worst."

It was the most unique and perhaps the rarest tribute ever paid to any writing man.

Morse was always inventing some new attraction. On one occasion I caught him out in the horse tent industriously wielding a razor on the head of a diminutive negro. He had shaved off all the wool, leaving the skull bare, except a small circular tuft growing on the crown. My partner drew back and surveyed his handiwork with amazing approval.

"Pipe it, kid!" he exclaimed. "Ain't he a dream?"

"Dream what?" I interrogated.

"Why that there dinge. I'll bet you can't call th' turn."

"I profess my inability."

Morse chortled like a schoolboy as he said triumphantly:

"I knowed you wouldn't get it. You wait till I get th' harness on this gink an' if he won't be th' doggonedest-lookin' cannibal you ever seen I'll eat him up myself. I've got another nigger lined up, with a roof on him like a coconut. I'm goin' t' bill 'em as Sango an' Bango, th' untamed aborigines captured in th' wilds of Madagascar at th' loss of th' lives of seventeen men, three women an' four small children. Y' wait till I get 'em rigged in coonskin breechclouts, necklaces made out of bearclaws an' clamshells; an', believe me, kid, they ought t' draw like a porous plaster."

Morse exhibited these negroes in what is called, in circus parlance, an uptown wagon, which instead of going to the circus lot takes up a position on some thickly populated corner of the village or town visited. He had so changed the construction of the vehicle that the ordinary bottom could be removed and a pit let down, in which the wild men and cannibals were exhibited. Boards were placed along the outer edge, and round this the patrons passed, listened to Morse's instructive and edifying lecture, and gazed on the curious creatures.

For several weeks and as we journeyed South this new enterprise was a paying one. But one day, just as the afternoon performance was about to commence, I noted my partner coming down the dusty road; and as he approached I could gather from his whole carriage and bearing that something untoward had happened.

"She's blowed!" volunteered Morse in answer to my questioning glances. "She's blowed! But it was some valedictory, kid—some valedictory." He sat down and mopped his brow, while I waited for him to continue.

"Yep," he explained; "I had a hunch that them niggers was goin' t' fly th' coop, but I didn't figure on th' exact manner of th' blow-off. Y' see, kid, I noticed th' minute we got into Mississippi that they began t' get nervous, an' I caught Sam, th' biggest one, tryin' t' duck a couple of times. Well, to-day I had an awful good stand an' was doin' finely. I was lecturin' an' I'd got t' th' place where I explained that th' wild men had no speech—an' th' rest of it. All at once I heard a voice behind me, which says:

"'Mandy, dat fool man say ole Sam cain't talk. What does yo' know 'bout dat?'

"I had t' go along with th' bluff; an' I turned round an' see two fat wenches

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF SELLS-FLOTO CIRCUS

leanin' over th' rail an' lookin' down into th' pit, their eyes as big as saucers.

"'Madam,' says I, 'these wild men an' cannibals cannot articulate. They have no ——'

"But she cuts me off short.

"'Doan' tell me, white man!' says she. 'An' go on 'way wid yore foolishness. Doan' tell me! Ah knows! Why, dat ole niggah is mah husband! He runned 'way an' lef' me four yeah ago; an' Ah wants him now. Come out o' dar, yo' black scorpion! Come wid me!'

"And say, kid," concluded my partner, his whole face lighting up with appreciation of the humorous situation, "say, kid, she reached in one black fat arm, with a hand that looked like all outdoors, grabbed that nigger as if he'd 'a' been a infant, hauled him out of th' wagon, an' marched him off down th' main street—war paint, coonskin breechclout, necklace of bearclaws an' clamshells—just as he was, kid, right down t' th' spear he held in his left mitt. It was some spectacle! I wouldn't have missed it for a red apple."

Meantime, and speaking in a general way, our show was rapidly losing money. Crop conditions had not been of the best in the country through which we traveled and our losses one way and another were piling up. My partner elected to play a week's engagement at Jackson; but instead of business getting better it became worse, the result being that at the end of the week, and just about the time we were preparing for a hurry-up exit, a long, hungry-looking individual appeared on the lot and, without announcing his mission, climbed into the ticket wagon and took possession of the cash box, which contained the few dollars we had.

Morse was always equal to any emergency, however, and he sensed the why of the stranger's coming. Quick as thought he slammed the door of the heavy ticket wagon, locked it, and put the key in his pocket, giving orders for the troupe to move. The sheriff's officer had served no papers on anyone, and when we opened the door and gave him his liberty he was in another county.

Of course, at first he stormed—raved and swore that he would bring down all kinds of retribution on our unfortunate heads; but, in that smooth way he had, Morse explained to the irate official how everyone would realize that he had placed himself in a ridiculous light, and that if he would remain our visitor for a day or two we would do our best to raise the money. After much argument pro and con the representative of the law agreed to this, and then we commenced to cast about for some tangible way in which to solve this extremely pressing financial problem.

In the particular town in which we had halted I had heard that there was a very fast quarter horse and I also learned that his owner would match him against anybody's horse for any amount up to five thousand dollars. I accordingly wired a friend of mine who had backed Little Trouper's efforts in other adventures of a like nature and requested his immediate assistance. As he only lived some forty miles away he was on hand the next morning. The match was made for two thousand dollars a side, the distance being three hundred yards and the course laid out down the main street of the town.

Trouper Plays Quarter Horse

WE LINED up to a mark drawn in the dust across the wagon tracks. The start was accomplished under the old system of mutual consent, the rule of quarter racing being that at any time both horses crossed the line it was a go. We scored some twenty yards behind this line, and in the little space thus afforded have been witnessed at one time or another all the arts of supreme jockeyship.

Of course the object was for one rider to beat the other away from the mark; and in this connection it must be said that an old-time thoroughly schooled quarter horse needed no coaching. Most of them could stand flat-footed, break like a bolt from a crossbow, and if their opponent did not come with them pull up and wheel about again before the danger point was reached. It is unnecessary to say that this was perhaps the most tedious method that could be employed; but still, when one considers the short distance to be traversed to the finish, it will be readily understood that inches counted at the start.

Little Trouper was a past master in all these arts. He could stand sideways and leave the ground like a cyclone, but never when at a disadvantage. The terrific heat of a midday July sun was beating down on us while for two long hours we maneuvered and watched each other as the proverbial cat does the mouse. It was a crucial test upon the vitality of the horses and their riders; the former's crests and sides had lathered into a white foam and the intense strain was almost benumbing the sensibilities of all, when both horses wheeled of their own accord, simultaneously and almost unexpectedly, and rushed forward, locked as a team.

For more than three-quarters of the distance Trouper's head was at the local horse's jowl. We came down the pathway like a tornado and crouching low over our horses' withers to avoid the rushing impact of the air. I kicked Trouper with my heels a couple of times and he let out a link, sufficient to get up on even terms with his opponent. After that, it was only a question of which would crack first.

But there was no such word as defeat in Trouper's category. He pinned his ears flat on his neck and fought for

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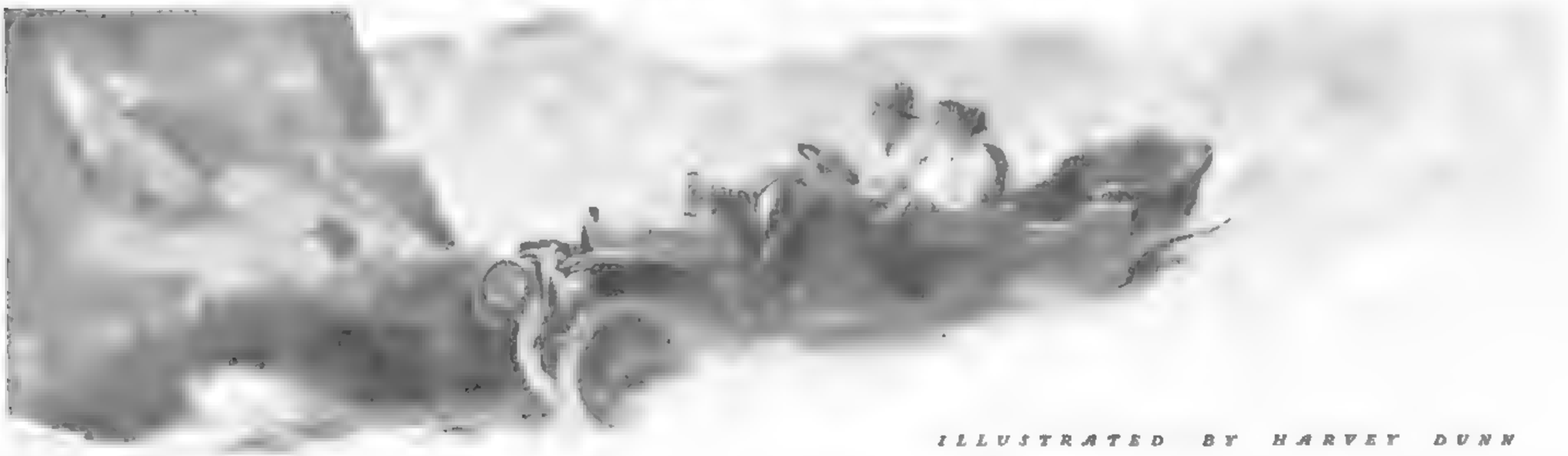
PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF SELLS-FLOTO CIRCUS

PLAYING BOTH ENDS

By HUGH JOHNSON



ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

GO-TO-IT GRAF looked like Captain Katzenjammer of the comic supplements, and his English marched with only slightly greater facility; but here similitude ceases. He began life in California's early fifties as a butcher on Battery Street, San Francisco. Sixty years later, when, after rewarding all his friends and punishing all his enemies, he turned his massive face to the wall and reluctantly gave over the game, it could truthfully be said—and he had often said it—that a man might travel from Tia Juana, on the Mexican border, to the Oregon line and never be more than five miles from the land of Graf & Gratz—Gratz being no more than a euphemistic afterthought.

Yes, Go-to-It was a rude old man; and, truth to tell, he had handled people in a rude old way. He made all his testamentary provisions before his death, marshaling his children before him in the manner of a police desk sergeant lining up a traffic squad. Sherril, his legal associate, who came as near being a partner as the old man permitted, and Copperthwaite, a crabbed secretary, were the only witnesses.

"My children," he said, "each off you haf made off himself brecisely vat he set out to make, and off that I am proud.

"Claus—I vill not call you Claud—you hav vish to be a Pasadena Englisher, and if it vasn't for the squareness off your Cherman head I couldn't tell the difference. The chendleman business iss clean but unbroductiff. For you I have brovided a chenerous combetency—iss that vat you call it?—and you can bursue your brofession mit no fear off the bill collector.

"Stockmar, you are a good bictures bainter, and I like that. If you could starve a little your bictures vould be better. But you are stubborn enought to succeed mitout starving, and I haf brovided vell for you.

"Children, they say I haf done things no chendleman vould do. I haf done things no chendleman could do—off that I am sure!"

He permitted himself a chuckle and waited for applause, for he was a vain old man. Sherril laughed ostentatiously and unpleasantly. The boys smiled wanly and Copperthwaite looked as though he had swallowed a bad oyster—he always looked as though he were just about to do so.

"There iss still so much to do to carry out my blans that I thank Gott I haf one child left who iss no chendleman. Hilda, you are a good girl. You haf a head just like a man. I could vish you had more experience with my business, but you haf some. Now I vant that my land should go on belonging to my family, but I haf made blans that must be carried out!" His heavy old fist came down on his blotting pad wearily, but with force. "You know them, Hilda, and I shall gif you a chance. My estate goes to you for three years—but on a certain contingency it goes over on a trust to a corporation that iss already formed and blaced under the control of Mr. Sherril—Mr. Sherril iss the only man I know that iss the kind off a chendleman who could do all that I vant done."

Again the old fellow waited for applause. Mr. Sherril could force no more than a weak smile. The boys grinned genuinely. Hilda seemed worried and it was only a Florida lime that Copperthwaite had swallowed, and this expression was a rise above normal for him. It was his smile.

"And I haf amply brovided that Mr. Sherril cannot walk away mit the goose off the golden eggs," the old man continued.

"The task I give you, Hilda, iss one that has already caused me some trouble. Old Bogartus iss still sitting straddle of his mountain, and your test iss to get him off. Ve haf to haf that land. If it vasn't that the doctor says I haf not time I vould do it myself. It's a man's chob, Hilda. But if you can't do it—then the estate iss too much for a girl to handle and Graf & Gratz must become a corporation. You like that—no?"

But for the faintest firmness of chin line, Hilda Graf might have been a model for the comeliness that adorns modern magazine covers—crisply clean-cut.

"I'd like to try it, father," she said eagerly. "Is Mr. Sherril to help me as he has helped you, or ——"

"Or!" chuckled the old man. "He'll help you yust like the whale helped Yonah."

"Oh, sir ——" protested Mr. Sherril.

"I'm not afraid for Hilda," Graf hastened to say. "She iss a pooty smart girl."

Mr. Copperthwaite had tiptoed away to the door where a maid had appeared with a tray. Paper rustled and then Mr. Copperthwaite tiptoed back.

"Old Bogartus"—his voice tolled on the silence—"is dead."

The landlord of California rose and stood holding out his hand for the papers that twitched between Copperthwaite's nervous fingers; but he did not take them.

"You read, Copperthwaite," he said. "My eyes iss dim. He vas a good old enemy."

"First, there's a letter," Copperthwaite intoned; and then he read:

"I'm beating you to it, Graf. I thought I'd outlive you. The doctor says that scrapping with you has kept me alive four years beyond my time. My only regret is that I can't live to see my boy give yours the larruping you've had coming to you these twenty years. He can't play mounted ping-pong and he don't paint pictures of naked ladies, but just as sure as he's appropriated all the water in the Churchuya River, and as sure as he's overswamped with applications on his colonization scheme ——"

"That's a bluff," growled Graf. "Go on."

"—— he's got you licked already."

Old Go-to-It straightened at the whip-flick.

"How about this water business, Sherril? Didn't I told you ——" he growled ominously to his lawyer.

"We can't appropriate water in California where we don't own riparian land, and we don't own a foot on the Churchuya. But if he's posted the whole river he's a fool! He'd have to use it inside of three years or lose his rights. It'll take half a million, and he hasn't got a cent. He's just playing into your hands."

Go-to-It shook his white mane as though to clear his brain of chaff, but his eye was preternaturally bright.

"Sherril, get Pfeill on the phone," he barked. "Copperthwaite, send Keller down to Mukoleme to find out exactly vat they've done. Hilda, take some letters for me till Copperthwaite returns."

But Copperthwaite did not stir. He was the one man in the Graf concern who was no respecter of the master's full pauses.

"There's more here," he said—"a telegram." And then he read:

"Father died last night. He wished you Godspeed and a peaceful journey's end. But he said to say he was sorry for you.

J. BOGARTUS, JR."

Go-to-It rose for the last time. He was very pale and his hand gripped his side.

"Boys," he said weakly, "help me to dot bed."

And when they had laid him on a lounge he called for his daughter.

"Hilda, lean close—closer. Blay both ends against the middle, my girl—and vin—vin for the memory off your old daddy!"

This was almost his last utterance, but his voice trailed away and he died like some steel-bound baron on the battlefield, with the slogan of his life upon his lips:

"Go to it, Hilda—my dearest!"

II

THE San Joaquin Valley lies, flat as a billiard table, dry as a board, at the foot of the Sierras, which rise so abruptly from its flank that one may in six hours ride a horse from the sweltering heat of the lowlands to snow-drifts ten thousand feet above the sea. The red soil is cracked in baked quadrangles and the coarse grass sears white by midsummer, for after March there is no rain. But, step by thirty-mile step, the flat lands are marked in the regularity of lines on a football field by the mountain feeders of the main river, and these streams swell to Nile-like brown floods in the snow-melting heat of spring; but they dwindle to dry sand gullies in the advance of summer.

Wherever this rush of water has been stayed and flushed on the earth through ditches the very fence palings sprout, and from the mountains one may trace the progress of husbandry by the mottes of dense verdure on the tawny yellow of the half-desert plain—Tuolumne, Merced, King River—the Churchuya alone lay baked and unfurrowed, a reproach to the state and a bar to progress.

By virtue of a kingly Spanish grant and heaven knows what manipulation of primitive land laws, old Bogartus held title clear to a triangle of land that sprawled across the San Joaquin thirty miles, from its apex at Bogartus Peak, near the timber line, to its base in the thread of the San Joaquin River—Bogartus' pie-wedge the landgrabbers called it. The old man remained obdurate. He knew cattle and loved them. His herds browsed in the lush grass in the winter, and after the spring culling the drought drove them to the hills; and Bogartus was no respecter of Government lands.

"Stick to the cows, lad," he told his son. "It's a lordly life and they'll pay your taxes."

But the boy majored in engineering at the university, and as he grew older he dreamed a dream—immense, breath-taking, and yet apparently so feasible and certain of fulfillment that finally he convinced even his father.

"Look out, boy, or the Grafs'll get ye! But your head's hard. You're a scrapper and your daddy's son. You'll get little help from me. I only know cows, but you have my permission to go ahead."

It was the first stirring of young Bogartus' activity that Hilda had to consider when she took up the task her father had laid upon her. In the opulently furnished offices of Sherril & Son had been conceived and carried to completion many of the schemes that had aggrandized the holdings of Graf & Gratz. But not for nothing had old Go-to-It been subtitled the Sure-Thing Meat Merchant.

"Let not your left hand know vat the right is doing—some of the times, Hilda," he used to say, "or sometime they vill get together and pick your pocket."

She Saw Him Seat Himself and Waited Discreet Minutes

So it happened that often the legal adviser of Graf & Gratz learned of deals only after the newspapers had detailed them. Sometimes Copperthwaite was the working point and sometimes it was a lantern-jawed young engineer named Pfeill who managed the Merced Division of the estate. It was neither to Sherril nor to Copperthwaite that Hilda confided the strategy of her Churchuya campaign. She counted Sherril an enemy and she had other uses for her father's old secretary. Together she and Pfeill spent a week over maps of the San Joaquin and the Bogartus holdings, and the result was a concise statement of the general situation tabulated neatly in Hilda's firm round hand:

1. Bogartus owns every acre of riparian land in Churchuya. He has posted notices, as required by law, that give him a priority to all the water rights in the whole stream. He will lose this priority as against a riparian owner if he does not use the water in a reasonable time—say, three years. But to put so much water to beneficial use will require at least five hundred thousand dollars, and Bogartus is moneyless.

2. Neither the land without the water nor the water without the land is worth anything to us, and if Bogartus succeeds in carrying out his scheme, land worth no more than eighty cents an acre, and with no market, will rise to two or three hundred dollars, and put him beyond our reach.

3. Bogartus is offering a mortgage on a gigantic power-and-diversion plant that he wants to build. He refuses to sell land or water rights save in a colonization scheme in three-acre lots.

Hilda struggled long over these stubborn facts. She heard but did not ask for Pfeill's advice.

"It's a waiting game," he said. "He's put all his cattle and every cent he could scrape into a dam that would scare Goethals. He's acted like a fool and appropriated all the water in the stream to work on a scale that would bust him if he had millions. Let him get all tied up in it and then we can come in and seep up the remains. Wait three years—four. You can afford it."

"I can't afford it," said Hilda. "And I can't tell you any more than to ask you this: If the heirs decided to incorporate the estate and put Sherril in charge, what do you think would happen to the manager of the Merced Division?"

"His first official act would be to lift my scalp."

"Very well, then. Sherril says 'Wait' too."

"Well, what's the answer?"

The line of firmness became slightly more marked in Hilda's chin, but her voice remained soft, gentle and mild, though Pfeill could not perceive its excellence.

"The Pacific National will lend Mr. Bogartus about half of what you estimate he needs, but they'll take a certain security. He must organize a stock company, they to take every share in pledge; the works must be approved by the bank, notes to mature in thirty-three months, possession to be delivered on default, with power to buy the stock at par, less loan advanced."

Pfeill rose and almost swore.

"You're going to lose. Why, you're giving him the best kind of a fighting chance. You're putting all your eggs in one basket and giving the other fellow a grip on the handle. You let that young bounder get in striking distance of what he's planning and suckers will be falling over themselves to give him their money. I owe something to you and a lot more to your father, and I'll tell you that wasn't his way. Play both ends against the middle and win either way!—that was his motto."

"Yes, I know," said Hilda sweetly; "but I have to fight this out for myself."

"Well, I can't stand for it—that's all there is to it."

"But I know that I may depend on your absolute loyalty, Mr. Pfeill."

The words and tone were no more like the words and tone of old Go-to-It than black is like white. They were even appealingly gentle, but somehow Pfeill knew that talk would be useless. He did not precisely submit, but he rose to go.

"Ah, I knew it!" she said and rewarded him with: "I don't know what I should do without you, Fred." She had called him by his first name when she was younger. "And you will see to it right away, won't you?"

"Yes," he grumbled from his retreat, which had progressed to the door. "I suppose I will, damn ——" And the rest of the sentence was lost in the hall.

Her next visavis was Mr. Copperthwaite.

"You've arranged about that Greek colony with Mr. Poukalopian?"

Mr. Copperthwaite dabbed his lips with a folded handkerchief.

"I have, Hilda; but I have made up my mind to speak. I owe it to your father and to myself. You're playing square into young Bogartus' hands; and that means Sherril's hands. You're funding him through a lot of tricky Greeks when your whole hold over him is that he's busted. I want to say that wasn't your father's way. Play both ends against the middle; that's what he used to say—win ——"

"Yes, I know, Copperthwaite; but I have to make a start somewhere. It may be silly and —— You aren't planning anything stubborn, are you, Copperthwaite?"

"No," he growled—"that is, not yet."

"Well, don't, you old dear!" she said. She had risen to go, and by kissing his gnarled old cheek she startled him so that he fell backward into a chair. "'Cause I couldn't afford to quarrel with my dear old Coppy could I?"

"Well, bless my heart!" said Copperthwaite, for she was gone.

She was already calling for Sherril on her own telephone.

"I'm going East, Senator," she began, "for a long visit, and I've been so worried I just couldn't go without consulting you." . . .

"Why, it's just this—perhaps I'm silly; but I've heard that Mr. Bogartus' scheme is perfectly feasible, and that it's not at all sure that he will have trouble financing it. It was even suggested that you—but you wouldn't think of such a thing! Oh, forgive me, Senator—I'm so new at this business and I'm so worried." . . .

"That certainly relieves my mind; and you'll watch it very closely and telegraph me instantly if anything happens, won't you?" . . .

"Yes; there is something else. Copperthwaite thinks Bogartus may be able to sell some of his colony land and get money that way. He couldn't do that, could he?" . . .

"Yes; I remember what daddy used to say about playing both ends. If I ever do get where I can do anything you may be sure I'm going to play both ends against the middle." . . .

"No; there's no danger. When I go on the warpath I'm going to bring home a California scalp. Are you sure yours is on tight?" . . .

"They're never too old—not the nice-looking ones. Good-by!"

III

THE younger Grafs preserved no prints of San Francisco in the days of gold. It required some loyalty for Hilda to regard with equanimity the expensively framed and yellowed photograph that hung above the desk in her father's study, and in which he had taken so inordinate a pride.

It was a picture of the Battery Street Meat Market. One could not distinguish the face of the fat, white-aproned figure that stood in the narrow doorway with arms outstretched—like the enchained Samson at the pillars of the temple—one hand resting against the flayed flank of a hanging hog and the other on an equally décolleté mutton. There were festoons of sausages in the windows, and in the cool interior one could at least surmise the presence of carcasses of steers. No; the face was not informing, but the sign above the door fairly screamed its legend: Graf & Gratz. The boys openly pleaded with their sister for its removal. It was in vain.

For Hilda, Romance had passed by on the other side and left her not only cold but a little embittered. She was not an unromantic girl, but she was a thoughtful one, and her father had truly said that she had the brain of a man. There had been a plethora of wooers, but Hilda was so far impervious to flattery that, with the very earliest serious suitor, who was by way of being a chuckle-headed fortune hunter, there had come a horrid fear. More than one young man had been sincere, but these were naturally sensitive and alert to the situation engendered by courting an heiress to a perfectly fabulous fortune.

Hilda's suspicion grew by what it fed on, and it was treated to many a perfect potlatch of confirmation. It became an aggressive, sharp-tongued trait that offended true admirers and frightened others. As she became older she developed tact, but the balance of her mind demanded more proof of friendship than the opportunities of casual acquaintance could offer. Now, people must be acquaintances before they can be friends, and Hilda became a pathetically lonely little body who craved people's affection and almost never got it.

All this was why the coming of the Cotterills, shortly after her father's death, was such a grateful thing to her. They were drawly, easy-moving Southern people—mother, daughters and son; and the general and convincing result of a week in their society would have been a conclusion that, after all is said, the satisfaction of being well-bred and honorable is the thing. Money is a matter of mere minor importance, valuable as an antidote to the unpleasantness and vulgarity of poverty. Floyd, the son, was the incarnation of this lazy disinterestedness, and he was a most personable young Marylander.

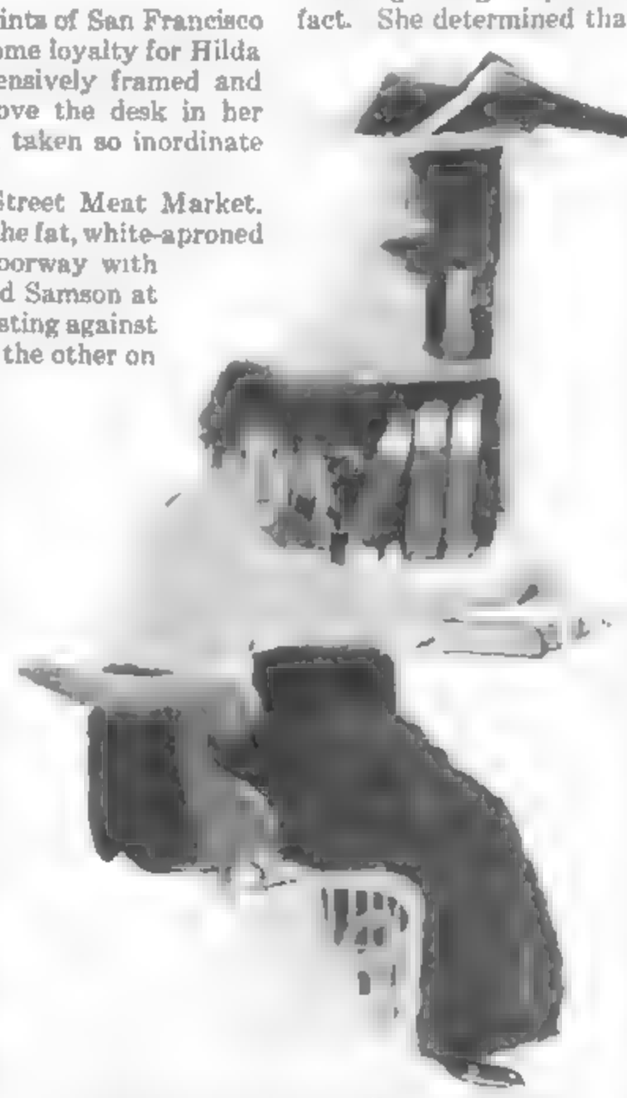
Now, it is not a difficult thing to observe and admire such indubitable accessories of American aristocracy as Grandfather Cotterill's heavy seal fob and great-grandfather's fat Swiss watch, which must have cost a small fortune even in 1810, and Great-Great-Grandfather Calvert's gold-headed cane, with the Calvert arms cut in the top. No, it is not difficult to admire, but it becomes exceedingly trying to do so in the presence of the counterfeit presentment of an aggressively self-made father leaning against a skinned pig—and Hilda removed the treasured photograph to the darkest corner of her own bedroom. Perhaps this disloyalty contributed to flood the revulsion of feeling that finally came.

The engagement was announced at Coronado during a polo tournament and it lasted just three days. The truth of the matter was that Floyd Cotterill was a discreet young inebriate—up to a certain point; and that point was passed on the evening that the Sandringham four celebrated an unexpected victory so strenuously that they forgot dinner and remained in the hotel grill in their polo clothes until nearly eleven o'clock, and Cotterill, being bantered about an old love, stood unsteadily up, and the black, blighting truth poured out of his mouth in a silly, despicable boast that was an affront not only to Hilda Graf but to the very name of decency.

It was so unnecessarily cruel—so ruthlessly noised about—that only the spirit of a Spartan stoic could have kept Hilda at Coronado the length of time that she conceived to be due her dignity. Her heart did not break. It only became bitterly resentful and icily hard. Her ideals were not shattered. They were abolished. There were no scenario heroics in her mental attitude when she came North. She had simply conceived a killing contempt for men.

"The honor they talk about," she told herself, "is just cleverness in keeping from being caught, and the one who can live the lowest and lie the longest is the purest knight."

The growing suspicion of a lifetime had become cold fact. She determined that henceforth she should be alien to gentleness and remorse in her dealings with men. Perhaps most bitterly of all, she felt that she had become a butt for the laughter of her world. She wanted to get out of it. She wanted to hide. She could do neither, but she went back to the town house and, without even waiting to take off her hat, she replaced the picture of the Battery Street Meat Market in its accustomed place above her father's desk, and sat stiffly down before it to do it fealty.



Every Second Wrung Even Her Steady Nerves

"You were right, my dear old daddy," she said. "I know why you thought what you did about most people and I'll know how to deal with them now."

She had simply lost faith in her kind, and at the moment when she thought herself terrible she had become only a pathetically embittered, hardened and sour young woman.

She sent for young Pfeill and spoke to him in a tone so harsh and new to her that he started, wondering whether he had heard aright, or, hearing, whether he had not been dreaming these three years past.

"It's time to clamp down on that young Bogartus, Pfeill.

Do thus and so. Do this and that. I'm going down there to look over the ground myself. I'll be back by Monday. You need not mention where I have gone. That is all for the present."

IV

JIM BOGARTUS was no stranger to disappointment. For nearly three years he had fought his fight with all that he had to give to it. A small fortune had vanished under his fingers. The Mukoleme Dam stood, a half-finished rampart across the gorge of the Churchuya, the beauty of its parabolic out-face completely hidden by a web of bleaching scaffolding. The cranes and derricks of the construction work nodded above its flank like funereal plumes; for the dam was deserted, and the great Churchuya ditch lay, an ocher streak, along the flank of the Sierras—a futile road to nowhere. The bank had refused to extend, increase or assist his loan. The war, they said, had made such investments impossible; and, anyway, their engineers had revised an earlier report and they veritably believed that the Mukoleme Dam was a colossal and unpardonable blunder.

Colonization had been equally hopeless. A Greek immigration association had invested a considerable amount of pooled savings in an important tract in small lots, but no Greeks ever came. Bogartus had begun to suspect the truth. Everywhere he had been met with reticence and lack of frankness not at all to be expected by the owner of five hundred square miles of California valley land.

"We'll buy your land at what it is worth, Mr. Bogartus," was the most hopeful thing he heard; and that, to him, meant failure.

"That Telegram's a Lie! We Know You'd Lost Your Head Over This"

At last the mail brought a letter, innocuous enough in appearance, for it was headed in small raised letters:

THE BACK-TO-THE-LAND ASSOCIATION
"The homeless man to the manless home."

From this insignificant beginning a great new hope appeared, and when Jim Bogartus swung his loose-knit young frame down from the northbound accommodation at Mukoleme, one day in April, his ebullient enthusiasm had all returned and he was grinning from ear to ear.

Hilda Graf was waiting for him in the highly ornamental office of the Churchuya Development Company. She had read a pinned-up paper scrawl: "Back at noon. Come in and wait." It fell as she opened the door and she picked it up and laid it on the desk. It was almost noon anyway. She was scarcely seated when the door opened again and she knew that she faced J. Bogartus, Jr.

He was not a handsome man. If he had physical attraction it lay in his gangling bigness. His features might have been hacked out with a pocketknife. But as he stood in the doorway, hat on the back of his head, khaki coat slung negligently over his shoulders, it was plain that he belonged outside and not inside the door. From the V of his unbuttoned flannel shirt-throat to a cleanly drawn line at his hatband, his face was baked to lobster crimson by the sun of the San Joaquin. His khaki trousers bloused at the ankles of his laced boots like a Russian moujik's, and they were stained here and there with oil.

"I know what you want," he said, and he took off his hat when he said it. "You saw my advertisement for stenographers in the Chronicle and went me one better by coming down here. I'll tell you right now you're hired. See how long it will be before you're fired. Here's a kind of pencil and pad. Old typewriter ain't much good, but we'll have a dozen down here in a day or two and you can have your pick. Now, take this."

The tools of a trade she knew were thrust into her hands before she had digested all that had been said to her, and, without permitting time for protest, Bogartus was ranting up and down his office in a stage conception of the throes of composition.

"Got to be so all-fired foxy with this letter," he said. "You'll see why in a minute. Ah—inspiration! Are you ready? Well—shoot!

"'J. B. Twistwaithe, Esq., Chicago. *Dear Sir:* Yours third instant, received and contents noted.' Get it just that way—not 'of the third,' and not 'is received,' but short and snappy, as though we hardly had time to answer. Got that?

"'We shall be glad to meet you at Mukoleme as you suggest. We are much interested in your propaganda, especially with respect to Belgian farmers. We believe that we can meet your demands. Hastily'—no, wait a minute—that 'hastily' in there—that's too—well, it's a kind of a kiss too long, isn't it? What do you think?"

"You apparently don't mean it," said the girl with asperity. "If I were reading the letter, I should suspect it."

"Dead right! Cut out 'hastily.' Say, do you think the whole thing's that way—too utterly bing-smash-bang?"

"Perhaps not at a distance; but after he gets here—this Homeless Man Secretary ——" And she looked about the deserted office.

"Don't worry about after he gets here. I'm going to have the mine of industry salted to the sixth level for him. Just imagine you're him back there in Chicago, sitting at your mahogany desk and idly opening scented society subscriptions with the point of your long, delicate pearl-handled paper knife—and this hits you!"

"I'd reach for Bradstreet's, of course."

"Pass, friend, and all's well! You see, I'm not peddling gold bricks. Honest, I'm not! The trouble with me is that I'm a land pauper, but Bradstreet has to rate me Double A One. I can handle all the Belgian farmers they'll send me. You'll see after a while."

"Well then—no-o. I think it is all right, except ——"

"I'm not proud of it and I wouldn't admire to shock this highbrow. Go ahead."

"Well, if he is a highbrow! Highbrows say 'in respect of.' They don't say 'with respect to.'"

"Say, I remember that!" exploded Bogartus, with sudden pleasure in his fading erudition. "I'll tell you—you fix her all up and sprinkle her with patchouli or whatever she needs, and I'll sign her."

The girl had hardly finished addressing the envelope when he burst into another irresistible flood of words.

"Say, you don't know how glad I am that you came here just as you did. Honestly, I believe the luck's changed! I put it in the paper 'Apply by letter'; but here you come in person and play right into my hands. You see, I've got to have things ready for this highbrow. This has got to be a beehive when he gets here—ten girls clitter-clattering away on machines, and telephone bells ringing, and messenger boys dashing in and out—and all like that. I need somebody just like you to stage it. You can hire the girls and give them something to write—I don't care if it's the Pentateuch. It's a ground-hog case with me."

The girl squeezed a word into a slender breach. Some startled expression of her eyes served to stop him.

"But, Mr. Bogartus, I didn't come here to do this. I'm not ——"

A burst of laughter drowned her voice this time.

"Good Lord, you think I'm a great big grafter, don't you? And I don't blame you. But I'm not. Honest, I'm not! If I didn't have to be at the Tule Intake at three sharp I'd sit right down and tell you all about it. I can't afford to scare this feller off—that's all. After he's been here, then I'll tell him all about it. I'll tell you—you stick round here a day or two; that's the way to get a line on a feller like me. You'll find out."

"I can't stick round here for any days; and anyway ——"

"Oh, of course! I am a chucklehead! Advance wages ——" He laid a ten-dollar gold piece on the pine railing that divided the office. "Hotel's right across the street. You tell 'em Jim Bogartus sent you. I'd go with you, but I'm overdue now."

"But, Mr. Bogartus, you simply must listen to me. Wait just a minute, please. There's something I've got to tell you. I don't want you to think—that is, I came down here—I mean to say, I'm not ——"

The girl had permitted so much to happen that it was difficult to explain with dignity. Her anger grew at her own confusion. Jim Bogartus came back from the door. His round blue eyes showed comprehension. He put a reassuring hand on her shoulder. Somehow she did not shrink from the touch. It was a man's gesture of comradeship and not a male affront.

"Now, look here! You're primin' yourself all up to tell me something I don't want to hear. I know darned well a girl of your ability wouldn't be answering wildcat advertisements in newspapers in person if there wasn't trouble somewhere. Anyway—it sort of shows in your face. Do you happen to know a little line in Fra Lippo Lippi? I like to change it a little:

"'Flower o' the peach;
A life to each man and a man's life to each.'

"That's my religion, and your history dates with me from this hot minute. I like you. Maybe by and by, when you and I get to be better friends, if there's anybody up there in Frisco that needs straightenin' out—why, we'll go up there and straighten him. But now I want to tell you that I'm a man with his back to the wall, fightin' for his life. I need a pardner and something seems to tell me that you ain't so dog-gone well off yourself. I'll just say this much: Workin' in the city, you'll know what it means to be up against that pack of wolves called Graf—bunch of Lizzie boys, with enough money to squeeze the conscience of a saint. I'm goin' to lick 'em; but I need your help."

The girl took a mighty breath.

"Why, my own name's Graf!" she said; but the dénouement failed.

"Well, ain't that a coincidence! You know my name, of course—the rest of it's Jim, and I've got to go this instant." He held out his hard, strong hand. "And say, we'll have the paleness out of your cheeks and those little hard lines out of the corners of your mouth in no time. So long!"

The girl stood at the door in the bewilderment that lies between anger and surprise. She was still there, absently rubbing the corners of her mouth with the back of her hand, when a rantipole automobile, gray with desert dust and rattling like a truck, chugged up the single wind-swept street of the straggling little town. The driver waved his hand at her and then at his machine.

"Chinese twin six," he called. "Take you riding in her this evening."

The conclusions of Hilda Graf were in a muddle.

(Continued on Page 96)

HELD UP BY THE WAR

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPER

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WHEN war was first declared in Europe I, for one, certainly had no idea that it was going to affect the living conditions of every American housekeeper. It had never occurred to me to think of war except with its horrible pomp of fire and bloodshed. All that, you see, was because I had studied history in the usual silly way—that is to say, I knew romantic and gossipy details instead of big general results. I knew how Louis Quatorze parted from Louise de la Vallière, I thrilled to the fact that he lifted his plumed hat to a washerwoman, I could tell you all about the ritual of his levee at Versailles; but I did not know the economic conditions brought about by the frivolity and grandeur of this "King of the Bees," and I had never seriously considered that France has not yet lifted the load of taxes which his great wars placed on her shoulders.

The trade reactions of a great war—how they affect the comfort and convenience of households across the seas! How they threaten to take the carpet from under Mrs. American Woman's feet, the coffee from her hand, the camphor balls from her summer closet, the damask from her table, and the medicines from her shelf! Of all this I knew nothing until I started out to spend the thousand dollars father had given me as a wedding gift. By the time I got through I had done more than furnish my flat and buy a few clothes; I had taken a kind of degree in International Commerce. And now—well, never again shall I look on a hairbrush as a guileless thing or regard a carpet as anything save the high expression of a complex trade personality.

In spending my thousand dollars I visited twenty different kinds of shops. Some articles I found to be fifty per cent higher than they were in 1914. Others, on the contrary, were still the same price. Still others I could not find at all. Even, however, when there was no appreciable advance I was conscious of a sinister little undercurrent. Before my first day's shopping was done I had a vision of the man behind all my purchases—a composite view of the American merchant. There he sits at his dingy little desk. The desk lies under a drift of correspondence, and each letter of the correspondence is practically the same. It says: "Owing to a scarcity of raw materials we regret to say that we cannot fill your order for Line 3569y except at an advance of twenty per cent."

How long will the American merchant stand between the American public and the merchandise famine that is threatened? Up to the present time, of course, he has done fairly well by us. Thanks to the fact that he has placed his orders months and years ahead, we have been able to purchase at the same old prices. But now that the overproduction of the world's goods is about exhausted, now that the merchant is obliged to meet all sorts of new high prices caused by scarcity of raw materials, higher and less certain rates of transportation, and all the other direct results of a continent at war—we Americans are bound to feel it. The merchant can no longer "bury" his losses. Already the great American public is paying for this war; and in a year or so we shall perhaps be like so many squirrels which, having eaten the nuts stored in their hollow tree, now look out on a world where there are no more nuts.

Why Carpet Prices are in the Clouds

THE advertisement which lured me forth one February morning of last winter was that of a thirty-dollar carpet reduced to twenty-five dollars. It was in the size I wanted for our living room and it was a weave that has been famous for generations. Further than that, the poet of the advertising department had guaranteed that its "warm reds and greens and browns would sing 'Home' into any house." I was quite overcome by this lyricism. Still, I took the precaution of having a thoroughly practical woman go along with me.

This was Madeleine Hibbs, whose two years of housekeeping give her a wonderful superiority over me. Besides, Madeleine is a born shopper. When she was a baby in the cradle I'm sure she looked round and noted whether the lining of her bassinet was silk or silesia. Now it took only one glance at the advertised product to fill her with conviction.

"Hilda," she cried indignantly, "it's the very same carpet—pattern and all—that I got for eighteen dollars two years ago!"

Thereupon I looked at the salesman in reproachful silence. This person shrugged his shoulders.

"That," said he sweetly, "was before the war. Now that dyes are so scarce and wool is so high—why, you wouldn't believe it, but often a carpet will go up twenty cents a yard overnight!"

This was all very well in its way, but I never was one of the kind of people who stop at the front door. I want to be taken clear to the back yard of things. So I bethought me right then and there of a carpet manufacturer—a friend of our family—and I trotted Madeleine off with me to hear the wholesale story about rugs.

Before I had that talk with Mr. Doherty I never dreamed that every carpet was a traveling carpet. Yet it is! Starting with the wool of which it is composed, nearly every ingredient has traveled to us from far corners of the globe. The foundation of a carpet is the coarse and resilient kind of wool that is never found on our domestic sheep. Hence it must come to us from queer shepherds who lead their flocks in distant lands—in China and Siberia, in Australia and New Zealand and the Balkan states.

Now that the war has taken these shepherds, specialized in their profession for hundreds of years, and left the flocks in the hands of women and children, thousands of sheep have been destroyed simply through lack of trained care. In the Balkan states cattle values have been wiped out by the cannon of battle. In Siberia conditions are said to be poignant. It will take Europe many years to recover the riches that once dwelt in its flocks.

There are other circumstances that have raised the price of wool almost fifty per cent. For one thing—and this cannot be attributed to the war—China, where all coarse grades of wool used to be found within a portage of fifty miles, now yields her tribute of warmth only to him who penetrates fifteen hundred miles into her interior. A second important consideration is the embargo placed on this commodity by both Siberia and Australia. Last of all come the inroads made on raw material by our immense contracts for army blankets and clothing.

In filling these contracts manufacturers have, in view of the prohibitory prices of the higher grades of wool, often substituted "low ends," as this coarsest kind is called. The result was an immediate scarcity of carpet wool. The blanket that covers the body of the wounded soldier across the seas levies directly on the carpet we buy for our living room. Peaceful people as well as warring must pay their share for the destruction of the world's property.

One of the first things I found out was that the big fact that threatens every consumer in this country to-day is the famine in dyes. In the carpet industry the situation is more strained than in any other, for the thick pile of the carpet absorbs an immense amount of dye. Blues and greens and browns are now unbelievably scarce. Fortunes are being paid for old color combinations discarded during the days of our color banquets. And when Mr. Doherty told me that he had just paid twenty-seven dollars for a pound of blue that used to cost him eighteen cents, I began to see what the American public is up against.

Is it any wonder, indeed, that my "warm reds and greens and browns would sing 'Home' into my house" only at metropolitan rates? Or that I must pay almost a forty per cent advance on the price of this carpet during the days when both wool and dyes were plentiful? Last of all, can you be surprised that when I paid my twenty-five dollars for the rug I had the comfortable feeling of getting to a party before the chicken salad had quite given out?

In the course of that first day I encountered some strange whims of the dye famine. One of these plays about the color green. I am now firmly convinced that when somebody comes to write a romance of American life in the year 1917 he will make his heroine say to the hero: "An you would win me, ride forth and get me a yard of green for my gown."

By that time this will be like saying: "Find me the roc's egg." There won't be any such thing as green cloth. All the green articles in the country will be huddled together in somebody's collection and the guide will watch you as he takes you through.

My first experience was trying to get a green blotter for our living-room desk. When I made this reasonable demand on a small stationery shop the woman produced something that might once have been of the desired shade, but it had long since been convalescent. Now it was a robin's-egg blue.

"The best green we can get," explained the saleswoman sadly; "and we're glad to get that."

Next we tried a wall-paper establishment. Here the highwayman, Dye, held me up thirty-five cents a roll for papers that used to be twenty-five cents.

"You can't get red paper any more," volunteered the salesman; "and as for green, the dye they would use up on that would color a thousand leaves. Anyway, all the greens we're getting now are a sort of invalid shade. You see, everything that goes into paper has advanced so much in price. Zinc, for example, which is used by paper makers, is much higher."

Consequences of the Dye Famine

FROM the wall-paper shop I wandered into a children's outfitting place to see about a green chambray frock advertised in the summer catalogue of the house. This frock was intended for my little niece in the country. I felt absolutely no doubt about getting it. What, then, was my amazement when they explained that they had been obliged to strike it off the catalogue!

"We simply can't get enough material in solid colors," explained the woman in charge; "and if the war keeps up I'm afraid children are going to have to dress in stripes and plaids. Why, there's navy-blue galatea, for example. You know how many of the middy blouses for girls—and boys too—are made out of that. Well—would you believe it?—one big manufacturer of these middy clothes says he can make more money selling his blue galatea to small manufacturers than he can by making it up into dresses! Such a condition has never been known."

But to return again to my quest of green, I did find a sweater of this color for Stephen, and the salesman handed it out to me with the air of a benevolent stranger who sees you drop a dollar bill.

"Guess there won't be many more of these sold," remarked this gentleman as he took my name. "You can't get a complete line of green sweaters in the wholesale market to-day. And as for men's neckties—well, what with green and blue and brown and purple all being so scarce, we're all worried sick."

By this time both Madeleine and I were discouraged, and decided to leave Nature in possession of her favorite color. Our next stop should be at a counter that made no claims on the dye situation.

"Let it be pins," said Madeleine; "they're the most colorless thing I know."

On our way to the notion counter, however, we tarried for a while looking at some hosiery that Madeleine wanted. As an old man got out a red box from the shelf his look said plainly: "Place it among your treasures right between the buhl table and the plate that Lafayette gave your great-grandmother, for commerce must soon relax her grasp of this cheerful and familiar red-pasteboard box." Arrested by this look we got from him the whole story of the hosiery situation.

From all we could gather, it is an extraordinarily good thing to buy before this coming July all your stockings for the next two years. If you do not you will probably

be the victim of the following dismal array of facts: Cotton has increased from seven to twelve cents within a year. Dyestuffs have gone up five hundred to two thousand per cent. Ramie-fiber silk from abroad is now exceedingly scarce and the price of all ramie has increased one hundred per cent. Coal has soared in price, and the high wages of the munition factories have taken many girls from the hosiery mills. As for the familiar red-paper box, so scarce are the necessary dyes that manufacturers are already beginning to substitute grays and whites for the honored color.

In addition to all this our domestic factories are exporting perhaps twenty times as much hosiery as before the war. Because of the isolation of German wares America is now sending stockings to England, Australia, South Africa, Russia and South America, each of which countries depended in other times almost solely on Germany for its supply. We ourselves continue to get some hosiery from Saxony; but when we consider that heretofore America has been able to meet the demands of foreign consumers only because there was, before the war, an overproduction in this line, we begin to appreciate the gravity of the situation. We begin to see just why a big hosiery manufacturer is quoted as saying that both the retailer and the general public are facing the worst hosiery famine in history.

"Well," said Madeleine, deeply impressed, "forewarned is forearmed. To-morrow I proceed as though a centipede."

"Four-legged, I should say," commented I; which awful pun landed us right into an angry lady who was searching for snap fasteners in the size she wanted.

Snap fasteners! Who ever thought of these as emigrating to us from another land? The fact of it is, I never had considered the possibility of their being manufactured at all; I thought of them as a convenience and a spontaneous expression of Nature's malice against the poor husbands who went groping among their thick-sown regiments. Now, we overheard, they had all come from Prague, Bohemia. The price has gone from twelve cents a gross to anything from sixty cents to one dollar. All winter dressmakers and manufacturers were hunting for them on their hands and knees. And it is only now, since an American factory has tuned up, that haggard womankind is getting any relief.

Another thing in the notion department: Those glass-headed pins which used to come from Germany to confine our violets and stay our girdles, come no more. If you are unlucky, therefore, you will strike a shop where you cannot find a glass-head in the whole establishment; if, on the contrary, you have picked four-leaf clovers on the way you will get light-blue pins to go with your black silk frock.

Linoleum High and Rugs Scarce

WHY, even the plain, undistinguished pin proletariat has given us a scare, according to the authorities of the notion department. Ever since the days when the Cretan ladies got themselves into corsets and panniers, a paper of pins has been selling at five cents. This winter, however, it went to ten; and, though the price has gone back now, there is a prospect of another rise. As a matter of fact, pin wires—which used to be sent by America in great abundance to England and courteously returned in the shape of pins—are now being devoured by greedy guns. Both English and American manufacturers are confronted with a scarcity of raw material.

After this brief excursion afield, Madeleine and I returned to the pursuit of floor coverings. I wanted one of those pretty, cheerful linoleums for my kitchen floor, and on the way over Madeleine admonished me to get an imported one.

"They are more expensive to start with," urged she, "but they wear—oh, so much better."

"Well," replied I cheerfully, "they're not made of wool, and perhaps I can afford an inel."

But alas and alack! I had not yet learned how perplexing is the inner life of a piece of linoleum. As soon as Madeleine had looked at the first roll—she has a way of pecking at merchandise for values as a robin does at the ground for worms—she objected to its costing one dollar and sixty-five cents.

"I bought the same thing two years ago at one dollar and fifty cents," said she.

"Ah, yes, indeed," replied the salesman; "and well you might. There wasn't any of this burlap hunt going on then?"

"Burlap!" cried I. "What has that got to do with linoleum?"

"No more than a cellar has to do with a house. All linoleum has a burlap foundation. And you can hardly get burlap for love or money. It comes from Calcutta and Dundee; and as they're using lots of it for army uniforms and equipment, the peaceful of the earth have to do without. Remember, then, how much of our imported linoleum came from Germany. Remember, also, that England, where the rest of the imported goods come from, is suffering more from the scarcity of dyes than we ourselves. And where the color is inlaid you can use up a lot of dye. Oh, yes; it's no wonder you're paying more for it. The only wonder would be if you did not pay a great deal more at this time next year."

Fortunately we needed only two square yards for our little kitchen; so that made a mere difference of thirty cents. When, however, Madeleine and I weakly collapsed in a tea room, we counted up that I had spent in an outlay of fifty-one dollars something more than thirteen dollars beyond the prices I should have paid before the war. And then I had not been able to get some things that I wanted!

"Well," commented Madeleine, fairly leaning on the brow of her turkey sandwich, so worn out was she with the research work of the day, "they say that this war is costing eighty million dollars a day. And it seems to me you're paying up pretty well on your share."

The next day was almost as bad. From the moment, in fact, when I bought our one oriental rug I decided that this rise in merchandise was no mere gust, striking here and there. It was universal and very sharp. There, now, were oriental rugs. Who would ever have dreamed of their going up, coming as they do from a land where there seemed to be both wool and dyes?

Yet, when my faithful shopping Sancho Panza and I advanced on the rug department we found in front of a magnificent Kermanshah, hung across the department, a sufficiently illuminating couple. It consisted of a small dark man, with a derby drifting off the back of his head, and another man, who evidently belonged to the department.

"But I tell you I will pay you just the same," insisted the small man with the derby. "I will pay you just the same as anybody else."

The other man's reply was too low for me to hear; but I judged that it was not satisfactory, for the other looked angry and defiant. What was the matter? I wondered, and why were they refusing to sell in a place where tradition all favored that mode of conduct?

The willowy young gentleman who waited on us soon answered that query.

"A small Bokhara?" repeated he, beaming on me. "Mighty glad you came when you did! For a little while we can accommodate our patrons; then ——" He shrugged his shoulders and looked grimly into a future without Bokharas. "Why, do you know," he resumed, "there used to be a million of those small oriental rugs on the market? the kind we sell for anything from five dollars to fifty dollars. Now—do you see that little man over there? He's an importer and he's trying this very minute to persuade our buyer to let him have our whole retail stock of hearth rugs—and at retail price, mind you! That ought to tell you what's happening to us."

"But why?" asked I in bewilderment.

"Because nothing is coming through the Dardanelles these days. Of course the reserve of expensive rugs isn't affected so much. It isn't every one that can afford an eight-hundred-dollar Kermanshah or a gorgeous Saruk. But these penwipers, which most of us want—well, you see how it is."

In the end I selected a lovely little Bokhara for the hall; and though, according to Madeleine, I paid ten dollars more than I really should, I felt grateful that I was allowed the privilege of investing this sixty dollars.

But the climax to my surprise came when I invaded the furniture department. Had I ever dreamed that the great war could, like a mischievous boy, whisk the very chair from under you? Wool—yes. And flax—yes. And dyes—of course! But how could the roar of battle disturb such things as wood and cane and leather? I was soon to find out.

Buying my own furniture—the furniture that would surround me for many years to come, that would welcome me when I came home tired and dispirited, that would give me always a sense of warm and glowing and snug establishment—is it any wonder that I or any other young housekeeper likes to linger over this particular chapter of fixing up? To me the part in David Copperfield about poor old Tommy Traddles, gathering together his few little lean pieces of furniture, is one of the very sweetest in the world. And now for a long time Madeleine and I walked about in the lovely shop without even pricing things.

Record Prices for Furniture

THERE they were—the Sheraton suites, with their spindly legs like an aristocratic poodle; the portly Chippendales; the graceful Adam bedroom suites, and the Queen Anne things of dull walnut, with the long drop handles that looked like cute little tears of brass! Which of them should come home with me? It was with a tingling consciousness of chance and destiny that I walked about among them.

At last our eyes met—mine and those of the nice, square-jawed dining-room suite of Chippendale. It was as those things always are. We were each other's. The rest was merely a matter of price. I summoned a man.

"I'll take that," said I. "How much is it?"

"What!" cried Madeleine, aghast. "You're not—without even pricing ——"

Her horror was engulfed in the salesman's reply:

"That is three hundred and fifty dollars, madam. A ten-piece set. Solid mahogany."

"Too much," objected my guide.

"Three months ago—yes," replied he blandly; "to-day no."

"And how much would it have been three months ago?" questioned I.

"Just exactly three hundred and fifteen dollars," said he. "And the probability is that if the war lasts and you come in here at this time next year the same suite will cost three hundred and eighty-five dollars."

"But—but ——" I stammered.

"Exactly so," replied this salesman. "But what are you going to do? Everything that goes into furniture has gone up in price. The manufacturers tell us that Jamaica and Haiti mahogany logs, for instance, cost them ten per cent more. All upholsteries have increased because of the shortage of dyes. Nails are higher; brass is higher; and even the things you use in packing furniture have gone up. Then, too, you've got to remember that some of the chemicals for treating the natural wood have advanced considerably in price. Altogether things are so high that it was positively necessary to put an increase of ten per cent on nearly all of our goods."

This proved to be a grim law grimly enforced. During the course of the next hour I bought, in addition to the dining-room suite, a mahogany bedroom suite at $150; a brass bed at $35; a fireside chair at $19.50;

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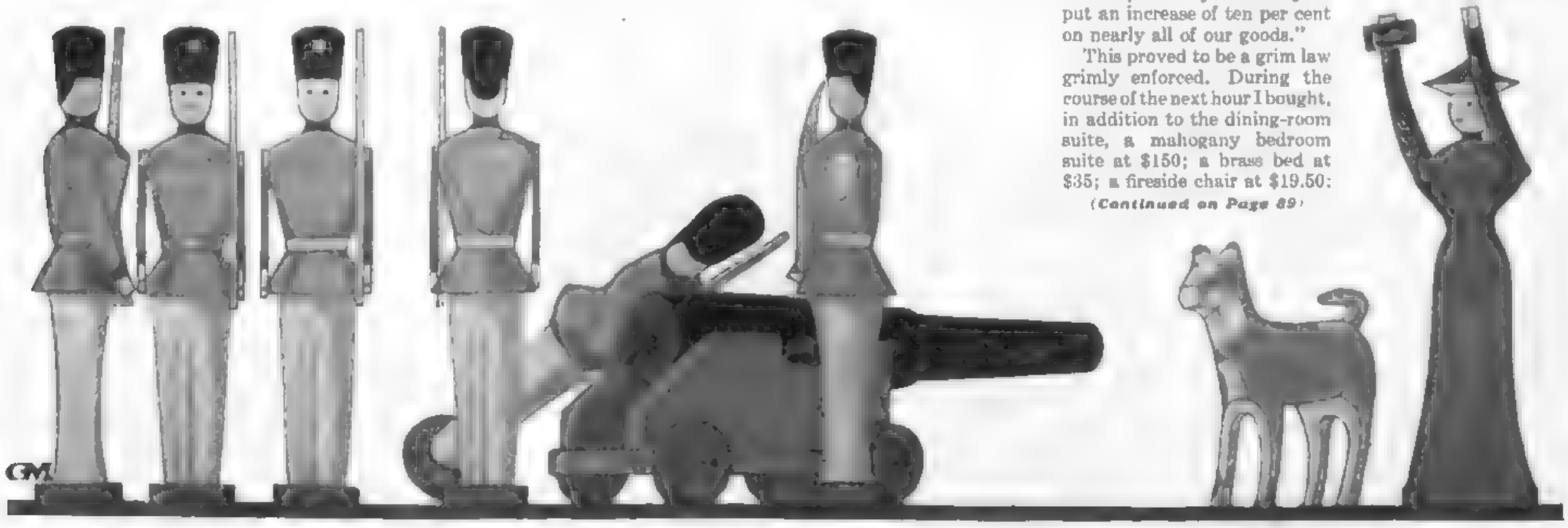


A LITTLE PRESSURE

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

PIG-HEADEDNESS, or, to use the more polite word, obstinacy, is a vice only discernible in others. We are never conscious of it as a personal failing. In support of this statement is the case of Sir John and Lady Sedgewick.

According to Sir John his wife was the most pig-headed woman in the kingdom, and, oddly enough, she held precisely identical views regarding him. The net result was that, instead of adopting a policy of give and take, they adhered to a principle of take and take, and in consequence neither attained anything.

Very occasionally, by the process of checkmating some firm resolve which one of the conflicting parties might have set his or her heart upon, and by only allowing it to proceed subject to a surrender in some other direction, they got their own way. The classic example of this method was the controversy over the Dutch garden.

It had long been Sir John's intention to lay out a Dutch garden in a deep hollow of the chestnut avenue, at a point about two hundred yards from the house. For no particular reason Lady Sedgewick threw out the bill. Had Sir John cared to proceed, in defiance of her wishes, there was nothing to prevent him. The estate was his property and he was entitled to do upon it whatsoever he desired. There existed, however, a tacit understanding between them never to take by violence what they had failed to achieve by argument.

Sir John applied the whole of his ingenuity to carrying the scheme through, but without avail. Lady Sedgewick turned a deaf ear alike to threats and entreaties, and, acting on the principle of "I have said you are not going to," would not budge an inch from her original attitude. If Sir John wanted a Dutch garden there were plenty of places without ruining the grass of the chestnut avenue.

Generally speaking Lady Sedgewick was not particularly interested in the grounds, the only exception being her bower of roses. This spot was her especial care and delight, and she lavished upon it both capital and labor. She never tired of showing off the blooms which her own hands had nurtured or of conceiving fresh plans for displaying them to greater advantage.

It was while walking in this retreat that the idea came into Sir John's head. The discussion upon his project had taken a more than usually vitriolic turn that morning and he was still smarting from some of his wife's verbal thrusts.

Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the Big Idea, and Sir John chuckled to himself with unholy glee at the prospects of its assured success. Calling one of the gardeners, he addressed him as follows:

"Fischer," he said, "I have decided to lay out my Dutch garden here. Get your men together and start leveling the ground straight away. Clear out all this rubbish first," and with a wave of the hand he indicated the surrounding rose bushes.

Fischer gasped with astonishment.

"Look sharp and do what I say," continued Sir John; "your mistress will be here in a few minutes to see how you are getting on." He turned and walked toward the house.

About a quarter of an hour later Lady Sedgewick was astonished to find the whole outdoor staff congregated in her rose garden, rolling up their sleeves and displaying many preliminary activities. On ascertaining the nature of their intentions she was justly horrified. Bidding the men do nothing until her return she hastened to find the author of this outrage. When eventually she ran him to earth he was engaged upon the pacific pursuit of fly-tying, a childlike smile playing over his features.

"Ah, my dear," said he, without giving her a chance to address him, "you were quite right in saying there are better places than the avenue for my Dutch garden. I have told the men to start work in another part of the grounds."

Lady Sedgewick's reply is not on record, but the presence of a Dutch garden, on elaborate lines, situated in the middle of the chestnut avenue, points to an understanding having been arrived at.

This happening took place many years prior to the event which it is the purpose of the present narrative to set forth.

Sir John and Lady Sedgewick's union had been blessed by one child, a girl. This being so, they were naturally unwilling to sacrifice her to any but the most appropriate suitor. Her hand had been sought in vain by many young and eligible men of the county, but until the arrival of the Hon. Cedric Milwood no one had achieved even the slightest success.

They Had Been Run to Earth by a Search Party Headed by Fifi

Cedric was a bright, happy-go-lucky young fellow, with a small vocabulary and not a care in the world. From infancy upward his lot had been cast among pleasant places and pleasant people. Good-looking, well born and rich, he was in every sense a desirable partner for any maiden. He openly adored Miss Sarah Sedgewick from the moment of their first introduction, which took place at a ball given in honor of her twenty-first birthday, and it is recorded that quite early in the evening he induced her to walk along the terrace, where his feelings became so acute that he took her to his breast and kissed her fervently. Miss Sarah, instead of upbraiding him for his temerity, kissed him back with an equal fervor and a like disregard for convention. They cut several dances and conducted themselves after the fashion of lovers all the world over.

Neither Made the Slightest Effort to Escape

The miasma of the night so revolutionized the Honorable Cedric's soul that he became quite poetic and called Sarah a "clinker" and a "corker" with an intonation which imparted fresh luster to the spoken words.

It is doubtful if the ballroom would have seen them again that evening had they not been run to earth by a search party headed by Fifi, Lady Sedgewick's infinitesimal muff-hound, and flanked by the lady herself and Sir John. Fifi, whose nose would have done credit to a greater example of her kind, smelt them out and betrayed their presence by shrill barking of an imperative order.

Neither the Honorable Cedric nor Miss Sarah made the slightest effort to escape. They stood their ground nobly and avowed undying affection for each other. Sarah's mother was all in favor of the match from the very first, but Sir John, probably on account of his wife's ready acquiescence, was disposed to view the matter in a less conclusive light.

"I know nothing against you, my boy," he said. "On the other hand, I know very little of you."

Cedric protested that he was a devil of a good fellow and would make Sarah the most devoted husband in the world.

In conclusion he said:

"If you have any doubts about me I am sure my uncle, Lord Louis Lewis, would give me a character."

"I like to form my own judgment of a man," remarked Sir John. "There's no objection to you and Sarah having a sort of understanding, but for the present I can't permit you to regard yourselves as engaged. Come down next week for the shooting and we'll see how we rub along together."

"I think, John," said Lady Sedgewick, "it is rather unkind of you to put obstacles in the way of the young people's happiness."

"I am not putting obstacles," he retorted testily.

"It practically amounts to that," answered his wife. "You know how irritable you are at shooting parties. There is something about them that causes you to find fault with all your guests."

"Absurd!" exclaimed Sir John. "Not a vestige of truth in it." And he tapped his foot with exasperation upon the gravel.

It is curious how dependent upon trifles are the great things in life. If Sir John had not tapped his foot Fifi would never have chosen that moment to take offense and fix her sharp little teeth in the baronet's ankle, and in all probability Sarah's and the Honorable Cedric's engagement would have been consecrated then and there. As it was, the pain caused by the bite drove all other considerations from Sir John's mind. He gave vent to a loud cry of pain and, forgetful of the feminine element by which the company was adorned, swore loudly that nothing less than Fifi's life would atone for the act of violence she had committed.

Knowing her father's temper, Sarah very wisely withdrew the Honorable Cedric to a more remote part of the terrace, leaving her parents to have it out according to their custom.

"Rotten luck, that little beast's getting hold of your guv'nor's leg jus' then," commented Cedric.

"Yes, it was," said Sarah. "He won't talk about anything but Fifi for weeks now."

"That so?" he replied. Then, being rather economical in his use of words, repeated: "Rotten luck!"

During the week that followed before the shooting party Fifi was the all-absorbing topic. Sir John's growing hatred of the dog was the signal for Lady Sedgewick's increased adoration. Not a meal passed without verbal fuel being added to the fire of Sir John's displeasure.

"One of these days," he said, "I'll shoot the little brute with my own hand and be done with it. A cur like that is a disgrace to a sporting household. The whole breed ought to be exterminated"; and Fifi, who happened to be in the room at the time of this outburst, set up a howl.

Under these trying circumstances any rational discussion of the subject of Sarah's engagement was out of the question. Accordingly Sarah approached her mother with the suggestion that it might be as well, if she held her daughter's happiness at heart, to send Fifi away and restore the peace of the household. Lady Sedgewick would have nothing to do with such an idea. She argued that it was good for Sir John to put up with things he didn't like, and if he didn't like them he could put up with them.

"Besides," she concluded, "I love little Fifi, and she shall not be sacrificed for the sake of an absurd whim."

"But Fifi did bite father," said Sarah tentatively.

"And quite right too," responded Lady Sedgewick. "I have often felt disposed to do the same thing myself."

Having failed in this direction, Sarah determined to tackle her sire. This she did on the morning when the Honorable Cedric was expected to arrive. She sought Sir John in his study, where he was perusing the Morning Post. Being experienced in these matters, she did not open the conversation, but sat herself in a chair facing his, blinked her eyes and protruded her dewy lower lip. Presently Sir John laid aside his paper and took stock of her equipment of sorrow. "What's the matter with you, Sally?" he asked.

"I'm very miserable," replied the disconsolate one.

"How's that?" he demanded. "I thought your young man was coming to-day."

Sarah brightened perceptibly.

"Oh, dad," she exclaimed, "then you consent?"

"I didn't say so," he responded. "But if he sizes up all right during the week, perhaps I will."

"Then you promise to do all you can to like him," cried Sarah, jumping up and throwing an arm round his neck. "And you won't stop in a bad temper because mother refuses to let Fifi go, will you?"

Sir John's brow clouded.

"Your mother's a fool about that dog," he said. "The world would be a different place if women weren't so infernally pig-headed."

Then having started on his favorite subject he developed it *ad exhaustum*.

The first two days after Cedric's arrival passed smoothly enough. Under the guidance of Sarah he developed rare qualities of tact and contrived to keep in the good books of both his host and hostess. He caressed Fifi when in the presence of Lady Sedgewick and abused Fifi when his lot was cast with Sir John. Moreover, he gained the latter's respect with his prowess with the gun. He was a natural shot, picking his birds and bringing them down with ease and accuracy. Sir John was a stickler for correctness in anything pertaining to field sports and it was a great achievement to have won his admiration in that direction. Cedric began to feel that his success was assured and in consequence fell upon careless ways, which bade fair to deprive him of the fruits of his happiness. It chanced on the morning of the third day that he found himself alone in the drawing-room with Fifi, and, without thinking what he was doing, picked up the little animal and taking her upon his knee rubbed her tiny pointed nose. As ill luck would have it Sir John chose that very moment to enter the room. He halted in amazement at the sight which confronted him.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Sir John. "Nursing that dog?"

"Yes," replied Cedric thoughtlessly. "Corkin' little fellah, ain't she?"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he realized the enormity of his offense. Rising to his feet and sweeping Fifi aside, he made a feeble attempt to carry the thing off.

"Rotten sort of dog, really," he stammered. "Awful rotten sort! A downright rotter, that's what she is. Snappy little rotter!"

"Hum!" said Sir John, eying him coldly. "I hope your affection for human beings is not so variable as it is for animals," and with these words he turned on his heel and walked from the room.

Cedric could have kicked himself for his stupidity, and was so preoccupied all the morning that he missed seven easy shots in succession. As he had been given the best place in the line, Sir John was not backward with acrimonious comments, which so disordered the Honorable Cedric's balance that he committed a truly awful mistake. A bird had risen before Sir John, and although it was obviously not his shot the Honorable Cedric up'd with his gun and loosed off. Not a feather was displaced and the bird continued his course, flying low over the line. Then it was that Cedric, forgetful of all the laws of a properly conducted shoot, fired his second barrel just as the bird was crossing Sir John's head. It fell like a stone, hitting the baronet full in the face.

"You Darling!" Exclaimed Sarah, and Kissed Lord Louis on the Point of the Chin

"Damn you, sir!" spluttered that gentleman, pulling a handful of feathers from his mouth. "Damn you! Don't you know better than to fire down the line?"

"I am most rottenly sorry, Sir John," stammered the Honorable Cedric, approaching his host with gun leveled in direct line with that gentleman's waistcoat.

"Don't point that thing at me!" screamed Sir John. "'Pon my soul, you're a danger to the community!"

This denouncement so agitated the wretched Cedric that he dropped his gun altogether, and in stooping to recover it allowed a cascade of cartridges to flow from his bag into a rain-filled plow furrow.

"Look at you now," exclaimed Sir John. "You are only fit to stop in a boudoir and play with lap dogs."

"I've never done such a thing before," stammered Cedric, laboring with the words.

"And you won't get the chance of doing it again," retorted the other. "One thing I never forgive is firing down the line."

Realizing that nothing was to be gained by prolonging the discussion, the Honorable Cedric shouldered his gun and walked dejectedly down the hill to the house. On his way he encountered Miss Sarah, who was coming to join the guns at lunch.

"Whatever is the matter?" she asked.

"I'm a silly ass," he replied, and recounted the recent events in his own simple style. Little Miss Sarah was horrified.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "Father'll never forgive that. Why, why were you so stupid?"

"I don't know," said Cedric mournfully. "I suppose because I'm such a silly ass."

"I must plead for you my very hardest," said Sarah, her big eyes brimming. "But it'll be a frightful business. Oh, Cedric, I almost wish I didn't love you such a lot."

Upon which the Honorable Cedric dropped his gun for the second time and took her in his arms.

"I don't deserve it," he murmured. Then, lest she should have any lingering doubts on the subject, repeated the previous criticisms upon his disabilities.

Miss Sarah was quite right when she said that it would be a frightful business. In vain she begged her sire to overlook Cedric's mistake, but the only response she got was his reiterated abuse of people "who shoot down the line."

"If you think I'm going to trust my little Sally to a man of that sort," he said, "you are very far wrong."

Cedric, from his corner, kept up a running fire of apology and self-reproach, but to no avail.

Then Lady Sedgewick began, and for once in her life very nearly won the day. With astonishing tact she informed Cedric that Sir John was quite right to be annoyed. His carelessness might well have robbed her of the most indulgent husband in the world. Yes, yes, she quite understood that Cedric was agitated on account of his brush with Sir John earlier in the morning. Certainly Sir John was a man whose ire anyone might be alarmed at causing. She was the first to admit it. Here Sir John cleared his throat and attempted to look very severe.

"But," Lady Sedgewick continued, "there is no excuse for neglecting to take proper precautions with a gun, and if Sir John does withhold his sanction to your engagement you have no one to blame but yourself."

The Honorable Cedric remained silent, realizing that the matter was entirely out of his hands and more likely to develop favorably if he left the talking to the older man.

Sir John, who was not a little flattered by his wife's address, rose and took a position before the fire. The omen was a good one, and Miss Sarah allowed a sigh of relief to escape her lips. When her father meant to sit tight on an idea he invariably did so from his chair. When he rose it implied that the other side stood a chance of winning.

Then it was that one of those accursed tricks of Fate occurred by which the whole course of people's lives are changed. Fifi, who had been concealed beneath her mistress' armchair, suddenly became aware of the proximity of her persecutor's ankles and leaped forth to engage them in battle.

"Damn the dog!" shouted Sir John, and snatching up a cushion flung it at Fifi, entirely enveloping her beneath its billowy expanse.

Lady Sedgewick darted forward and rescued her pet, ruffled and indignant.

"Oh, you cruel, cruel wretch!" she exclaimed.

"Now see here," said Sir John, and he was very angry indeed; "this is the last straw. If you want me to give my consent to Sarah's engagement I'll give it—on one condition: That dog goes out of the house first thing to-morrow morning—and never returns."

Lady Sedgewick confronted her husband with eyes of steel.

"If that is your condition, John," she said, "I absolutely and finally decline to accept it."

"Very good," he replied; "there is nothing more to be said."

And the Honorable Cedric Milwood kissed Miss Sarah good-by twenty-seven times, and left for Bristol with a broken heart by the half past nine express.

Some two days later Lord Louis Lewis, whilst being shaved, was somewhat astonished when a very disheveled young man burst into the dressing room and flung himself full length into an easy-chair. As the barber had been rather generous in the quantity of lather he had applied Lord Louis was unable to greet his nephew for fear of swallowing some. He indicated to the man to remove such of it as was likely to find its way into his mouth, and when this was done inquired the precise portent of Cedric's violent entry.

"I am the most miserable wretch in the world!" exclaimed the young man, "and if you can't help me I shall fling myself under a train."

"Dear me!" said Lord Louis, "we must try to avert that. At the same time," he added, "perhaps it would be as well, if your narrative is emotional in character, to delay the telling until I have been shaved."

"I can wait," said the Honorable Cedric.

"Good," remarked his uncle. "If you care to touch the bell and order some refreshments, pray do."

Cedric shook his head. "Drink is no use," he muttered. "I've tried it!"

"Don't Point That Thing at Me!"

(Continued on Page 93)

A RANK QUITTER

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

NIGHT before last I took dinner with the Wilkersons, and the thing I enjoyed most, next to the food, was a clash between big Bill and little Bill, who must be almost three years old by this time.

"Mother's calling you, sonny," said big Bill. "Run along to bed—there's a nice boy!"

"No!" said little Bill, beginning to pout. "I do' wanna!"

"But father says you must."

"Ye-e-ow! I do' wanna!"

"Look here, young man," said Bill; "you need a little discipline. Don't you know what happens to boys who don't mind their fathers?"

Well, I guess he did—in that house, anyway—and the knowledge didn't seem to worry him very much. Little Bill sat down on the floor, as unconcerned as you please, and made faces at his father until Mrs. Wilkerson came and carried him off to bed.

"Children," said big Bill, "are a wonderful study, Stuffy. You watch 'em developing every day, and—say, are you laughing at me, you lop-eared rascal, you?"

No; I wasn't laughing at the Bill Wilkerson who had just been shown up by his son and heir. I was laughing at the Bill Wilkerson who once found that somebody hadn't gone to bed when he was told, and made such an issue out of it that the best track-and-field team our college ever had was nearly ruined—busted wide open, in fact; and the wedge Bill split it with was—discipline.

Stacked up against a big Eastern university our college was rather a jerkwater outfit. It wasn't much for size, but for spirit—ah, that was where we shone! We may have been short on millionaire friends with sore consciences and restless bank rolls, but we were long on spirit; and when it came to athletics we made the other four colleges in the Conference take notice of us. Our baseball team was usually as good as the best; if they could lick us at football they could win the championship, but at track-and-field events we simply ran 'em ragged!

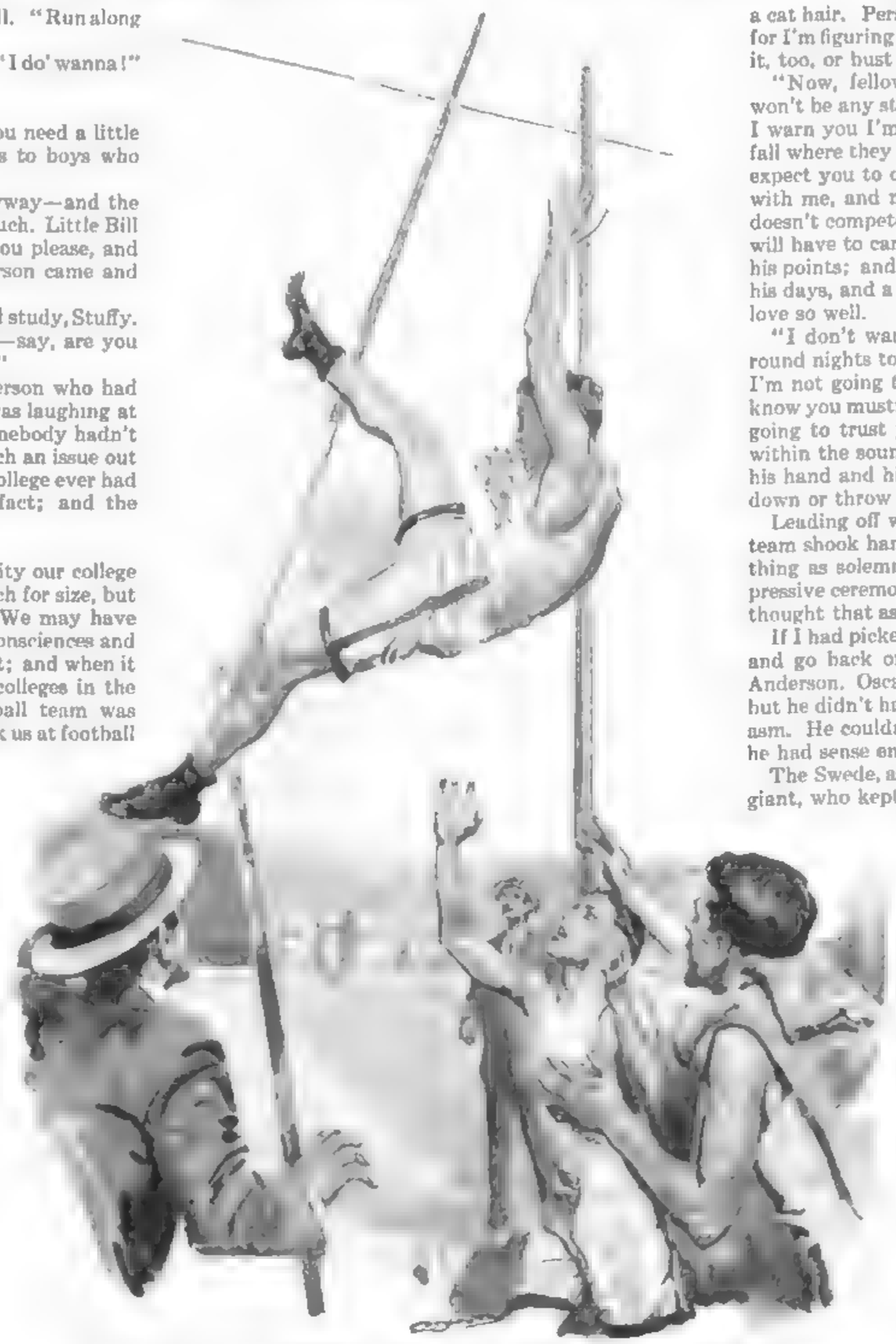
Our best team wasn't such a big one, either. We should have had at least twenty-four men to round out a well-balanced squad, but sixteen was the limit, with every man a point winner at something or other, because he simply had to be. There would have been seventeen men in the running if an all-wise Providence had seen fit to bless me with a different set of legs, and bellows to match. I tried hard enough to make myself a two-miler, but I had neither the pins nor the wind; so I turned in my spikes and became student manager of athletics the year that Bill captained the track team.

Bill was an odd fish in those days—a tall, slim kid, with a long, flexible neck, a tremendous beak of a nose and the wild, roving eye of a visionary. He had exaggerated ideas about duty and was cursed with one of those tender, skinless consciences sometimes found in the very young. His word was better than his promissory note, and he had the moral courage—or the stupid ignorance—to do exactly what he thought was right, whether it was reasonable or not. He was as game as a badger—the sort to lead a forlorn hope barefooted over the hot clinkers of Hades, and laugh while he was doing it. No handicap was too great for him and his spirit would keep him going long after his legs were dead.

The boys didn't elect Bill because of his executive ability or any peculiar fitness for the place. Bill elected himself, it being an unwritten law with us that the heaviest point winner of a season should be rewarded with the captaincy for the ensuing year.

Bill Wilkerson literally sprinted himself into the job; and when I look back over his régime I know exactly what Abraham Lincoln meant when he said that a man's brains are not located in his legs.

During his sophomore year Bill blossomed out as a star, winning the Conference meet for us—and the track-and-field championship—by cleaning up everything on the map in the sprinting line. Not satisfied with being the best 100 and 220 man in our part of the country, he added the quarter mile to his performances, and was just as good in that as he was in the shorter events. He always seemed to have a sprint left in those long legs of his; and, after salting down his fifteen points in the 100, 220 and the 440, he would run the last lap in the relay and win it on his nerve. So they made him captain to serve during his junior year—an unusual honor—and Bill felt it deeply. He always felt things deeply, that fellow.



From Then On We Began to Have a Lot of Luck—and It Was All Bad

After the election, which in his case took place at the annual banquet to the team, Bill climbed on the table and made us a frenzied address, announcing his intention to devote the last drop of his life's blood to the high and holy task of skinning everything in the Conference the next season, to the everlasting glory of that dear Alma Mater. It looks funny in print, but it went big at the time and the boys carried Bill round the room on their shoulders.

Now with us a team captain was no figurehead. He had a lot of work to do, and plenty of what Bill called "moral responsibility." We had a good coach, but he could only devote his afternoons to us; so it was up to the team captain to keep the condition reports, make out the weight charts, and see that the members of the team observed the training rules, which were very strict. No cigarettes or booze, and every man in his little bed at ten-thirty. Saturday nights the boys could do as they pleased, but the training diet still held. We had the honor system then, putting it up to the individual not to break training or disregard the rules; and Bill delivered a speech on this subject at the beginning of the season.

"Fellows," said he, "we're all veterans here, and there ain't a green man on the team. You all know what training means and how important it is. There's only sixteen of us, and that means that every man must stay to do his bit; we can't afford to carry a single shirker on a team of this size. If we bring home the new shoes again this year it will be because each and every man here present within the sound of my voice has carried his share of the load. In the dual meets I'm counting on nine firsts, six seconds and three thirds—and that's cutting her to the width of a cat hair. Personally, myself, I pledge you twenty points, for I'm figuring the relay among the nine firsts and I'll win it, too, or bust a leg!

"Now, fellows, about this honor training system: I won't be any stricter with you than I am with myself, and I warn you I'm going to hew to the line and let the chips fall where they will. I intend to live up to every rule and I expect you to do the same. No prodigal-son stuff will go with me, and no excuses. The man who breaks training doesn't compete—so help me John Rogers! The rest of us will have to carry his part of the load and try to make up his points; and he'll be a dirty, yellow quitter to the end of his days, and a disgrace to the team and the college we all love so well.

"I don't want to have to watch you and go snooping round nights to see that you're all abed by the right time. I'm not going to warn you not to do the things that you know you mustn't do. I'm going to trust you, the college is going to trust you; and I wish every man here present within the sound of my voice would step up and give me his hand and his personal pledge that he won't throw me down or throw the team down. Are you with me, men?"

Leading off with Oscar Anderson, every member of the team shook hands with Bill, who went through the whole thing as solemn as a judge and really made quite an impressive ceremony out of it. Trust him for that! I've often thought that as an evangelist Bill would have been a riot!

If I had picked anybody in that bunch to break training and go back on his word, it wouldn't have been Oscar Anderson. Oscar was a star of the same magnitude as Bill, but he didn't have Bill's gift of gab or his nervous enthusiasm. He couldn't have made a speech to save his life and he had sense enough not to try.

The Swede, as we called him, was just a great, big, quiet giant, who kept pretty much to himself and went at athletics as a man goes at a hard day's work, without fuss or excitement. He had come to us the year before, this being in the dark ages before freshmen were barred from intercollegiate competition, and it didn't take him a week to demonstrate his worth in the weight events.

Oscar was twenty-one years of age in his sophomore year; he stood six-three in his bare feet and in condition he weighed exactly two hundred pounds. All of it was beef and bone and sinew, and oh, men and brethren, how that Swede could toss the hammer and put the shot! There wasn't another college athlete in our part of the country who could even make him exert himself.

It was when he ran away with the high hurdles that he established himself as something of an athletic freak and gave the first hint of the wonderful versatility that afterward won him the all-round championship of America. A good weight man is seldom of any account in track events, but Oscar Anderson had a hurdling stride that came very close to being perfection itself. Barring only one man I have never seen a prettier spread over high hurdles—and that one man afterward took a gold medal at the Olympic Games and hung up a new world's record to boot. It was a grand sight to see the Swede go down his lane, skimming the hurdles so close that he always flicked the top bar with the left leg of his running trousers—Oscar went over left leg first—and taking his three strides in between as regular as clockwork.

It's the driving power that counts in the high hurdles, just as it's the speed that counts in the low ones. At the Conference meet during his freshman year the Swede grabbed second place in the low hurdles—a very remarkable performance for a man of his weight; so we figured him a mortal cinch for eighteen points against any college in the Conference. To go into a meet without Anderson would have been as bad as trying to win without Bill—it simply couldn't be done.

Well, Bill got his fellow athletes all fired up with holy zeal and earnest devotion, and what they did to Edmonton was a shame. The country cousins went home licked 79 to 52, which was a lot better than we expected—and a lot better than we would have done if we had known that Edmonton was so weak in the distance runs. It wasn't policy to show all the cards in our hand so early in the season. The following Saturday we were to meet the K. U. bunch on our own field, and by Monday the yell-leaders

were rehearsing the songs of victory. It looked soft, very soft when out of a clear sky Bill's skinless conscience got in its deadly work.

II

WEDNESDAY about noon I dropped in at the training quarters and there was Captain Bill, rooting into Oscar Anderson's locker like a pup at a squirrel hole. He was throwing stuff over both shoulders and scattering it all over the place.

"Are you moving the Swede?" said I. "And since when have you been the janitor here?"

Bill hadn't heard me come in and he jumped as if I had kicked him. The old boy was pale, all except his nose, which was blue, and I saw immediately that something was wrong with him. His eyes were wilder than ever.

"Stuffy," said Bill, standing there with a gym shirt in one hand and a dirty sock in the other, "our grand little track team is all shot—gone bust—flooey! . . . We've lost Anderson!"

"What? Why, Bill—he ain't—dead?"

"Worse than that, old horse. Oh, much worse!"

I grabbed him by the arms and shook him.

"Come out of it!" I yelled. "What's happened? Tell me—quick!"

"Anderson broke training . . . sneaked out of the house last night at eleven . . . didn't get in till three this morning."

"No!"

"But he did!" said Bill, wagging his head mournfully. "No mistake about it. He threw us down. He broke his word of honor. Broke the training rules."

"Did he get pickled or anything?"

"I don't know. He didn't get in till three."

"Well, you can hush it up, can't you?"

I should have known better than to say a thing of that kind to our noble, high-minded team captain

"Hush it up!" he squealed. "Why, he broke training, I tell you! Broke his word!"

I mentioned that I had gathered that much from his previous remarks.

"But why not roast him and let it go at that?" I asked.

Bill gave me one pitying look.

"You don't understand," said he. "You don't sense the situation. My word is involved, Stuffy—my word! I said, before witnesses, that I'd can the man who broke training. I can't do anything else!"

"Well, if you fire the Swede you might as well fire the whole team."

It was another unfortunate remark. Bill uncoiled that long neck of his, pointed his Roman nose to heaven and busted into platitudes.

"There are bigger, yes, better things than mere victory," said he. "Moral courage, for example—the courage to do right—to hew to the line and let the chips fall where they will; to—to take a licking for the sake of principle; to—to sacrifice ——"

"Oh, hell!" said I. "Save the heroics for the gang. You'll need 'em when the news leaks out that you've canned the Swede!"

"They look to me to enforce discipline," said Bill haughtily, "and they shall not look in vain. Even if it ruins my entire career ——"

"Cheese, Bill—cheese! Cut out the pale-martyr-and-the-shirt-of-flame!"

I talked to him like a Dutch uncle for at least half an hour; but what can you do with an inspired idiot like that? It would have been so easy to punish the Swede without punishing the entire team; but, no, Bill wouldn't compromise with dishonor—not a single blasted inch. He said he could never look himself in the face again if he did. I had to quit him for fear I might forget myself and hit him over the head with a chair or something.

I arranged to be present that afternoon when Anderson showed up at the quarters to put on his track suit. Bill was waiting for him just inside the door, and he jammed a bundle into Oscar's hands.

"What's this?" asked the Swede.

"That's your personal junk, Anderson," answered Bill. "I've turned your suit and your spikes into the storeroom and marked 'em 'out of service.' You ain't a member of the team any more."

For a few seconds the Swede could only stare at Bill and make motions with his lower lip.

"Not a member of the team!" said he. "What for?"

"For breaking training last night."

That was a knockout for Anderson; he gurgled a little, but that was all.

"If you've got any stuff that belongs to the team send it over here. You're off the training table; get your trunk out of the team house and keep off the field during practice. That's all I've got to say to you. Beat it!"

"But, say, Cap—don't I get a chance to—to ——"

"Not a chance! You knew the rules, you knew the penalty; but you figured we couldn't get along without your eighteen points. Go sit on the bleachers next Saturday and watch us try!"

"Aw, Bill—Bill!"

The door of the training quarters slammed in his face. Anderson turned to me, dazed and mumbling.

"I didn't think he'd do it—honest. I didn't think he'd have the nerve! . . . And a meet next Saturday too!"

Well, I was sorry for him, poor devil! but it didn't suit me to be sympathetic just then.

"Confound you, Oscar!" said I. "Why couldn't you have waited till Saturday night to go out on a party? What was the idea?"

He Took a Dive for His Locker, Shedding His Clothes on the Way

"That's some more of your business!" said the Swede, getting up on his ear.

"Oh, all right, if that's the way you feel about it; but if I'm any judge you'll soon find it's everybody's business. Wait till the news gets round and they give you credit for throwing the team down. You'll be lucky if they don't hang you!"

I left him standing there and went inside. Bill was just winding up a speech to the team, and a sicker, more stunned-looking lot of athletes I never saw. Dave Moore, our coach, was also present, holding up Bill's hands before the throne, which was all he could do under the circumstances. Authority had been vested in a captain with more soul than sense, and it was up to Dave to get behind Bill and make the play stick.

"And so, fellows," Bill concluded, "it was entirely a matter of conscience with me. Anderson had to go. We can't afford to lose his eighteen points and K. U. will probably kick the supreme wadding out of us next Saturday; but I would rather go down to defeat all season long with honest men behind me, men who respect a solemn pledge, than win through the efforts of a big streaked coyote like Oscar Anderson. I said I'd do this thing and I've never told you a lie. If I should overlook an offense of this sort the team discipline would be gone, the spirit would be gone, and we'd die of moral dry rot. Ain't that so, coach?"

"I don't know about the moral dry rot," said Dave, "but it's a cinch that we can't have men breaking the training rules and getting away with it. It's tough to have an example made of one of the biggest point winners, but the rest of you must shoulder his load and bull it through somehow."

Then Bill got his jabber flowing again and told 'em that there were bigger, yes, better things than victory, and honorable defeat was preferable to contamination by the presence of a yellow-hearted Swede quitter whose word of honor wasn't worth two whoops and a yell. Oh, it was a fine peroration! And, though Bill didn't arouse any mad enthusiasm for the aforesaid honorable defeat looming in the offing, he did succeed in making the fellows very sore at Anderson, and there was wild talk of ganging him on sight or riding him on a rail.

Then they went out to practice, fighting mad, and in no time it was all over the place that Oscar Anderson had been kicked out of the squad for violating the honor training system. The narrow-chested, spindle-shanked bookworms massed for the mob scene, and it was a good thing Anderson stayed under cover that afternoon—a good thing for the firebrand orators, I mean. He certainly would have batted a few heads together if he had heard himself unfavorably compared with Benedict Arnold and other traitors of history. Some of the spectacled zealots wanted the Swede tarred and feathered, but wisdom intervened and they decided merely to ostracize him—the safest way to punish as tough a two-handed fighter as the Swede.

The sentiment against Anderson crystallized the next Saturday afternoon, when K. U. walked all over us, winning by a score that I hope sometime to forget. It was a

"We Ain't Licked Yet, Cap! I'm Going to Take Brick's Place in the Broad Jump"

massacre—no less; and after it was over Anderson, who had paid his way at the gate, caved in a few faces belonging to students who had opened them to tell him a few wholesome truths about himself. Naturally this didn't help matters any, and from then on the poor old Swede might as well have been alone in the middle of the Sahara Desert, with the horizon for company.

If he had been a leper he couldn't have been given a wider berth; and as for sympathy, I'll bet he couldn't have found it in the dictionary. The fair coeds were the worst. Even the ones who didn't know him turned up their noses at sight of him, and the members of the faculty cut him dead outside of the classrooms.

An average fellow would have put the black curse on the school and quit it cold, but Anderson wasn't an average fellow. He had the stubbornness of an army mule, as I discovered one evening when he came to my room, carrying a pair of spiked shoes in his hand.

"Look here," said he; "Bill canned me off the team, but there ain't any law against me using the athletic field if I want to keep in shape, is there?"

"Not that I know of," said I.

"Training!" grunted the Swede. "I'll show these lobsters what real training is like. . . . Do you suppose I could get old Dan to rub me down once in a while?"

I said I thought it could be arranged.

"If I'm in shape to compete," said Anderson, "something might happen, eh? Bill certainly won't make the team take all these lickings just to spite me, will he?"

"Don't flatter yourself so much," said I. "It won't be done to spite you. It'll be done for a principle!"

"I know it; but don't you see that he shouldn't make the whole school suffer for something I did? And then there's the team; how are the boys going to carry my part of the load? It ain't fair to the student body or to the squad. If—if he'd only let me compete I'd take whatever they wanted to hand to me without a word. They could go on not speaking to me—anything—just so they let me get out there and do my share! Bill won't even talk to me about it—won't see me. Perhaps if you asked him ——"

I said I would put the proposition up to Bill, and Anderson cheered up immediately and nearly pulled my right arm out of the socket.

"You can tell him another thing," said he: "I'll be in condition any time he wants me to start. He called me a quitter, and that's all right; but I'll show him and everybody else how a quitter can stick with this training stunt. Whatever you do, Stuffy, don't take my name off the eligible lists when you send 'em out. Something might happen."

When I repeated this conversation to Bill, explaining that the Swede was showing a pretty fine spirit, Bill only scowled and shook his head. Anderson wasn't the only stubborn party we had to reckon with, as Bill demonstrated by passing up the Swede and sending the squad to certain slaughter in the dual meets with the University and the Huns.

That was a lovely little old month! The campus swarmed with knockers; the noble athletes crabbed at each other and picked on Bill, who grew hollow-eyed and pale under the strain; old Prexy got excited and jumped Dave for not developing more material, and took a bawling-out that he never forgot or forgave; the sporting writers roasted us to a cinder, pointing out that our championship of the year before was a fluke, and that a team of stars never was any good—and there we were, facing the Conference meet and the final honorable licking on our own field!

Oh, it was bitter—bitter! And through it all Oscar Anderson kept on working, plugging, grinding—training as if his life depended on it, without a soul to encourage him by as much as a decent word or a smile. There was old Dan Riley, of course; but Dan was only the trainer and didn't count. It's hard enough to train with a whole college behind you, but the Swede worked like a horse without anybody to pat him on the back.

If you ask me, Captain Bill wasn't the only one who showed a high order of moral courage in time of stress; but Bill had plenty of people to cheer for him and egg him on. Oscar Anderson played a solo hand, surrounded by a perfect Chinese Wall of silence and hostile contempt. That he kept going at all was a wonderful tribute to his nerve, and I thought I appreciated it; but even so, I wasn't prepared for his next exhibition. I didn't realize that the Swede might grow desperate, with the Conference meet coming closer and closer and no sign of relenting on Bill's part.

On a Wednesday night—the meet was slated for Saturday—Anderson came to see me again. He sat down on the bed and looked at me for as much as a minute without saying a word.

"I can't stand it, Stuffy!" he blurted out. "I can't! Something has got to happen pretty quick or I'll go crazy!"

I asked him exactly what he thought ought to happen to him.

"Me? Say, you don't think that's worrying me, do you? If they'll only let me help win this championship again they can burn me at the stake for all I care!"

"Pretty strong talk," said I.

"But I'm on the level with it!" said Oscar. "It means—well, it means just everything to me! They've got to give me a chance!"

What could I say to him? Nothing but that I thought Bill would do right, as he saw it.

"That's the trouble!" groaned the Swede. "Oh, if there was only some way to get at him!"

On Thursday morning we held our usual rally at Assembly Hall—that is, we called it a rally, but it was more like an Irish wake with the liquor left out. There were a few half-hearted yells—they sounded like the wailing of lost souls—and they sang our old fighting song. It was a melancholy dirge—no less. It is next to impossible to stir up any wild acclaim for a licked team, especially one that is licked before it starts. There wasn't a nickel's worth of pep in the entire assemblage, and Captain Bill made matters worse by delivering another one of his justly celebrated orations—sound and fury, signifying nothing. It started out to be a bold defiance, but that didn't take very well; so it slumped into a weak apology and wound up with a stuttering and incoherent appeal for support and sympathy.

After he sat down there was a sickly silence for a few seconds and the next thing I knew old Dan Riley was mounting the platform. Dan was a sort of privileged character, as much a part of the college as one of the buildings. It was the first time he had ever been known to address the student body, and as he looked down on us there was something in his kindly Irish face that stopped all the whispering and shuffling about.

"I may be all out of order here," he began, coughing to clear his throat, "and if I am ye'll forgive me for makin' this break. I've been here so long that I feel I'm one of ye "

"You are, Dan—you are!"

"S-sh! Let him talk!"

Dan waited for complete silence before he began again, and after his next sentence he kept it to the end:

"There was a lad on this team—a lad ye all know—that went wrong and was kicked out. He was a good lad, but he made a mistake. Well, sure, the Lord knows we're none of us perfect, eh? He was kicked out, well and good, and ye've all had a hand in punishin' him. I will say that ye did a fine job of it, but he ain't satisfied with that. No; he says he owes ye all an apology and a public confession. He wants no more than a chance to get up here and say he's ashamed of what he done. . . . It ain't much to ask; it would be an awful lot to refuse the lad. . . . The question is before the house, will ye listen to him?"

Dan paused, but not a soul answered him. There wasn't even a rustle or a murmur. We were all struck dumb, I think, and the dumbest man in the hall was Captain Bill Wilkerson. His eyes were as big as butter plates, and his Adam's apple was sliding up and down violently.

"All right, Anderson!" The old trainer's voice cut through the silence like a cracked bugle. "All right, lad! Have your say!"

The Swede had been waiting outside the front door, and at the word he came marching down the middle aisle, his hands shut tight at his sides, and hurrying just a little, as if anxious to have it over with. There was the faintest movement in the crowd—a craning of necks to look at him; but that was all. At first he couldn't find his voice, and if he had prepared a little speech it left him as soon as he reached the platform. Between every sentence there was a long, painful pause. He had to stop and think what to say next.

"I want you to know that I don't expect this to square me. . . . I broke the training rules. . . . I broke a promise to a friend. . . . He did what was right and I'm not kicking. . . . It was coming to me. . . . I want to say that I'm sorry for what I did. . . . If they ever let me compete again I'll make up for the meets we've lost this season. You needn't treat me any different until I do. . . . I'm not sore at anybody here—only myself. . . . I wish I could show you how much I mean this."

At this point he stopped and looked straight at Bill, and the effect was exactly as if he had asked him a question. Everybody else looked at Bill, too, and there he sat with his eyes shut! And nobody had sense enough to pinch him! Anderson started for the edge of the platform, but he wasn't quite through.

"I—I thank you for letting me get this out of my system and—and—I guess that's about all."

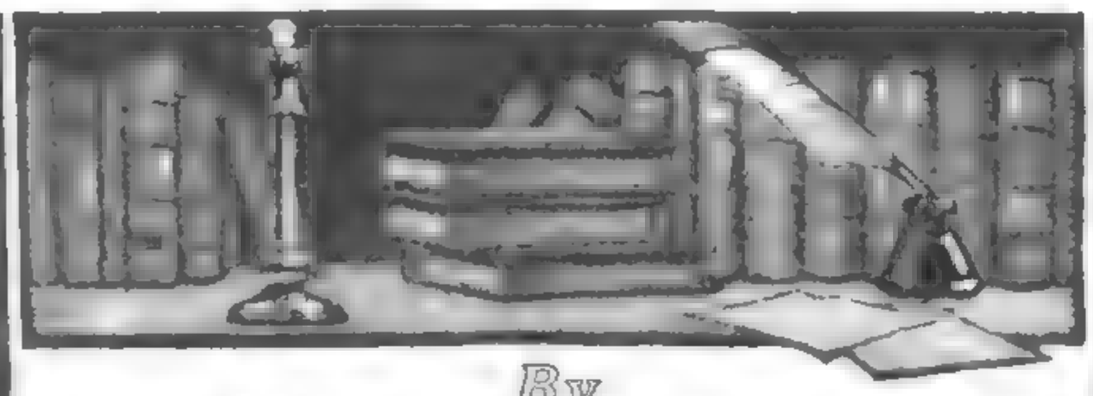
He walked down the aisle and out at the door without so much as turning his eyes to the right or the left, but his face was working—walked out and left a silence so tense that it hurt; and nobody dared look at his neighbor. The only man who could have relieved the situation sat there huddled up like a knot on a log, speechless for once. Then, when the tension was at its tightest and something simply had to give way, Archie Miller jumped for the pipe organ and crashed into the opening bars of Alma Mater.

If he had touched us all with the warm end of a live wire he couldn't have got us on our feet any sooner. And how that grand old hymn did roll out! Above the roar of the organ and the seven hundred voices I heard Captain Bill's tenor; and there he was, lifting his very soul into the words, both eyes shut tight—but not quite hiding the evidence even then.

(Continued on Page 73)

He Ran His Heat in the High Hurdles, and Piled a Lightning-Fast Final on Top of That

DO YOU WANT TO FIX PRICES?



By
JAMES H. COLLINS

THFRE were ten men, and they journeyed down to Washington together not very long ago to get advice about their various kinds of work. The first three were farmers. They found the Department of Agriculture waiting for them, full of experts who talked their own language and understood their problems, from soil analysis to the marketing of ripe products.

"Mighty glad you came!" said the farm experts heartily. "We were just going out to find you in the field and see what we could do to help you make money."

The fourth man owned a coal mine, and got technical aid from the Bureau of Mines. The fifth was a lumberman, and found the Forestry Service full of fellows who knew his needs. The sixth was a railroader who wanted light on a knotty point in rates, and the Interstate Commerce Commission plainly told him what to do. The seventh was a banker, and the young Federal Reserve Board welcomed the opportunity to pass on his problem in two-name paper and demonstrate that it was human.

But the last three got a very different reception.

Two of them were manufacturers and the other a merchant. Between them they bought the raw materials of the farmer, miner and lumberman, turned them into finished products that were hauled round by the railroader, and borrowed money from the banker to carry on these activities. In the national scheme of things they seemed just as important as the others; yet, after hunting all over Washington, they discovered that there was only one place where they could ask for advice.

That was the Department of Justice, and it was full of lawyers. In Uncle Sam's Government there were apparently no manufacturers or merchants like themselves, nor was there anyone who had studied their problems.

The lawyers sat up on a courtlike dais and received them with aloofness and suspicion. One of the manufacturers stepped forward, bringing the merchant with him.

Lawyers Gagged by Department Policy

"COMPETITION has become keen in my business," he explained. "I want to meet it by making a contract with this dealer, specifying terms under which he is to sell my goods. He is pestered with competition, too, and tired of it; and agrees to contract. But there is so much uncertainty about restraint of trade that we're afraid to go ahead on the opinions of our attorneys. We both want to obey the law; so we've come down here to headquarters to find out what we can do."

The lawyers took his contract and read it over privately.

"This seems to be all right," they said among themselves. "Not a thing here that is unlawful; in fact, it is all being done every day. Why does he take up our time by submitting such a document?"

When they returned, however, they told the manufacturer not a word of this.

"We have powers only to prosecute violators of the law," they said. "We cannot tell you whether your contract is lawful or unlawful. That would be against the policy of the department. You can go ahead; but if you break the law we shall prosecute you."

The other manufacturer stepped up.

"I've laid out a new selling plan for my goods," he said. "The stuff is now being made at the factory, my salesmen are waiting to go on the road, and I intend to spend one hundred thousand dollars in an advertising campaign. But we want to obey the law. Here is the plan. Please tell me if it is legal."

The attorneys took the papers outside and read them over. They were shocked.

"This is clearly illegal!" they whispered. "It violates several principles of the law prohibiting restraint of trade. If he goes ahead with that we shall have to prosecute him."

Yet they did not tell the manufacturer so. Their reply was the same as in the first case:

"Go ahead on your own responsibility; but if you break the law, look out!"

A plain citizen witnessed both transactions. He was accustomed to thinking and acting in straight lines. He seemed puzzled and indignant.

"Why on earth couldn't you tell those three men the truth?" he demanded. "One of them is within the law, but afraid that if he proceeds with his contract he will be restraining trade. Uncertainty may stop him in a perfectly legal course. In that case who will be restraining trade—he or you? The other man wants to obey the law, but in his ignorance may go out and commit a crime, for which you will put him in jail. Isn't it possible to tell him so in that many words?"

"No powers!" echoed the lawyers. "Against policy!"

This is an allegory, but one fairly true to facts.

For many years Washington has officially celebrated growth and bigness in crops, exports, lumber, mining, railroading, banking. The principle of organization among the farmers for the selling of products and the purchase of supplies has been steadily preached.

When the manufacturer has shown signs of growing big, however, the Government has run him down and cut him into smaller pieces; and when he has tried to organize cooperatively to correct trade evils and solve industrial problems he has been regarded with suspicion, warned and prosecuted.

In all this suspicion and suppression of business the Government has had in mind one supreme sin—the combining of business men to fix prices, control markets and put competitors at a disadvantage. And in most of the remedies for trade evils sought by business men, until very recently, the chief ingredient has been some form of combination to steady prices and eliminate competitive wastes.

In the past there have been many price-fixing combinations of an illegal character, tending to monopoly and the destruction of competition; but to-day things are different. They are better. Things are really pretty good. The law against restraint of trade has been more fully interpreted by the courts. Business understands more clearly what it may and may not do. The whole tone of the business world has improved under criticism. Business men have become more skillful in meeting the problems of competition by lawful means. To-day business is anxious to do right. It wants to obey the law; and lately the business man has been going down to Washington, with specific cases, seeking light.

And now, finally, there is a new man in Washington who seems to have taken hold of the right end in this whole situation. If he carries out some of the measures he has in mind he ought to be able to crystallize things, bring business and Government into harmony, and open up a new era all round.

This man is Edward N. Hurley, vice chairman of the new Federal Trade Commission, a business man from Chicago. Mr. Hurley is a manufacturer who has come up in a way typical of many American business men. Starting out with a common-school education and a machine-shop training, he became a locomotive fireman, then an engineer, then a salesman of railroad supplies, and then sales manager. He was an inventor also, and eventually took a partner, put a few thousand dollars of his savings into a small factory and started making pneumatic tools. He got in on the ground floor of a big industry when profits were ample and made a fortune; but in building his business he met all the handicaps. He knows what it is to hustle money for the pay roll, and says that meeting the pay roll is a sort of initiation for a business man that brings him into the real fraternity, with the grip and password. He knows what it is to go to the bank and dig up information upon which to borrow money.

In addition to an all-round business experience in this country he has financed and operated a factory in England, studied the methods of the Germans, and investigated export trade in South America. His special report on the way they handle banking and credit in Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Peru, published by the Department of Commerce, is decidedly an eye opener. He has been president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, and connected with railroad and financial matters in various capacities, and is a real, all-round business man.

Mr. Hurley's Sensible Methods

WHEN President Wilson appointed the five men who made up the Federal Trade Commission he selected two lawyers and three business men. Evidently Mr. Hurley was chosen to represent business, as this Chicago manufacturer stands out in particular on the commission as a typical business man.

The commission was created to take over the work of the old Bureau of Corporations and has investigatory powers directed toward the prevention of unfair competition. It started off with plenty of business, taking over investigations of the lumber, beet-sugar and fertilizer industries, and of resale price maintenance; and has begun activities of its own, looking into complaints of unfair competition in this country, studying foreign trade to see where the lightning is apt to strike after the war, investigating the prices of gasoline, and so on.

It seems to be a sensible commission, honestly bent on correcting trade evils instead of merely stirring them up. It has abandoned the dais idea in meeting business men who come to ask for help, and sits down with them round a big table, to get acquainted. It has stopped the terrifying "Sir, you are hereby notified" style of official letter that antagonized every business man who heard from Washington, and has put skilled correspondence men on the job of really getting acquainted with people by mail.

Mr. Hurley's experience on this commission has been almost an adventure. He was no sooner in Washington than he began to meet business men of his own kind who had come there for counsel. One of his earliest cases was a meeting of manufacturers who were in a line hard pressed by competition, and who had come together to discuss remedies. Mr. Hurley made a speech. As he finished and started for the door he saw a husky citizen making in his direction.

"Say, I'd like to have a long talk with you, commissioner," panted this individual when he caught up with him.

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OBVIOUS ADAMS

The Story of a Successful Business Man

By Robert R. Updegraff

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH P. COLEMAN

ALONE man sat at a table by a window in the Dickens Room of the Tip Top Inn, Chicago. He had finished his dinner and was apparently waiting for his black coffee to be served.

Two men entered and were shown to a table near by. Presently one of them glanced at the man by the window.

"See that man over there?" he whispered to his companion.

"Yes," said the latter, looking disinterestedly in the direction indicated.

"Well, that is Obvious Adams."

"Is that so?" And he almost turned in his chair this time to get a good look at the most talked-of man in the advertising business. "Ordinary-looking man, isn't he?"

"Yes, to look at him you would never think he was the famous Obvious Adams of the biggest advertising agency in New York. And to tell the truth, I can't see why he is such a little tin god in the business world.

"I've heard him speak two or three times at the Adleague meetings, but he never said anything that we didn't know already. He seems to have a lot of people buffaloed though. I confess he was a disappointment to me."

It is funny, but that is the way most outsiders talk about Adams. And yet this same Adams has been an important factor in the success of more well-known businesses than perhaps any other one man.

Even at this moment, while the two men were talking about him, he was making business history. He had turned the menu card face down and was drawing lines and making notes on the back. To anyone looking over his shoulder the result of his work would have been meaningless, but it seemed to please Adams, for he nodded his head earnestly to himself and put the menu into his pocket as the obsequious waiter came to help him into his overcoat.

"Mr. Merritt, to Whom are You Advertising: Paper Makers or Paper Users?"

Half an hour later a telephone bell jingled in the library of a sumptuous home in an Iowa city. It rang a second time before the man lounging in the big mahogany chair in front of the fireplace arose and picked up the receiver.

"Hello!" he snapped, and he scowled at the intrusion. "Hello! Hello! Oh, it's you, Mr. Adams. I didn't expect to hear from you so soon. Where are you? Chicago? You've got a plan? You have? Well, I've just been sitting here thinking about it myself, and I've chewed three cigars to a pulp trying to figure out what we ought to do about it."

Then silence in the sumptuous library. Then a series of what sounded like approving grunts.

"I see your idea. Yes, I think they will do it all right! I'm sure they will—they've got to. It's a bully idea and I believe it will turn the trick! All right; take the night train and I'll send my car down to the station to meet you in the morning. Good night."

For a long minute the man in the library stood and looked into the fireplace thoughtfully. "Now, why in thunder couldn't some of us have thought of that? It's the most natural thing in the world to do, but we had to bring a man clear from New York to show us. That Adams is a wonder anyway!" And having addressed these remarks to the andirons, he pulled out a fourth cigar, which he smoked.

And there you have the other side. That is the way insiders talk about Adams.

But that is another story. We are beginning back end to. To know Obvious Adams, and to understand the secret of his success, we must begin at the front end of his life. It is interesting, this story of a poor boy who began life as Oliver B. Adams in a little grocery store in a small New England town, and has grown to be known everywhere in the business world as "Obvious Adams."

It seems that Adams came of very poor, hard-working parents, that he had only a meager country-school education, and that when Oliver was twelve years of age his father died and he started working in a grocery store. He was a very ordinary sort of boy. He had no particular initiative and he seldom had any particularly bright ideas, and yet in some strange way business grew steadily in that store, and it continued to grow year by year. Anyone who knew old Ned Snow, the grocer, would tell you that none of the growth was his fault, for he was not of the growing kind—unless you mean ingrowing. Well, things ran along uneventfully until old Snow was taken ill and died. Then the store was sold out and Oliver was without a job.

The next six years of Adams' life no one knows much about but he, and of these years he has little to say. When the grocery store was sold out he took what little money he had been able to save up and went to New York, where he worked by day in a public market and went to night school in the evenings.

Then one day something happened. Near the end of his final year at night school the principal arranged for a series of vocational talks for the benefit of the older students. The first of the talks was by James B. Oswald, president of the famous Oswald Advertising Agency. In those days Oswald was in his prime, and he was a most interesting and instructive talker, with a way of fitting his message to the needs of his hearers—which was probably why he was successful as an advertising man.

Young Oliver Adams sat spellbound throughout the talk. It was his first vision of the big world of business, and it seemed to him that Oswald was about the most wonderful man he ever had met—for he actually did meet and shake hands with him after the lecture.

On the way home he thought over what Mr. Oswald had told of the advertising business. As he prepared for bed in his little third-floor rear he thought over the man Oswald and decided that he must be a fine man. As he pulled the blanket up over him and nestled down into the pillows he decided that he would like to work in the advertising business. And as he slipped off to sleep he assured himself that he would like to work for such a man as James B. Oswald.

The next morning when he awoke the last two thoughts had become united: He would like to work in the advertising business—for James B. Oswald. The natural thing to do then—to Oliver Adams, at least—was to go and tell that gentleman. Though the idea frightened him a little it never occurred to him for a minute but that he should do just that. And so at two o'clock that afternoon he asked for two hours off at the market, that being the quiet time of day, and, after carefully blacking his shoes and brushing his clothes, started out for the big office building which housed the Oswald Advertising Agency.

Mr. Oswald was busy, he was informed by the girl in the reception hall who had telephoned his name in to the big man.

Oliver thought a minute. "Tell him I can wait an hour and ten minutes."

The girl looked surprised, for people were not in the habit of sending such messages to the big chief. But there was something in the simple directness of the lad that seemed to make the message a perfectly natural one.

Rather to her own surprise she repeated the message to the president precisely as she had received it.

"He will see you in about twenty minutes," she announced.

Of the interview itself James Oswald used to delight to tell:

"In walked young Adams, as serious as a deacon. I didn't recognize him as one of the young men I had met the night before until he introduced himself and mentioned our meeting. Then he went on to say that he had thought the matter over and had decided that he wanted to get into the advertising business and that he wanted to work for me, and so here he was.

"I looked him over. He was a very ordinary-looking boy, it seemed to me, rather stolid, not overly bright in appearance. Then I asked him some questions to see how quick-witted he was. He answered them all readily enough, but his answers weren't particularly clever. I liked him well enough, but he seemed to lack alertness—that little up-and-comingness that is necessary in advertising. And so finally I told him, in as kindly a way as possible, that I didn't think he was cut out for an advertising man and that I was very sorry, but I couldn't give him a position, and a lot more fatherly advice. It was really a choice little speech, firm but gentle.

"He took it all nicely enough. But instead of begging me to give him a chance, he thanked me for the interview and said, as he got up to go: 'Well, Mr. Oswald, I have decided that I want to get into the advertising business and that I want to work for you, and I thought the obvious thing to do was to come and tell you so. You don't seem to think I could make good and so I will have to set out to find some way to prove it to you. I don't know just how I can do it, but I'll call on you again when I have found out. Thank you for your time. Good by.' And he was gone before I could say a word.

"Well, I was set back considerably! All my little speech had been lost entirely. He didn't even entertain my verdict! I sat for five minutes thinking about it. I was rather irritated to be thus turned down by a boy, so civilly but so very definitely. All the rest of the afternoon I felt decidedly chagrined.

"That night on the way home I thought it over again. One sentence stuck in my memory: 'I want to get into the advertising business and I want to work for you, and I thought the obvious thing to do was to come and tell you so.'

"It all struck me in a heap: How many of us have sense enough to see and do the obvious thing? And how many of us have persistency enough in following out our ideas of what is obvious? The more I thought of it the more convinced I became that in our organization there ought to be some place for a lad who had enough sense to see the obvious thing to do and then to go about it directly, without any fuss or fireworks, and do it!

"And by George, the next morning I sent for that lad and gave him a job checking up and filing periodicals."

That was twenty years ago. To-day Oliver B. Adams is the vice president and active head of the great Oswald Advertising Agency. Old Oswald comes to the office once or twice a week and has a chat with Adams, and of course he always attends directors' meetings, but otherwise Adams is the head of the business.

It all happened naturally enough, and it all came about through that "darned obviousness," as old man Oswald good-naturedly characterizes it.

Before Adams had been working at his checking and filing job a month he went to his boss and suggested a change in the method of doing the work. His boss heard him through and then asked him what was to be gained. Adams told him that it would save about a quarter of the

time and handling, and errors would be almost impossible. The change was simple and he was told to go ahead. After the new plan had been in operation three months he went to his boss again and told him that the new plan worked so well that a girl at two-thirds of his salary could take care of his work, and wasn't there something better for him? He said he noticed that the copy staff had to work nights, and he wondered if they didn't have so much work for the future that they could start in to train up a new man. The boss smiled and told him to go on back to his work. "You are no John Wanamaker." Back he went, but also he began to write copy during his spare time. The copy rush was on account of a big campaign for the California Peach Canners' Association. Adams proceeded to study up on the subject of peaches. He thought, studied, dreamed and ate peaches, fresh, canned and pickled. He sent for Government bulletins. He spent his evenings studying canning.

One day he sat at his little desk in the checking department putting the finishing touches on an advertisement he had written and laid out. The copy chief came in to ask him for the back number of a certain paper that was in the files. Adams went to get it, leaving the advertisement on top of his desk. The copy chief's eye fell on it as he stood waiting.

"Six Minutes From Orchard to Can" was the heading. Then there were lay-outs for pictures illustrating the six operations necessary in canning the peaches, each with a little heading and a brief description of the process:

CALIFORNIA SUN-RIPENED PEACHES
Picked ripe from the trees.
Sorted by girls in clean white uniforms.
Peeled and packed into the cans by sanitary machines.
Cooked by clean live steam.
Sealed airtight.
Sent to your grocer for you—at 30 cents the can.

The copy chief read the ad through and then he read it through again. When Adams got back to his desk the copy chief Howland by name—was gone. So was the advertisement. In the front office Howland was talking with the president, and they were both looking at an ad lay-out on the president's desk.

"I tell you, Mr. Oswald, I believe that lad has the making of a copy man. He's not clever—and goodness knows we have too many clever men in the shop already—but he seems to see the essential points and he puts them down clearly. To tell the truth he has said something that we upstairs have been trying to say for a week, and it has taken us three half-page ads to say it. I wish you'd apprentice that boy to me for a while. I'd like to see what's in him."

"By George, I'll do it," agreed Mr. Oswald. Whereupon he sent for Adams' boss.

"Could you get along without Adams, Mr. Wilcox?" he asked.

Mr. Wilcox smiled. "Why, yes, I guess so. He told me the other day that a girl at two-thirds his salary could do his work."

"All right; send him up to Mr. Howland."

And up Adams went to the copy department. His canned-peach copy had to be polished up, but this was given to one of the crack men, for there was need of haste, and Adams was given another subject to write on. His first attempts were pretty crude, and after several weeks the copy chief almost came to the conclusion that maybe he was mistaken in Adams after all. Indeed, many uneventful weeks passed. Then one day a new account was landed by the Oswald Agency. It was for a package cake which was sold through grocers. The firm had limited distribution, but it had been stung by the advertising bee; it wanted to grow faster. The company was working within a fifty-mile radius of New York

Before any orders came through to the copy department some of the copy men got wind of it, and Adams heard them talking about it. That day he spent his noon hour looking up a grocery that sold the cake. He bought one of the cakes and ate a liberal portion of it as his lunch. It was good.

That night when he went home he sat down and worked on the cake problem. Far into the night the gas burned up in the little third-floor-rear room. Adams had made up his mind that if he had a chance at any of the cake copy he was going to make good on it.

The next morning the cake business came through to the copy room. To Adams' great disappointment it was given to one of the older men. He thought the matter over all morning, and by noon he had decided that he was a chump for ever thinking that they would trust such copy to a kid like himself. But he decided to keep working on that cake account during his spare time just as though it were his account.

Three weeks later the campaign opened up. When Adams saw the proofs of the first cake copy his heart sank. What copy! It fairly made one's mouth water! Preston was famous for food-product copy, but he had outdone himself on this cake. Adams felt completely discouraged. Never would he be able to write such copy, not in a million years! Why, that copy was literature. It took mere cake at fifteen cents the loaf and made it fit food for angels. The campaign was mapped out for six months, and Adams carefully watched each advertisement, mentally resolving that he was going to school to that man Preston in the matter of copy.

Four months later, in spite of the wonderful copy running in the newspapers, both city and suburban, there were mutterings of dissatisfaction coming from the Golden Brown Cake Company. They liked the advertising; they agreed that it was the best cake advertising that had ever been done; It was increasing the business somewhat—but sales were not picking up as they had anticipated. At the end of another month they were more disappointed than ever, and finally, at the expiration of the six months, they announced that they would discontinue advertising; it was not so profitable as they had hoped.

"Will You Give Me Two Weeks to Find Out What the Matter Is, and Then Meet for Another Conference?"

Adams felt as keenly disappointed as though he had been Mr. Oswald himself. He had become very much interested in that cake business. On the night he heard of the decision of the Golden Brown Cake Company to stop advertising he went home downcast. That evening he sat in his room thinking about Golden Brown Cake. After a while he went to a drawer and took out a big envelope containing the ads he had written for the cake months before. He read them over; they sounded very homely after reading Preston's copy. Then he looked over some street-car cards he had laid out for his imaginary cake campaign. After that he assembled a new carton he had drawn out and colored with water colors.

He sat and looked at these things and thought and thought and thought. Then he fell to work revising his work of months before, polishing it up and making little changes here and there. As he worked his ideas began to develop. It was nearly three o'clock when he finally turned out his light and went to bed. The next morning he went to the office with his mind firmly made up as to what he should do. At ten o'clock he telephoned the front office and asked if he might come down and see Mr. Oswald. He was told to come ahead.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Oswald looked up from the last piece of copy for Adams' cake campaign and smiled.

"Adams," he said, "I believe you have hit it. We have been doing wonderful cake advertising, but we have overlooked the very things you have pointed out in your plan We have done too much advertising and not enough selling. I believe that with this plan I can go down and get that crowd back into the fold."

At three o'clock Adams was summoned to the president's office.

"Mr. Adams," said Mr. Oswald as he sat down, "the Golden Brown Cake Company is back with us, and with us strong. They say the plan looks good to them. So we are off for another campaign. Now I want you to take this material up to Mr. Howland and go over it with him. I have told him about it, and he is just as pleased as I to think you have done it. I have told him to go over the copy with you. It is good copy, very good, but it is rough in spots, as you doubtless realize, and Mr. Howland can help you polish it up. Don't let this give you a swelled head though, young man. It takes more than one battle to make a campaign."

Adams was treading on air when he left the president's office, but after he had talked with the copy chief for an hour he was back on earth again, for he saw that there was much to be done before the copy would be fit to print. However, his main ideas were to be followed out. They all agreed with him in his contention that people ought to taste the cake, and that to supply grocers with sample slices wrapped in oiled paper fresh every day for three weeks to give to their customers was a good idea; that his idea of showing the cake in natural colors in the street-car cards where it would, as he expressed it, "make people's mouths water," was a good move; that giving up their old green package in favor of a tempting cake-brown carton with rich dark brown lettering would make for better display and appeal to the eye and the appetite. Some of these things Adams had learned back in the little New England grocery store, and they seemed to him perfectly natural things to do. They seemed so to Mr. Oswald and Mr. Howland and all the rest when they heard the plan, and every one of them wondered why he had not thought of them.

Before the first week of the sampling campaign was up the sales had begun to show a substantial increase, and at the end of a month the Golden Brown Cake Company reported an increase of nearly thirty per cent in their business in what was ordinarily the dullest month of the year. And that marked the beginning of one of the most successful local campaigns the Oswald Agency ever conducted.

Yes, the copy was simple—almost homely, in fact—but it had the flavor of the old New England kitchen on baking day, and it told of the clean, sunny bakery where Golden Brown Cakes were baked. In fact, it told it all so simply that it is entirely probable that it would have been turned down flat had not the previous campaign failed.

Several months later there was a very important conference in the front office of the Oswald Advertising Agency. The officers of the Monarch Hat Company—it wasn't hats, but I dare not tell you what it was, and hats will do for the purpose of the story—were closeted with the president and the copy chief. Conversation, sales reports and cigar smoke were consumed in about equal parts for nearly three hours. It seemed that the Monarch Hat Company had two retail stores in a large Southern city; that one of these stores was paying, though the other ran behind steadily. They did not want to abandon either store, for the city was large enough to support two stores,

but they could not afford to go on losing. Already they had sunk hundreds of dollars in a special advertising campaign—which made the prospering store prosper even more, but did not pull the unprofitable store out of the loss column. Something had to be done, and done quickly.

The conference had lasted until nearly lunchtime, but nothing had come of it. Every plan that was suggested had either been tried or was impracticable.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Oswald at last, "we have spent three hours talking about what ought to be done, whereas it strikes me that our first job is to find out what is the matter. Will you give me two weeks to find out what the matter is, and then meet for another conference?"

They were all hungry; they were talked out; yes, they would agree.

"What's your idea?" asked the copy chief after the crowd had left.

Mr. Oswald looked at him quite seriously. "Howland, I'm going to gamble. If I could spare the time I'd go down there myself and investigate, but I can't. The Monarch people need never know about it, but we are going to send a boy down to that burg to see if he can find out what's the matter."

"You don't mean ——"

"Yes, we're going to send young Adams. I have a sneaking suspicion that there is something obviously wrong in that situation—something that has nothing to do with sales reports or turnover—and if there is, by cracky, I'll gamble that plain, everyday young man will ferret it out. 'Obvious' seems to be his middle name! Maybe I'm a fool, but I'm going to try it."

"Adams," said the president, as that young man stood before him, "the Monarch Hat Company has two stores in ——. One of them is paying and the other is not. I want you to go down there and find out without asking, mind you—which of the stores is not paying, and then I want you to find out why. Get some expense money from the cashier and leave in the morning. Come back when you feel reasonably sure you know the answer."

Adams went. He went directly to a hotel when he struck town, registered and left his grip. Then he looked up the addresses of the two Monarch stores. Twenty minutes later he had found one store, located on the corner of two prominent streets, with a prominent entrance and display windows on both streets. The other store he found three-quarters of an hour later, right on Market Street, the main retail-store street of the city, also located on a corner. But Adams was surprised when he found the store to discover that he had passed it three times while he was looking for it! He stood on the opposite corner and looked at the store. It had only a very narrow front on Market Street, but a very large display window on the intersecting-street side. He stood thinking. It struck him that that store was too hard to find. What if they did do heavy advertising—he knew of the Monarch campaign in that city the other store would reap the benefit because it was so prominently located, even though not right on Market Street. Yes, he felt sure this was the unprofitable store.

He Nodded to Himself and Put the Menu Into His Pocket

As he stood watching the store he began to notice that more people went up on that side of the street, which meant that as they approached the store their eyes were focused ahead watching for the crossing policeman's signal to cross, and as they did cross the intersecting street their backs were turned to the big side window. And even those who came down on that side of the street did not get a good view of the window because they were on the outside of the sidewalk, with a stream of people between them and the store. He counted the people for periods of five minutes and found that nearly fifty per cent more were going up on that side than were going down. Then he counted the passers on the other side and found that nearly fifty per cent more were going down on that side. Clearly that store was paying almost twice as much rent for that side display window as it should, and Market Street rent must be enormous. People didn't see the store; people couldn't find the store easily.

That night he thought, figured and drew diagrams in his hotel room. His theory seemed to hold water; he felt sure he was right. The next night, after having studied the situation another day and obtained some rent and sale figures from the store manager, he took a sleeper back to New York.

A few months later, as soon as the lease expired, that store moved. Adams had solved the riddle. It was really quite simple when you knew the answer.

"It's that everlasting obviousness in Adams that I banked on. He doesn't get carried away from the facts: he just looks them squarely in the face and then proceeds to analyze, and that is half of the battle." Thus spoke Mr. Oswald to the copy chief.

That was the beginning of a series of incidents that sent Adams right to the front in the Oswald Agency, and led eventually to his owning an interest. There was nothing spectacular about any of them. They were simply horse-sense analyses of situations, and then more horse sense in the working out of a plan.

Came a letter—from a manufacturer of, let us say, bond papers—it really was not bond papers, but I must not tell you what it was, and bond papers will do very nicely for the purpose of the story. Well, came this letter saying that they were interested in advertising and they wondered if some man from the Oswald Agency wouldn't come out to their mill and talk it over with them. As it happened, the day the letter came Mr. Oswald was sailing for Europe at eleven o'clock. The letter came in the morning mail and Adams just happened to be in the president's office when he picked it out of the basket on his desk.

(Continued on Page 85)

IRELAND UBER ALLES

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IX

CAPPY RICKS, who claimed to know Mike Murphy's kind of people, doubtless would have been extremely gratified had he been granted a peep at the battered, bleeding, weeping wreck of his faithful Michael as the pride of the Blue Star fleet rolled south to meet the gray sea rovers of the Fatherland and deliver the cargo of coal that meant so much to them. The sight might have aroused some hope in Cappy's heavy heart, he being by nature inconsistent and always seeing joy where others saw gloom, always emerging with a profit where others found naught but a deficit. However, though Cappy was variously gifted he was not a clairvoyant, in consequence of which he spent a very sleepless night following the receipt of that windy cablegram from the American consul. He dined at his club, and when it came time for him to leave and his daughter sent her car for him, he lacked the courage to go home and face his son-in-law. So he spent the night at the club and came down to the office about noon, hoping Matt Peasley would have recovered from the shock by that time. The latter was waiting for him, and came into Cappy's sanctum immediately to hold a post-mortem.

"Matthew, my dear boy," said Cappy miserably, "this is terrible."

"I think we should take the matter up immediately with the State Department," Matt replied. "There may be a United States warship in those waters, and she could be instructed by wireless to endeavor to intercept the Narcissus. We can prove a clean bill of health with those cablegrams, and get back our ship."

"Yes—from our own Government, of course. But oh, Matt, if old Johnny Bull ever gets his horns into her we can kiss her good-by. We can't bring forward any evidence to alibi that German crew on a ship thousands of miles off her course and loaded with contraband."

"Well, I know if I were skippering a British battleship and picked up the Narcissus, her owners would find I was born and bred in Missouri," the honest Matt admitted. "By the way, have you read this morning's papers?"

"No, Matt. I've felt too blamed miserable about this Narcissus affair."

"Well, the Scharnhorst, the Gneisenau, the Leipzig, the Dresden and the Nurnberg met a British fleet under Admiral Craddock, away down off Coronel, Chile. The British were cleaned for fair."

"You don't tell me!"

"I do tell you. And I'll bet my immortal soul that German fleet is heading for the entrance to Magellan this minute. If I were a religious man I'd be praying for clear weather so they'll find the entrance without any trouble."

"I hope they run ashore and drown every man Jack!" cried Cappy fiercely.

"I do not. You will note that our charterers tried to induce Mike to go to Montevideo for orders. That was because they expected to lie snug at Montevideo and be within striking distance of a designated meeting place in the South Atlantic when the German fleet should pass through Magellan from the Pacific. Remember that for several weeks the German fleet has managed to lose itself in the Pacific, but now that the British fleet has stumbled onto it and forced an engagement, the Australian and Japanese cruisers will all be headed for the south coast of Chile to make reprisal. We know the Germans are short of coal; doubtless some of the fleet have suffered in the engagement with Admiral Craddock's ships, so it's a safe bet they'll run into the Atlantic now and raid the Falkland Islands—by the way, a British possession. They will hope to find coal and stores there, which, with the cargo of the Narcissus, will enable them to continue raiding.

"Of course they will try to accomplish this before England sends a fleet to avenge Craddock—and I'm hoping the Germans will succeed, for, if they do, they will surely be decent enough to run our Narcissus into some South American port and give us an opportunity to get her back again. On the other hand, if the Germans delay their departure from the Pacific, the British will surely get wind of the Narcissus' waiting at Montevideo; and when she comes out they'll just naturally grab her."

"I guess you're right," Cappy replied gloomily; "so for the present we're pro-German. Still, I find that a hard dose to swallow, in view of the fact that our German crew in the Narcissus has evidently taken the vessel away from Mike Murphy."

"I am sure they have done just that, sir; otherwise Mike would have obeyed our orders. We know he received the orders; hence the only reason he did not carry them out was because he wasn't permitted to do so. My only hope is that they haven't killed him, for if he is alive and free, he and Reardon, with the assistance of the cockney steward and the two Chinese cooks, might ——"

"Might what?"

"Might steal her back again."

"Matt! It isn't possible, is it?"

"I'll bet Mike Murphy and I could steal her back if we had half a chance. The odds would be forty to two against our succeeding, but a little strategy is sometimes to be preferred to great horsepower. I think I could do it, and I think Murphy will do it—if he only thinks of it."

"How? Tell me how you'd steal her back."

"There's Something Wrong in This Ship. I Feel It in My Bones"

"What's the use?" Matt replied wearily. "I'd have to have help. So will Mike—and I've just remembered Mike Murphy and Terence Reardon are the wrong kind of Irish to have together in the same ship. We did our best to prevent it, but the odds are too long for us; the coal is for the Germans and we hate England, so why worry? I know Mike Murphy will not take that view of it; for my sake he'll fight to the last gasp, but he must have help, and Reardon owes me no such allegiance as Murphy."

"Well, he owes me something," Cappy spoke up. "You promised him a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month and I raised the ante to two hundred. It was an investment, pure and simple. I was buying loyalty, and by the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet, I think I'll get it. Come to think of it, there was a look in Reardon's eyes that I liked, when he took my hand in those greasy paws of his and said he was a proud man to work for me. Matt, that fellow is full of bellicose veins. He may not fight for me, but he'll fight for Mrs. Reardon and the children and that two-hundred-dollar-a-month job, for it's the first he ever had and if he loses out it'll be the last he'll ever get. He was telling me all about his family and how much the job meant to him, that day we had the Narcissus out on her trial trip."

Matt Peasley's face brightened. "By Jupiter, that puts a different face on the situation. If Reardon is alive they might get together for mutual protection."

"Well," Cappy piped up, greatly relieved to discover Matt was facing the tragedy so optimistically, "we might do worse than hope. Wire the State Department, Matt; and in the meanwhile, cheer up, sonny, and trust in the luck of Alden P. Ricks. I remember Capt. Noah Kendall—peace to his ashes—used to say to me: 'Mr. Ricks, if you ever fell into Channel Creek at low tide you'd come up with a pearl necklace wrapped round your ankle, and you'd be smelling like a spray of lemon verbena.' Cheer up, Matt! What though the cause be lost, the Narcissus is not lost—yet. The Celtic troops remain, and from now on my war cry is going to be ——"

"Ireland Uber Alles," Matt Peasley suggested.

"You're blamed whistlin'!" said Cappy Ricks.

So Mr. Skinner was called into consultation, and he and Matt Peasley and Cappy framed a heart-rending telegram to the Secretary of State, who consulted with the Secretary of the Navy, who wired the Blue Star Navigation Company that he was sorry but he didn't have as much as a rowboat in the South Atlantic to save their steamer Narcissus, and would they please keep still about it, since a noise like that, unless absolutely based on facts—and he understood their wail to be based on suspicion—would tend to create additional friction in an international complication already strained to the breaking point. Whereupon Cappy Ricks flew into a rage and immediately dictated a long letter to his congressman and United States senator, urging them to battle to the last trench in the campaign for a two-power navy.

Time passed. Then suddenly the world rocked with the news of the annihilation of the German Pacific fleet off the Falkland Islands. Cappy Ricks and Matt Peasley read the horrid tale in the morning papers as they sat at breakfast, and immediately both lost all interest in food. Like two mourners about to set out for the morgue to identify the corpse of a loved one recently killed by a taxicab, they drove down to the Blue Star offices, where immediately upon arrival something terrible in Mr. Skinner's face brought on palpitation of Cappy Ricks' heart.

"Skinner, my dear boy," he chattered, "have you any news?"

"Not yet, sir," murmured Mr. Skinner brokenly, "but soon! The British consul wants you to ring him up. He says he's had a wireless from H. M. S. Panther, off the Falkland Islands, and he thinks it will be of interest to you."

"Is my Narcissus confiscated?" Cappy and Matt cried in chorus.

"I—I don't know," Skinner faltered. "I just didn't have the courage to pursue the matter further. The British consul said she was captured, but as for confiscation ——"

"Idiot! Bonehead!" rasped Cappy. "My Narcissus is gone—gone! Oh, Lord! Matt, you ring up the British consul—I'm an old man—Skinner, my dear chap, forgive my harsh language —— Have you a little drop of whisky in the office?"

x

CAPT. MICHAEL J. MURPHY'S futile tears of rage having dried almost as quickly as they came, he crawled painfully out of his berth and lighted a match, to discover he was a prisoner in his own stateroom. He turned another electric switch, but still the room remained in darkness.

"Sneaking out of Pernambuco with the lights doused," he soliloquized. Then he remembered a little stump of candle he kept in his desk for use when heating sealing wax, so he lighted the candle and by its meager rays took an inventory of his features in the little mirror over his washstand.

"By the Toe Nails of Moses," he soliloquized, "somebody's sea-boots did that, and if I ever find out who was wearing them at the time there'll be a fight or a footrace. I'm a total wreck and no insurance—yes, thank God! There's the ship's medicine chest."

Having spent the greater portion of an adventurous career far from medical aid in time of bodily stress, Michael J. was, as most shipmasters are, rather adept in rough-and-tumble surgery. His compact little library contained a common-sense treatise on the care of burns, scalds, cuts, fractures and the few minor physical diseases that sailors are heir to, and in accordance with immemorial custom he, as master of the ship, was the custodian of the medicine chest. So he washed the gore from his face, disinfected his split lip and patched himself up after a fashion. The bullet wound in his left shoulder proved to be a flesh wound, high up, so he cleaned that and decided his left wing would be in fair fighting order within a few days. Then he undressed and said his prayers, with a special invocation for help from his patron saint, holy Saint Michael the archangel. Evidently Saint Michael inclined a friendly ear, for it is a curious fact that no sooner had his namesake risen from his marrow bones than a curious sense of peace and comfort stole over him. As in a vision he saw Herr August Carl von Staden standing on the bridge, bound at ankle, knee and hand and with a rope round his neck. From the supercargo's neck the rope led aloft through a small snatch-block fastened to the end of a cargo derrick and thence to the drum of the forward winch—a device which had been known to hoist with a jerk objects several tons heavier than Herr August Carl von Staden! This picture thus conjured in Murphy's imagination was so real he was almost tempted to recite the litany for the dying!

"'Twould have been better for them had they killed me dead and hove my carcass overboard," he decided. "The fact that they didn't, but took the trouble to carry me to my own bed and lock me in, is proof that they'll not murder me now—so I'll not worry. I'll have every beer-drinking, sausage-making son of a sea-cook begging me for mercy before the week is out. I'll just lie low and rest up a bit, and by the time we're off Rio I'll drop on them like a topmast in a typhoon. Then with the help of the two Chinamen, the steward and Reardon 'twill not be hard to run her into Rio. I wonder if that pirate frisked me of my five thousand." He searched through his clothing and was amazed to discover that the bills were still in his possession.

"I'll give them back in the morning," he concluded. "I had a pistol in the drawer of my desk and a rifle in that locker"; and in the wild hope that his luck still held he searched eagerly for both. They were gone.

Nevertheless, Michael J. Murphy smiled as he wrapped a wet towel round his throbbing head, for he had already decided upon his plan of campaign for regaining command of his ship, a coup for which he required no weapon more formidable than his native intelligence. As he sank groaning into the arms of Morpheus, however, even a Digger Indian would have realized that for the next two weeks the master of the Narcissus would be unable to defend himself against an old lady armed with a slipper. Nevertheless the indomitable fellow, with the amazing optimism of his race, had already decided to attack and subdue, within four days, thirty-six husky male enemies; which lends some color to the oft-repeated declaration that an Irishman fights best when he is on his back with his opponent feeling for his windpipe.

When Michael J. Murphy awoke it was broad daylight and Herr August Carl von Staden was standing over him. The supercargo was clad in an immaculate suit of white flannels and was looking as fresh as new paint.

"Can it be possible?" Murphy queried in amazement. "Upon my word, friend pirate, I had flattered myself I'd tucked you away for a couple of days at least."

"The excellent Mr. Henckel tells me I was out for ten minutes from that solar-plexus blow you landed," Mr. Von Staden replied in tones of mingled admiration and friendliness. "And of course you cannot see how sore my ribs feel. I take it rather ill of you to have kicked me."

"Kicked you! I wish I'd killed you! And, speaking of kicks, somebody certainly kicked me. Who was it?"

"Upon recovering consciousness," the supercargo replied with some embarrassment, "I was overcome with fury. You were lying on the floor of your stateroom, where Mr. Schultz and Mr. Henckel had hurriedly tossed you—so I came in and kicked you."

"I never kicked you in the face," Murphy complained.

"No, but you flattened my nose with your code book."

"Well, I'll admit a good smack on the nose does make a man mad. But you shot me in the shoulder. By the way, do your lungs hurt when you breathe, Dutchy?"

"No. Do yours?"

"A slight tickle. I think you caved in my superstructure. Who jumped on me from the top of the house?"

"The second mate."

"He dislocated my shoulder. I can wiggle my fingers, so I know it isn't a fracture. Suppose you take off your shoe, sit at the foot of my bed, put your foot under my right armpit and press, and at the same time pull on my right arm."

"Delighted, I'm sure," declared Herr von Staden in his charming Oxford accent, and forthwith snapped Michael J. Murphy's shoulder into place with great dexterity.

"Thank you," the skipper answered, and wiped the beads of agony from his white face. "If you'll frisk my trousers over there on the settee you'll find the five thousand dollars you gave me to sell out my owners. I don't want it. I never intended to keep it. I was suspicious of you and your confounded cablegrams, and I had to have a reasonable excuse to go ashore and cable my owners for confirmation. The bribe furnished that excuse. I suppose you thought I'd fallen for your game."

"I must confess your attitude completely deceived me."

"Thanks for the compliment. And now, if you don't mind, suppose you tell me something: Was it a German agent who put the bug in my ear about hiring the crew of that interned German liner in San Francisco?"

"I greatly fear it was," Von Staden answered smilingly. "There is an old man who presides over the destinies of the Blue Star Navigation Company ——"

"You mean Cappy Ricks?"

"I believe that is the name. He has a reputation for being at once the most reckless spendthrift and the most painstaking money saver in the world. He is always preaching economy ——"

"And well I know it. If he hadn't preached it, Captain Peasley would never have stood for this rabble your friends wished on me."

"Mr. Schultz, the Things I'm Going to Do to You Would Make the Devil Blush"

The supercargo chuckled. "We wanted the largest vessel we could find," he explained; "and when it was reported to us that the Blue Star Navigation Company's Narcissus was going from San Francisco to the West Coast and thence to New York with nitrate, we decided to get her. We investigated you. Your name is Michael J. Murphy; naturally we knew you were Irish; and the Irish—your kind of Irish—are not sympathetic toward the cause of Merry England. The same held true of your chief engineer, Mr. Reardon. We knew of the passion of this interesting person, Cappy Ricks, for cutting down expenses. We knew you and Reardon were new to your jobs and would be likely to consider any reasonable plan for eliminating expense in your respective departments, in the hope of pleasing your employer. So the suggestion that you ship our people was made to you and Mr. Reardon, and you accepted it with alacrity. The rest was very easy. We got in touch with your New York agents through some friends of ours in very good standing there, and they were enabled to charter the ship merely by offering an extraordinary freight rate. They purchased the cargo of coal and sold it to us at a nice profit, and we depended on your national animosity and racial sympathy, seasoned with a liberal cash subsidy, to enable us to deliver it. We preferred to do the decent thing, but in the event that you proved unreasonable, we concluded it would be wise to have our own people aboard and take the vessel away from you. I admit we tried to trick you with the cablegrams. Why attempt to conceal the fact now? That was unsportsmanlike. However, if the fat is in the fire, as you Americans would say, you have put it there by forcing my hand."

"Very cleverly done," quoth Michael J. Murphy. "I always admire brains wherever I find them."

"Men in my line of endeavor are trained to provide for all conceivable emergencies, captain. I think I provided for all of them in the case under discussion. Who, for instance, would conceive that you would have taken the trouble to call upon the American consul for the cipher message that has caused all this unpleasant row and facial disfigurement?"

"You have read the translation, of course?"

"Naturally."

"It is self-explanatory. You intend delivering my cargo somewhere off the south coast of Uruguay. May I be pardoned for expressing some curiosity as to your plans thereafter, my piratical friend?"

"Please do not call me your piratical friend."

"Well, you're a pirate, aren't you?"

"Legally—yes. Morally—no. In times of national necessity one's patriotism—one's duty to one's country—excuses, in the minds of all fair men, the commission of acts which ordinarily would bring about the deepest condemnation. I assure you that if we had had the faintest hope of doing business in a businesslike way with your owners, we should have been happy to pay almost any price for their ship, for she carries ten thousand tons of coal; and you surely must realize, Captain Murphy, how limited is the number of ships suitable for our purpose under the American flag. We were desperate ——"

"I believe Von Bethmann-Hollweg said something of the same nature with regard to Belgium," Murphy replied blandly. "A nation fighting for its life is a law unto itself, eh?"

"Self-preservation is the first law of human nature," the supercargo replied.

"All right. Then we understand each other. While I decline to terminate the war between August Carl von Staden and Michael Joseph Murphy, nevertheless under the law you have just cited I believe I'm entitled to breakfast. I'm starved. I figured on having supper ashore last night, but after I received that cablegram from my owners I forgot all about food. Now I'm remembering. I wish you'd send the steward in with about forty dollars' worth of spoon victles. My grinders are very loose."

"Captain Murphy," his jailer declared, "do you know you are a very wonderful man?"

"All the Murphys are. It runs in the blood, like a wooden leg."

"I really regret that you are such a wonderful man. If you were not I'd give you the liberty of the ship. As it is, I crave your pardon for keeping you a prisoner in your stateroom. The exigencies of war, you know."

"Don't mention it, Dutchy. For the second time I ask you: When you have delivered this cargo of coal, what do you intend to do with my ship?"

"We will, in all probability, give you a new crew, and the present crew of the Narcissus will go aboard one of our warships and thus remove themselves from the reach of a possible indictment for piracy and mutiny on the high seas."

"Where will you get a new crew for me?"

"Our fleet has sunk a few British tramps in midocean during the past sixty days. Naturally they removed the crews first. These prisoners are in our way, and the admiral will welcome an opportunity to load them all aboard the empty Narcissus, for even prisoners of war must eat, and the stores aboard our fleet are more valuable than these captured seamen. In obedience to that first law of human nature they will not object to working the Narcissus into the nearest South American port."

"Well, that's comforting; but for heaven's sake don't be too much of a hog with my cargo. Leave me enough of it to carry my ship to the nearest port. She burns about thirty-five tons a day—you might get the dope from Reardon."

"By all means, captain. Our capture of the Narcissus is merely a deplorable national necessity. We would not lose her for you for anything."

"How about a British cruiser picking her up before we make connections with your fleet?"

Herr von Staden shrugged. "That," he replied, "would be the fortune of war."

"It would look like the picture of misfortune to me! And how about the freight on this cargo you've stolen? Don't my owners get something out of this deal to help pay expenses? You're going to play as fair as you can with me, aren't you, Dutchy?"

"By all means. However, you are evidently in doubt as to the real situation. Your charterers are responsible to your owners for the freight money. If they do not pay it Mr. Cappy Ricks can sue them. As for the cargo, we have not stolen it, since one cannot steal that which one owns. We paid cash for this cargo before you cleared from Norfolk, for our go-between would take no risks whatsoever."

"I see. Well, I suppose I'll have to grin and bear it. By the way, don't forget to take back your blood money. It's in my trousers' pocket."

Von Staden was genuinely distressed. "Are you quite certain you want me to do that?" he queried. "Five thousand dollars is quite a sum for a poor sea captain to toss aside so contemptuously. Why not accept it as compensation for that broken rib, and that bullet I put through your left shoulder, the dislocated right shoulder, the loose teeth and the split lip? In fact, I am so certain five thousand dollars will not cover your personal injuries I am willing to be a sport and add something to the sum."

Michael J. Murphy grinned—rather a horrible grin it was, owing to his swollen lip and jaw.

"Dutchy," he said, "listen to me: All the money in the world couldn't make me be untrue to my salt. And if you have any lingering notion that I'm not going to collect a million dollars' worth of satisfaction for the way you've acted aboard my ship, I can only say that as a fortune teller you'll never earn enough money to keep yourself in cigarettes. You say you have been trained to provide for all conceivable emergencies, so I'm advising you, as a friend, to brace yourself for the surprise of your life before you're a week older. Have you pondered the possibility of sudden death aboard the S. S. Narcissus?"

"Certainly. Should we be overhauled by a British cruiser I should take a short cut to eternity. One naturally dislikes the thought of being hanged for a pirate. It would be a reflection on one's family. As for sudden death by violence at the hands of any member of the crew of this steamship, I should be willing to risk quite a sum of money that no such tragedy will be enacted."

"Just why?"

"Well, you'll be safe in this stateroom until I am ready to turn your command back to you, and a man with two shoulders in the condition of yours is hardly likely to try battering down this stout stateroom door."

"Correct. And I'm a trifle too thick in the middle to think of crawling through the stateroom window."

"And if," the supercargo continued, "you have any idea of calling the engine room on that speaking tube and soliciting aid from Mr. Reardon, please be advised that for the present Mr. Reardon has been relieved from duty in the engine room."

"So you've got Reardon locked up too?" Murphy queried. "Well! Well! I'd hate to think of being locked up and that man Reardon free. However, you need not have worried. I'd die before I'd ask that fellow for help—and he'd die before he'd give it."

"So I understand from the first mate. However, I thought it prudent to guard against a temporary truce and an alliance for the common interest."

"Dutchy," said the skipper, "you're pretty smart."

Von Staden smiled most companionably. "I also took the precaution to remove some weapons from your apartment."

"Take anything from me, Dutchy, except my honor, my pipe and tobacco and my ship. Take any one of those four, however, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul! Please hand me that book entitled Backwoods Surgery till I see what's good for a broken rib; then send the steward for my breakfast order. After that—well, after that you might make your will, Dutchy."

"I did that in Pernambuco," the delightful Mr. von Staden replied, "so your advice is wasted."

He handed the skipper the book on surgery and went out, carefully locking the door behind him. He returned presently and stood beside the steward, who thrust his head through the stateroom window and desired to know the captain's choice of breakfast.

"A bowl of mush and milk, three soft-boiled eggs and a pot of coffee. No toast. Hurry!"

When the steward returned with the order he was accompanied by Mr. Schultz, the first mate. The sight of the traitor threw Mike into a furious rage.

"Mr. Schultz," he said ominously, "the things I'm going to do to you would make the devil blush."

"So?" Mr. Schultz replied soothingly.

"I'm going to hang Von Staden. He's a pirate, and the rule of the Seven Seas is that a skipper hangs a pirate whenever he can lay hands on him. And you know me, Mr. Schultz. I'm a devil for etiquette aboard ship. As for you, you're only guilty of mutiny, so I'll content myself with tricing you up to the shrouds and flogging you with a cat soaked in brine."

And so on, *ad libitum, ad infinitum*.

Mr. Schultz was frankly mystified. Being a German, he did not understand the Irish, although in view of the fact that during wartime he had room in his head for but one thing—the Fatherland—perhaps the skipper might have pardoned his mate the glance of contempt and utter disgust which the latter now bent upon him. Here was a man, Mr. Schultz told himself, who, having stipulated his price and struck a bargain, had demonstrated beyond cavil that he was not a gentleman, for he had refused to stay bought. More, he had basely attacked his benefactor.

"So?" he repeated.

"Out, you blackguard, and leave me alone!" Murphy yelled.

"It iss an order dot I stay und see dot der steward shall mayg no conversations vatsoefer," Mr. Schultz declared firmly.

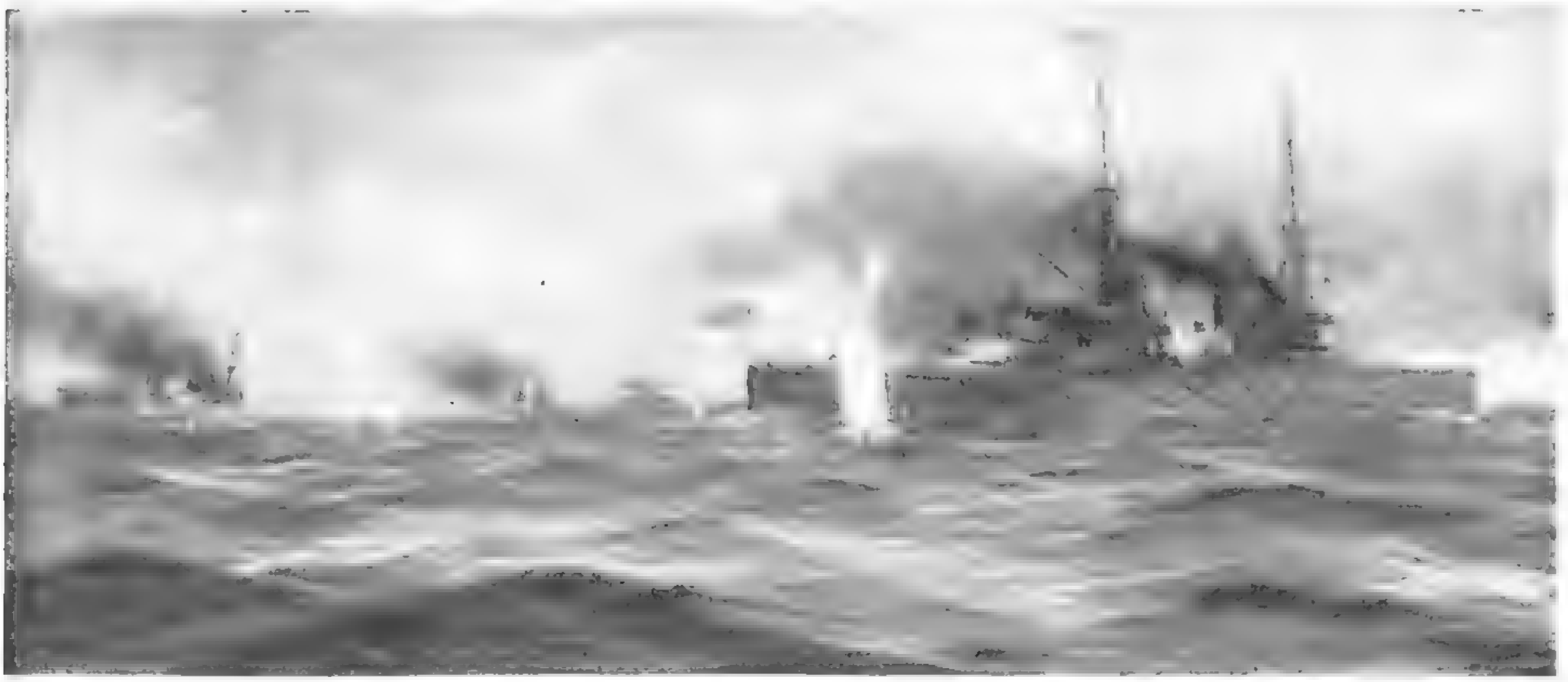
"*Verboten*, eh?" sneered the skipper. He had once been to Hamburg, and naturally he had acquired the word most commonly used in the German language.

"*Ja*," Mr. Schultz replied placidly, but with an air of finality that left no room for further argument.

"Sure, Whin I'm Lonely at Night I Think Up New Fairy Tales to Tell to the Childhren Whin I Come Home From a Voyage"

XI

ALONG in the middle of the afternoon, having chewed the bitter cud of reflection and reviewed his situation from every possible angle, Mike Murphy came to the conclusion that, for all Terence Reardon's religious backsliding,



The World Rocked With the News of the Annihilation of the Pacific Fleet Off the Falkland Islands

he might be fairly honest in money matters and possessed of a sense of loyalty where his owners' interests were concerned. Also, having found Herr von Staden bluffing in one instance it occurred to the captain he might be discovered bluffing in another—so he resolved to investigate. Accordingly at an hour when he knew Terence should be in the engine room he took up the speaking tube at the head of his bed and blew into it. But no shrill whistle signaled his desire in the engine room, and though Michael blew until he was red in the face and his lip hurt him cruelly, reluctantly he came to the conclusion that Herr August Carl von Staden had the situation very well in hand and Terence Reardon in the latter's stateroom under lock and key.

He was right in one particular: Von Staden had the situation very well in hand, but he did not have Terence Reardon under lock and key. Murphy had been balked in making connections with the unsuspecting Terence for the reason that a little ball of cotton waste had very carefully been tucked into the tube a few inches back of the whistle at the chief's end of the line. Hence in the event that one sought to whistle up the other he merely wasted his breath. Having learned, on the very excellent authority of both men in the case, that they despised each other and were not on speaking terms, Von Staden decided that the chance of Terence Reardon's listening to Michael J. Murphy's tale of piracy and mutiny was so vague as to be almost negligible. However, he was painstaking and careful in all things and never ran any unnecessary risks; consequently, just to be on the safe side, he had instructed the first assistant to plug the speaking tube leading to the skipper's room. And in order to discourage the captain from seeking an interview with the chief, Von Staden had told the former that the chief was a prisoner.

Mr. Reardon was too important a personage to be deprived of his liberty when nothing was to be gained by such action. If he could be kept in ignorance of the state of affairs aboard the Narcissus, he would continue to attend to business; if the worst came to the worst his friendship would be a better asset than his hatred. If he grew suspicious and demanded a showdown, Herr von Staden would give it to him without reservation and stuff his mouth with gold; then, if the chief declined to listen to reason, it would be time enough to lock him up. While the supercargo would not hesitate to sacrifice his life, his liberty or his honor for his country, he was nevertheless desirous of being a gentleman if accorded the opportunity. And it must be admitted he had found Mr. Reardon amusing and vastly entertaining, for the very first night aboard, after Mr. Schultz had introduced him to the chief and he had presented the latter with a good cigar, Mr. Reardon, under the spell of witchery cast by the sea and the night, had sat on deck and told the German wonderful tales of the fairies in Ireland—this while the skipper was ashore. In particular he told Von Staden the tale of the fairy queen with the iron hand.

"Her hand," said Terence, "was as beautiful as ye'd find in a day's thravel, an' 'twas herself that'd dhrive men crazy afther wan look at her. An' she was good to the poor, but divil a bit av love did she have for a redcoat. Whin she'd take human form an' a bowld buck av a British dragoon would come making love to her, 'tis herself would say to him: 'Captain, alannah, would ye oblige me wit' a dhrink av wather?' An' whin he turrned to dhraw the wather, she'd breathe on her hand—like that—an' immejiately 'twould turrn to iron an' wit' wan blow she'd knock his brains out. Sure they found the bodies all over Ireland, but divil a man, woman or child could they ever convict av the murrder. For why? Why sure, the minute she'd killed a redcoat she'd breathe on her hand again, an' immejiately 'twas flesh an' blood agin!"

No, decidedly it would not do to imprison this excellent fellow. Von Staden had read fairy tales as a boy, but never had he met a man who could tell them like Terence Reardon. A hard-headed, highly intelligent chief engineer of a big tramp steamer telling tales of the fairies! Von Staden couldn't understand it. It was so childish—and yet there was nothing childish about Terence Reardon. The German wondered if Terence Reardon believed in the fairies and finally he asked him pointblank if he did; whereupon Terence turned a solemn eye upon him and replied:

"Why, av course I do not. Do you think I'm a blubberjack av a bhoy? But isn't it pleasant to talk about them whilst wan has nothing betther to do? Sure, whin I'm lonely at night I think up new fairy tales to tell to the childhren whin I come home from a v'yage."

So that was the Irish of it! Strangely enough it did not occur to the practical German that an individual with an imagination like that, on such an expedition as the present, was the most dangerous person imaginable to be given the freedom of the ship.

So passed twelve days and nights. Mr. Schultz kept in his pocket the key to the captain's stateroom, and consequently was always present when the little cockney steward brought the prisoner his meals, tidied up the stateroom and made up the captain's bed. The captain spent most of his time lying on his uninjured side and remained very quiet, for the fractured rib, which had received no attention, was causing him a great deal of suffering. Neither did the bullet wound in his shoulder heal cleanly, for the reason, unknown to the captain, that the bullet had carried with it into the muscle a fragment of Michael J.'s undershirt.

However, his physical sufferings were as nothing compared with those he experienced mentally. He had hoped to be in fair fighting condition within a week at the latest. Wrapped in paper and tucked away in back of the ship's safe he had a silver-hilted stiletto he had taken away from a cutthroat who had tried to rob him once in Valparaiso—and with this weapon he had planned to cut away the lock on the stateroom door. And once outside ——

What Michael J. Murphy did not know was that when one has dislocated one's shoulder one will do very little wood-carving during the three subsequent weeks. It almost broke the skipper's heart to think he had made a threat in good faith and was balked from making it good.

During this entire period Mr. Reardon was going about his duties as usual, in absolute ignorance of the state of affairs about the ship, for he was an innocent, trustful sort of fellow, and to a born romanticist like Terence the fairy tale which Mr. Schultz had spun at breakfast the morning after leaving Pernambuco was not at all difficult of assimilation. It appeared—according to Mr. Schultz—that the skipper had gone ashore for a night of roystering, and upon returning to the ship about midnight, in a wild state of intoxication, had become involved in an altercation with the launchman over the fare. In the resultant battle the skipper, in his helpless condition, was being terribly beaten by the vicious Pernambucans; hence one could scarcely blame him for drawing a pistol and shooting the launchman—fatally, according to Mr. Schultz. Of course, after that, to have lingered longer inside the three-mile limit would have been sheer insanity, so Mr. Schultz, taking matters into his own hands, had up-hooked and skipped with doused lights from the jurisdiction of the Pernambuco police.

"And how did the skipper come out of all this?" Mr. Reardon had inquired anxiously.

"He iss in rodden shape," Mr. Schultz had declared. "Von of hiss angles vos brogen, und he vos cut mid a knive—preddy deeb, but noddings to worry aboud. Der only drouble iss der dooty of navigading der shib falls double on der segond mate und me."

"Make him pay ye overtime out av his own wages, the wurthless vagabone!" Mr. Reardon had urged. "May he walk wit' a limp for the rest av his days—bad cess to him! I've a notion, Masther Schultz, that lad'll never comb his hair gray."

Mr. Schultz nodded lugubriously; then he glanced up and caught the little cockney steward staring at him so balefully he realized he must have speech in private with the steward. Consequently he lingered at table until Mr. Reardon finished his breakfast and went below; whereupon Mr. Schultz intimated to the steward, in his direct, blunt fashion, that for the remainder of the voyage Riggins—for that was the steward's name—was to consider himself deaf, dumb and blind; the penalty for reconsideration within the hearing of Mr. Reardon being a swift and immediate excursion, personally conducted by Mr. Schultz, to Davy Jones' locker! Following this earnest exhortation Riggins, never a robust person mentally or physically, came abruptly to the conclusion that this was one of those occasions where silence, if not exactly golden, was at least to be preferred to great riches.

XII

IT MAY appear strange that during the twelve days and nights that Michael J. Murphy lay on his bed of pain Terence Reardon did not once pass the little open window of the skipper's stateroom. Not, however, that the latter watched for him, for he did not. He believed that Reardon, like himself, was a prisoner; although, had the chief passed the window and had the captain observed his passing, the complacence of Herr von Staden and his patriotic company would have received a jar much earlier in the voyage.

Unfortunately, however, for Murphy's plans, the chief's stateroom was located in the after part of the house and on the side opposite to the skipper's, and following their brief spat through the speaking tube Terence Reardon had confined himself exclusively to his engine room and that portion of the ship along which he must of necessity pass when going to and from his stateroom. He told himself it was the part of wisdom for one of his ferocious temper to avoid the occasions of sin. Certainly it would be hard to pass the skipper's stateroom without looking in, particularly since in these warm latitudes the door would probably

(Continued on Page 69)

THE RULING PASSION

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

IN OUR part of Connecticut the "hired girl" has practically ceased to be. There are times when we feel inclined to class her with the fables of history, giving her a place somewhere between wooden nutmegs and the witch-burners of Salem.

Take our own village of Hoxsie, for instance. Major Guerin's wife tries her very hardest to keep a girl, perhaps because the major is general manager of the gun factory and has the only limousine in our part of the county. If anywhere, then, you would expect the major to have at least one of those traditional hired girls—thin, straight-fronted, vowing "I swan" in nasal tones and making heavenly pies. As a matter of fact, however, Mrs. Guerin gets her help through an employment agency in Hartford. I can't recall how many maids they have had in the last three years, but I do remember that, of the last three, the first stole the major's gold watch and wasn't prosecuted, because she also took his toupees; the second was a negress who left because she was the only one of her color in Hoxsie; and the third had graduated from a domestic-science course and thought she ought to get about the same wages as a trained nurse. For my part, I was inclined to agree with the graduate, but Mrs. Guerin most decidedly didn't. The expert stayed one night and then the major sent his car round for Ma'm Bazin.

And that, in fact, is the custom with all of us. When our womenfolks are overwhelmed with housework we send or write for Ma'm Bazin. As you may have guessed from her name she is French, one of the many thousands who have come down here by way of Canada, attracted by our higher wages and the more equable climate. Indeed some of our villages in Eastern Connecticut are as much French as American, and when you ride along their Main Streets and look at the signs on the stores, you will see as many Greniers and Despathys as Smiths and Browns, as many Goyettes as Robinsons.

But to return to Ma'm Bazin.

If you looked the world over it is doubtful if you would find a maid-servant so diametrically opposite to the hired girls described in the old New England legends. In the first place, although graceful in her movements, Ma'm Bazin has a circumference like Falstaff, though she will never admit she is fat. And instead of being cautious of speech, she has a tongue that stops at nothing and ornaments everything it touches. And instead of being country-shy, she is as sophisticated as many a European guide. Yet with it all, and despite the additional fact that she is terribly marked from the smallpox, Ma'm Bazin still preserves the elusive gift of charm. For myself I have a theory that at one time she was on the stage and has either played tragic parts in comedies or comic parts in tragedies; but that has really nothing to do with my present story. I mention it only so you may better understand her.

And now, without further introduction, I will tell you that Ma'm Bazin came to our house two days last week "to help with the work," and while she worked she talked.

"Where's That Paper? If You Don't Want the Reward I'll Take It!"

II

I SHOULD have been to-day—said Ma'm Bazin—at the domicile of Miss Putnam, but she is consume with such a curiosity that it does not please me to go—*if* only I have the least excuse. Such questionings! Such cross-examinations! "You were at the minister's last week?" she would ask me. "Did they have meat for dinner? Was it mutton or beef? Does the minister's wife still wear that old red wrapper for her breakfast?" And so on, and so on, all the day long. My poor head she rings like many bells, and I think to myself: "*Grâce à Dieu*, you have never led a husband to the haltar, or he would put the mustard on your nose!"

Some days I tempt myself to tell her of Miss Hopkins, and the devilish fix she got herself in by her passion for curiosity. But I restrain myself, thinking I punish her more severely by giving her nothing to run round and bark like a leetle dog in the nighttime when the moon she is full.

Now you, with yourselves, you ask me no questions. You do not say: "Oh, Ma'm Bazin, is it true that Miss Tuttle wear black lingerie to save the wash?" You do not say, "Oh, Ma'm Bazin, did the Thompsons ever hear of Margaret's beau who went away so strangely and never came back, but leave her in the solitude lamenting?" And so I like to come with you and do my bettermost, and so I will tell you about Miss Hopkins, a thing Miss Putnam could never draw from me with a team of wild horses.

Perhaps you do not know Miss Hopkins, Miss Priscille Hopkins, who dwells with her sister next door to the general store in Westbury. Of a leanness she is—Miss Priscille—with her hair brushed flat and likes to dress in black with a leetle white collar and no figure at all in her form. One might see her and say: "She has chasten the spirit and mortified the flesh. In this one there is no more passion. The fire is quench—extinguish forever."

But, eh, mesdames!—and you, m'sieur, I did not know you were with yourself—there are fires and fires. Some things burn before our eyes, like a fire in a grate, proper and nice and always under control. But other things we mus' take great care and cover with sod and wet leaves, so that a stranger going by will say: "Of a truth, there is no fire here." But underneath the covering the fire smolders halways, the sod becomes peat, the leaves are dry, so that one never knows when the great blaze will arrive. For myself, give me the fire I can see so natural in a stove and not a flame in ambush.

I have not been at the Hopkins more than two, three times when I know what are the ruling passions of Miss Priscille's life. They are curiosity and a miser.

Ma foi, the curiosity! If one passes the house she runs to the window, kneels down and peep through the curtain. "It is Miss Perkins," she would say to her sister. "M-m-m. She has turn her belt again. She is going to the store. I wonder what she wants so quick that she cannot wait for the order man. M-m-m. Here she come out again and has four quarts of something in a paper bag. It is not potatoes, because they grow their own and have twelve bushel in the cellar. It is not onions, because she bought two pecks from Tillinghast last week. Eh! She put her hands in the bag and place something in her mouth! Eh! She eject it with force and shake her head with a shiver! I know! I know! C-r-a-n-b-e-r-r-i-e-s! Then she bought one of Fred Cone's turkeys—he was in here this morning—and something tells me she bought the one with the crooked chest!"

And all the hours long it is just like that, except when she comes and examines me. "How much pork is left in Deacon Briggs' barrel? How many eggs does George Gallup get a day? Does Meesis Temple turn her sheets and sew them up the middle?" She burn herself alive with curiosity. It is her ruling passion.

And, oh, what a miser! Oh, dear! "Will you bring your own dinner, Ma'm Bazin? I declare, our stove lining is falling in and the man he does not come to fix it." And you know what she does with the peel of potatoes? She wash them and boil them and mash them and strain them, and then—*ma foi!*—she make a potato pie! Every bit of string that comes in the house, she saves it. "Some day," she say, "this will save me five cents." Every bit of wrapper paper that comes in the house she folds it away. "Some day," she say, "I may need this wrapper and here it will be." Every day she reads the Boston paper and puts it away in a pile. "Some day," she say, "this file of newspaper will be worth much money." And so she sits like a spider in her web, and stores away dead flies.

The other Miss Hopkins—the sister who lives with her—is Miss Eliza. Eh, the poor old maid! She is fat, mesdames, fat and helpless, and my heart goes out to her as she sits halways in her chair, rocking herself with an empty heye, exhausted and sad because she has waited so long for him who has never come. For three, four years she has not gone out of the yard, but sits nearly all the day long rocking herself in her chair—rock, rock, rock—and out of the fatness of her face she contemplates destiny with eyes like a puzzled baby who is soon about to weep. It must be a terrible thing, mesdames—your pardon, m'sieur—to be an old maid if you are not content with the rôle.

One day I had gone to the Hopkins' to sew and we sit in the south room, where the light is the best. For myself I hear no one approaching, but Miss Priscille has an ear like a hawk, for all at once she run to the window and down on her knees to peep unashamed. She stays for long and when she comes back she says: "That new man has come, the one who bought the Miller place, but I think I have seen him before. He has been to the post office and nobody seem to know him yet, but where—where—where have I seen his face before?"

Miss Eliza says nothing, but goes on rocking, the points of her rocker rapping on the floor like fate might rap on the ribs of a female elephant with no imagination except to eat her hay and slowly swing herself and draw deep sighs and shoo-shoo the flies with her ears. But fate nevertheless, m'sieur!

Miss Priscille put her sweater on, the morning being coolish. "Where are you going?" ask Miss Eliza. "To the post office," replies Miss Priscille. "I want to know who he is." So out she goes, her curiosity driving her like a whip, and when she come back she put a stamped envelope on the desk and I see this has been her excuse. "Well, I know as much as anybody knows," she say. "His name is Tucker. Single man and has plenty of money. He ask Tom Brown this morning if he know where he can get a housekeeper."

For a very short moment then Miss Eliza cease to rock. "How old is he?" she asked. "About forty-five, I guess," say Miss Priscille, "but where—where—where have I seen his face before?" Miss Eliza goes on rocking. She and her sister are also about forty-five.

All the rest of the morning Miss Priscille is preoccupied, disengage from what is going on, her heye turned inward as though it searches her memory. "No," she say to herself once, "it wasn't at Aunt Sarah's funeral." And "No," she say to herself again, "it wasn't at the Wauregan Grange." Suddenly she jump up and I hear her in the next room, turning over the files of newspapers. "I think I saw his picture in the paper," she cry out, "and it wasn't so very long ago either." Miss Eliza say nothing, but keeps on rocking, and once at the back of a rock I see her throw up her feet a little and look with disfavor at her slippers of black felt. "Ah-ha," I think, "to-morrow you will wear your shoes of patent leather." For God knows, there is halways hope. But almost while I entertain the thought Miss Priscille comes out of the next room with a paper in her hand, and I never see such a look of exaltation as I see on her face that moment. "Ah-ha!" I think to myself again, "you have found out where the devil takes his snuff!" And I stitch away with a pleased composure, waiting for the next which is to come.

"Eliza," say Miss Priscille, "you can say what you like, but that man is Barrows the Bigamist! Now!" And she show her sister the newspaper which presents the photograph of a middle-age gentleman with a long, thin nose

and a most coquettish whisker. "I declare," say Miss Eliza, stopping her rocking for once, "does he look like that?" "All but the whisker," say Miss Priscille, "and that he has shave away." But with half a heye I see that Miss Eliza is doubtful of the theory. "You will wear your shoes of patent leather all the same," I think to myself.

Perhaps M'sieur remembers John J. Barrows the Bigamist. He was about two years ago and the papers are full of him. Eight wives he had married, all elderly ladies with money, and every wife has been deserted as soon as he gets the cash. The last was near to New Orleans, and he had robbed her pretending he was a burglar. Not dreaming who he was she had shot him across the chest—so—and pulled the handkerchief from his face. In the excitement he got away with the money, though losing much blood; and being a spirited madame, as you may discern, she offered a thousand dollars reward and put his picture in the paper. Then other wives, seeing the picture, have made complaint, till eight in all were counted; and that was Barrows the Bigamist. The Boston paper which Miss Priscille read had a full account, with a big picture of Barrows the Bigamist and eight little pictures of the eight poor ladies surrounding him like tears round a sin. The paper gives the name and address of each of his wives, and every one is in a village and every one has been an old maid till Barrows had come and make soft eyes.

At last Miss Priscille gets through reading and telling about it, and Miss Eliza takes the paper and looks at the picture of Barrows. "I don't believe it's him," she say. "But how can you say so, when you have not seen him yet?" demand Miss Priscille in surprise. "I don't care," say Miss Eliza, "I don't believe it's him, and what's more, you can't make me believe it either!" and she start at her rocking again with the grim precision of one whose mind is made up after the manner of mules.

For me, I say nothing, but when Miss Eliza dress herself that afternoon, she put on her shoes of patent leather and request me to lace them for her in secret, because herself she cannot bend without empurpling her visage and making her breath go "Puff-puff-puff" like the little dog who has run too far. She is also wearing a lilac dress which does not suit her so badly as you might guess. "I think," she say, "this afternoon I will rake the leaves on the lawn. I think," she say, "the exercise will be of a beneficial." "Yes, do," say Miss Priscille, "and then if Barrows the Bigamist goes to the post office this afternoon, you will see him pass and can judge for yourself ——"

Miss Priscille is also dressed to the nines and she seats herself at the desk to write a letter. "To whom do you write?" ask Miss Eliza. "To Oncle Henry," say Miss Priscille, looking with consciousness down her nose, "it is so long since he has had a letter." But I—I do not deceive myself. "Ah-ha!" I think, "Miss Priscille is going to the post office this afternoon, thinking to meet M. Barrows face to face. Then she will study him with much intentness and hurry back to make comparison with the photograph."

At Westbury, m'sieur—your pardon, mesdames—the afternoon mail comes in at five o'clock. Behold then, at five minutes to five Miss Eliza is out on the lawn in her lilacs and patent leather, as though raking the leaves; and Miss Priscille is upstairs watching the Miller house through a window like the beautiful legend of Ste. Anne in the belfry. Suddenly I hear her come down in a burst of speed and out of the door she sets foot for the post office. "Ah-ha," I think, "the bigamist draws near," and I too begin to watch at the window, feeling a warm excitement in the adventure. A middle-age man comes sauntering along and, for myself, I do not esteem him highly because he exhibits two faults which I do not like in a man. He has bold teeth and smiles too much at nothing. While I am noting the long, thin nose and shrubby eyebrows he bows at Miss Eliza as a new neighbor will, and through the open window I hear him say: "A beautiful day, madam!" Miss Eliza swell with gratification, and though she is not of a sufficient quick wit to make a repartee, I know she will pass a night of sentimental pleasure, thinking of how she might have made exquisite answer to his gallantry. Presently he return with his mail beneath his arm, and again he pass the pleasantry with Miss Eliza, who in the meantime, I see, has already been studying how best she might have respond to his previous advance. "I wish I had such a maple tree," said he, to which she made coquettish answer: "If it doesn't rain to-night " her shrill soprano trembling with hope and a nervousness. He look at her with appreciation and saunters on, still smiling at nothing but more than before. Presently Miss Eliza come back to her rocking chair, and in the gladness of her heart she sing a little "In the prison cell I sit, thinking, mamma dear, of thee," and when she come to the chorus "Tramp—tramp—tramp—the boys are marchers," she rock herself in time to the marching and gradually elevates herself to the fortissimo. She is in the second verse when Miss Priscille returns with the nose of one who has news to tell, and Miss Eliza cease her song and look as though her face were made of wood.

"Well?" say Miss Priscille, "did you see him?" "Yes," say Miss Eliza with a shortness. "And so did I," say Miss Priscille, "for nearly a minute I speak to him in the post office. It's Barrows the Bigamist all right. I knew it was, same features and everything." "Oh, no," say Miss Eliza, "Barrows the Bigamist has a whisker." "He would naturally shave it when he hide himself from justice," say Miss Priscille, "because he has no whisker, why it proves it all the more." "I tell you it isn't him," say Miss Eliza. "Don't make of yourself a fool!" In the fatness of her face I see her eyes shine with anger and I think of what a wise Frenchman has written: "There are few things so terrible as an angry sheep."

"He call himself 'Meester Tucker,'" continue Miss Priscille, "and when I have made more friends with him I will ask him where he come from and how long he live there and such as that. Then if he say: 'I live nine year in New London,' I will write the New London postmaster, and if he say, 'I do not know any Meester Tucker who live here nine year and just move away,' why then we will know it is Barrows for certain." "I tell you it isn't him!" cry Miss Eliza. "Barrows has a scar on his chest," say Miss Priscille in a musing voice, and again, more thoughtful than before: "There is a thousand dollars reward for him—a thou-sand dol-lars re-ward!"

Ah, mesdames—and you, m'sieur—did I not tell you her ruling passion—curiosity and a pinching of the dollar most painful? And yet in a way I forgive her for everything, because she has never known the grandest passion of all—which is to love and be loved. Much too many of these old maids do I know, and it isn't their fault. They are young and romantic, but the knight comes not on his big white horse. And then they are not so young, but more romantic, and still the knight most strangely absents himself. Then one day the lady look at herself in the glass and perceive the bloom has vanish from the peaches. And romance? She makes a mocking of it. But some grand passion a woman must have, and when love is denied her she turns to curiosity and demands of herself, in every direction, that nothing shall be conceal from her. And when she knows everything she wants to know more than everything, and would give a year of her life to know if St. Peter flirt with the angels.

And so with Miss Priscille. She swear to herself that she shall discover Meester Tucker is Barrows the Bigamist, but first she must gain his confidence in order to ask him friendly questions of an artfulness. So twice a day she meets him casual at the post office and make herself attractive. And—*peste!*—say what you will, there is something attractive in all old maids, a most amazing wisdom and a most amazing ignorance, and often a drollness of thought which captivates as much as the charm of youth. And every day when the weather is fine Miss Eliza is out in the yard waiting to receive a smile of those bold teeth and a chat which warms her heart.

"What do you think?" cry Miss Priscille, coming one day from the post office and throwing down her paper with excitement. "I don't care what you think," say Miss Eliza, "as long as you do not think that Meester Tucker is any connection of that big fool of a bigamist." "We'll soon know now," say Miss Priscille. "He is coming to tea with us on Sunday afternoon, and oh, how I will pump him!"

All that week I sew for them. M'sieur, you would think it was for a wedding, and they engage me to come on Sunday with my white apron to serve the tea. Miss Priscille has an old dress made over—a dark red silk with steel beads—and Miss Eliza has two new gussets put in a green mull. And when I am coming away one night, Miss Eliza waylay me in secret and gives me two dollars with a sample of the green mull. "Oh, Ma'm Bazin," she say in a whisper, "get me a pair of the best silk stocking to match." I can hardly repress myself. "What is the size?" I ask. "My shoes are eights," she whisper, "but get them plenty big. Look!" With delicate modesty she tighten her skirt and show me the outlines of one of her veals. I look at it with admiration and come away well pleased.

When Sunday arrives I go to their house like one who goes to the theater, trippingly and filled with anticipation. I am attired in black with a white apron, and in the kitchen I apply myself to the composition of a salad. Miss Priscille is dressed the first, and for all the impediments of forty-five years she looks *très bien* in her dark red silk. Excitement has given blushes to her cheeks. She studies the picture of Barrows in the paper, and when opportunity arrives I also study it well. "Of a truth," I think, "there is a strong resemblance, though I've not yet seen him close." A minute later Miss Eliza appears and I button her back with difficulty. She is large to overflowing, and when she walks her cheeks shake like blancmange, and yet I cannot deny that in her wistful innocence and helplessness she is not without attraction. "It is," I think to myself, "because she is in love," and I marvel afresh at the power of the tender passion. Miss Eliza goes into the sitting room, but does not rock herself. "She has put on her green ones of silk," I think, "and will not rock because Priscille would see and make a comment."

Meester Tucker arrives at four, smiling and prompt, his teeth as bold as ever and having the proper word for everything. I am in the kitchen, still busy with my salad, but the door between is open and I am all ears for the news. Miss Eliza has nothing to say, but I imagine her feasting her glances. Miss Priscille talks clacketty-clack-clack like a good horse trots at the race, and then all of a sudden I hear "Thump—thump—thump," and I know Miss Eliza has gone into action and is rocking herself in her chair. The tongue of Miss Priscille soon trips itself and nearly falls. She talks as if she is daze. "Ah-ha!" I think to myself, "she sees Miss Eliza's green ones of silk," and "Thump—thump—thump" go the rocking chair like the inviolate drumbeat of victory. Miss Priscille recovers her composure, and she and Meester Tucker are full of merry sayings, but through it all I hear the faithful rocking of Miss Eliza's chair, and I think to myself: "How strange are the vicissitudes of life!"

I serve the tea—salad, ham, beans, biscuit and a noble lemon meringue—and you can imagine that when I first have an opportunity to study Meester Tucker I do not use my eyes to count the stitches in the curtain. M'sieur, I have lived many years in the world, and have seen many things in the years as they pass, and when I look at Meester Tucker I have no more doubt about it. "Of a certainty," I say, "this is Barrows the Bigamist. He has shave his whisker and that is all." And how did I know he had shave his whisker? Because he manage his chin with those coquettish designs which only a whisker teaches. It is enough. "The man," I say, "is Barrows the Bigamist," and I feel not like one who goes to the theater, but as one who takes part in the play. Yes, yes, but I am fond of life that afternoon!

Presently He Return and Again He Pass the Pleasantry With Miss Eliza

When the beans are served I try to catch Miss Priscille's eye, wishing to make a sign "This is the man," but Miss Priscille keep her eyes on her plate and puzzle me when I see she is blushing. Her conversation falters, so there are times when nothing is heard but the breathing of Miss Eliza, who is ver', ver' fond of her food and sometimes snorts a

(Continued on Page 42.

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Secret Government

THE people of the United States know only a little more about what goes on at Washington than about what goes on at the seat of British Government. A few outstanding exceptional things are briefly reported—especially those things charged with a sporting interest, like the differences between the President and Congress over armed merchantmen. News of a tariff bill, a banking act or a shipping bill gets circulated; but so does news of the big outstanding things that happen at Westminster. We get a good deal of gossip about what is likely to happen in connection with big measures, but of the actual doings of Government little is known outside the walls of the Capitol and of the Departments.

For example, a great many people are much interested in the appearance of the National Capital. They hope it is going to live up to its opportunity of being one of the most beautiful cities in the world. From no selfish motive, but from national pride and out of a reverent sense of the value of beauty, architects, sculptors, landscape gardeners, painters and engineers have especially watched and furthered plans to ennoble and adorn the Capital. Competent bodies have given much study to the subject—always with a long look to the future splendid city of which L'Enfant dreamed when he drew the first plans for the first President.

In February of this year the American Institute of Architects suddenly discovered, with amazement and dismay, that the Government was on the point of erecting a huge power plant near the Mall—a great, dauby splotch right in the middle of the picture. Remember, this subject of a beautiful Capital is one in which a great number of people have long been especially interested. The act authorizing this power house was passed in June, 1913. Plans had been drawn and contracts for the construction actually signed. Yet the country had not heard of it.

The architects, in spite of their special interest in the subject and the special attention they had given to it, did not know of it. It seems to have been news to the President himself when a committee hastily waited on him to protest. Of course some congressional committeemen knew and some officials of the Treasury Department knew; but the public had no more knowledge of it than as though it had been done by the government of China.

It is no use blaming the newspapers. They say the public is not interested in the proceedings of Government except as to a few overshadowing and exciting details, and probably they know. But to argue for public diplomacy when so much else that the Government does is essentially secret sounds like poppycock.

Unsightly Smokestacks

THE site chosen for the power house that the Government purposes building in Washington is not far from the Washington Monument. The plans call for four smokestacks reaching one hundred and ninety-five feet above water level and competing with the Monument for the visitor's attention. From the Virginia shore, from Potomac Park, on which much money is being spent, and to all those who enter the Capital from the south, this power house would be one of the most conspicuous objects. It would be in plain view from the Capitol.

Of course a power house so situated would be an egregious mistake—blotting the view and marring the plans for a beautiful city as long as it endured. There is still time to prevent this mistake. The plans should be modified.

There is no need to blame anybody in particular for the mistake. Time out of mind the business of housing the Government at Washington has been done, in part, piecemeal and hand-to-mouth. The long-range planning has always been inadequate to the Government's needs. The surplusage has been taken care of any old way on a policy of anything to meet the demands of the hour. In that case such an error as this power house might easily occur.

But the mistake has been discovered in time. It should be frankly acknowledged and corrected. A few people resent the effort to correct it, as though it involved some reflection upon them. They even intimate selfish motives on the part of those who have taken the lead in saving the Capital from this blot. As between their excited sensibilities and four one-hundred-and-odd-feet smokestacks in the middle of the picture, there is no room for argument. The project should be abandoned and another site chosen.

Loans for Farmers

PROBABLY the most useful rural-credit system in the world is in Germany. That system was worked out, launched and carried to success by the rural community itself. It is powerful and efficient for that very reason. For that reason it has been a sort of sprouting bed for agricultural coöperation in general.

True, the German system is impracticable here. Our farmers will not cooperate to that extent. Yet we may have a rural-credit system that will strengthen the social fiber of the rural community and encourage it to further coöperation. That system would consist of a series of local land-loan banks in which farmers themselves might be stockholders. The local institutions would make farm loans and pledge them with a central state or regional institution that would sell bonds against them; but the initial force, the effective management, would lie in the communities where the loans were made.

In distinction from that sort of system there are various proposals at Washington which look to dumping the making of farm loans more or less directly upon the Federal Treasury.

The first system says, in effect, to rural communities: "Whatever you need, get together, organize yourselves, work out a plan, start it going." The second says, in effect: "Whatever you need, sit down and call for help from Washington."

The present Congress will probably legislate on rural credit; but whether on the first plan or the second, or by what compromise between the two, is uncertain. The first plan proposes a healthy and helpful growth; the second, merely a bunch of barnacles on the Federal Treasury.

The Plight of Fifth Avenue

FIFTH AVENUE—we mean, of course, that gilded extension of Wall Street on Manhattan Island is trying hard to think up a plan by which it can keep from ruining itself. The problem is a terrifically difficult one and the chances of solving it seem, at this writing, not particularly bright.

From Twenty-third Street up to the Park it is, in its dominant characteristic, a street of smart and comparatively small shops. Ground-floor rentals are high; but the characteristic Fifth Avenue shop has not much use for space above the ground floor. Some time ago enterprising landlords began putting up structures suitable for shops on the ground floor, with eight or ten stories of lofts above to be occupied by manufacturers of clothing, and the like.

Apparently, in various cases, this combination extracted the highest possible rental value from the land; but New York has seen that done in other localities. The lofts are filled with operatives who choke up the street at morning, noon and night. The shopping crowd gets engulfed in a mob of lowly persons. The street loses its precious aspect of smartness. Shoppers turn to other regions, where they do not have to struggle through a crowd. Naturally the smart shops follow them. Presently the street is a mere haunt of factory operatives, its ground-floor space renting at moderate figures to quick-lunch concerns. Its ruin is figuratively complete.

The crucial question is: How can Fifth Avenue escape this dire fate? At present, apparently—and probably for a good while to come—the landlord can get more rent by having shops below and lofts above. That will continue until loft development reaches a point where operatives drive out the shoppers; and then it will be too late to do anything.

It is a hard problem. True, Europe solved it long ago—or, rather, Europe never had it; for it never had our theory that the man holding title to a certain plot of ground can claim an absolute ownership. It always asserted that a public right was superior to the individual owner's private right. If it thought ten-story buildings would injure a certain street it simply forbade ten-story buildings on that street. New York may say there shall be no more loft buildings on Fifth Avenue because they would spoil the street. But so socialistic, anarchistic and un-American an invasion of the landlord's right to get all the rent he can seems hardly probable.

The Reading Habit

THERE are plenty of bad books for boys and girls; yet they hardly constitute the real problem in connection with juvenile reading. These books are bad because they are useless rubbish, mere husks without nutriment. They are bad because they stunt a youthful reader's taste and drug his imagination. They are of the dime-novel sort sometimes modernized and most respectably bound in cloth.

But they hardly constitute the real problem—that is, the boy or girl who does not even read trash. We would rather a boy read dime novels than read nothing. The veriest rubbish may supply a foundation for something better. It may help to the formation of one of the most precious habits any person can form—the habit of relying on books as a means of passing a certain portion of every average day.

A reading habit is about two-thirds of education. We have never known a person who read much that read much trash. Invariably, by our observation, the person who reads rot is one who reads little. If we could have a guaranty that a boy was going to spend a couple of hours a day, as a customary thing, reading books, we should feel sure of his getting round to real books in due time.

The Boy Scouts of America have done a good work in attacking bad juvenile books and suggesting good ones. We do not minimize the importance of throwing out the bad book and putting a good one in its place. But merely seeing that a boy or girl does not read bad books is no discharge of a parent's obligation. That may mean simply that they read no books at all.

The Torrens System

YOU buy a town lot. The attorney you employ to examine the abstract reports that in 1893 judgment was entered against John Smith, who then held title to land that was afterward subdivided, one of the subdivisions being your lot. That judgment is outlawed, but it was never properly released of record. It constitutes a cloud on the title. To make a perfect title the vendor must hunt up the person to whom the judgment ran and get a release.

You sell a farm. The buyer's attorney—more particular than yours was when you bought the farm—says the property was devised by will in 1884 to four heirs, one of them being Minerva Wilson. There is a deed from Minerva W. Smith and husband. Presumably that is the heir—she having married a Smith. But the record does not show it. For a perfect title you must hunt her up, or her heirs, and get a quit-claim deed. If you cannot do that you must go to court with an action to quiet title.

You are mortgaging your farm. The attorney for the insurance company that is making the loan says that in 1876 the land was deeded to Jeremiah T. Jenks. Twenty years later a deed signed by J. T. Jenks purports to convey it. But the attorney must have satisfactory proof that the J. T. Jenks who signed the deed is the Jeremiah T. Jenks to whom the land was deeded. For all he knows it may have been a John T. Jenks or a James T., who had no right at all to the land.

Such things bob up every day when real estate is conveyed. An abstract that one attorney will pass as satisfactory may be rejected by another, who draws the lines finer. Large farm-mortgage concerns are usually very strict in that matter. No prudent person will buy a piece of real estate until a competent attorney has examined the title, from the original Government patent down to the moment of transfer. A little flaw far back in the record may involve a large expense when the buyer wishes to sell. When there is no flaw the cost of transferring real estate is far higher than it should be.

And when the record seems perfect, trouble may arise. An Eastern newspaper mentions this case: An extensive operator in real estate was supposed to be a bachelor. During his lifetime title to lands worth many millions of dollars passed through his hands. After his death a woman asserted that she had been secretly married to him and was his lawful wife for many years. She claimed a dower right in all the real estate he had held during those years, and her claim cast a cloud on the titles.

By the Torrens system of registering land titles all this vexation, doubt and expense may be avoided. When the law is properly drawn, title passes absolutely with each valid transfer and there is not a great deal more trouble, expense or uncertainty than in indorsing over a check. The system is gaining ground in this country, but less rapidly than it might.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HYPHENATED AMERICAN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

They Willingly Made Room for Us Round the Small Fire; Nor Did They Refuse to Share the "Mulligan"

THERE are June days, even in Chicago, when the velvet-fingered wind comes in slow, languorous gusts; when the blood alternately leaps with sudden joy and slows down until the lazy body yearns to stretch itself on the green grass in the sun-flecked shade of the maple tree; when the swift impulse to leap and gambol like the spring lamb is most inexplicably succeeded by an overpowering drowsiness, by a wild desire to yawn and expand, and go to sleep close, close to the bosom of smelly old Mother Earth.

On such a June day—much rarer in Chicago than elsewhere—a violent attack of nostalgia came over me as I started out in the morning to sell a wringer on the installment plan. I thought of the cherries ripening on the green slopes round Göttingen; of the peace and dignity brooding over the old university town; of the long, earnest discussions under the linden trees when the bats first ventured out into the warm, still air of approaching night. Lifting the wringer into full view I sneered at myself. A great disgust with the life I was leading, with the utter lack of effort, aim and goal took possession of me.

So this was the romance of America! Peddling wringers; currying a horse; playing poker in a back room with a bunch of counter jumpers; fraternizing with mechanics and second-rate poets under the cloak of anarchism! Brooding over the situation I wandered down to the lumberyards along the river, chose a sunny spot and sat down on a pile of boards to watch the unloading of a lumber schooner.

Presently I heard someone sit down alongside of me. I brooded on. After a long interval a hand touched my arm, and a soft, pleading voice said in pure Saxon German:

"Can't you help me out with a dime, *Landsmann?* I have not had a warm meal for five days, and I am hungry."

An Alliance With Dutch Otto

TURNING round I looked into a pair of round, ingenuous brown eyes, owned by a six-footer of most simple countenance. Except for the little mustache under the short nose, it was a boy's face on a man's body. I leaned back and laughed heartily. The stranger, mistaking the laughter's motive, assumed a humble, beseeching attitude, and repeated his request.

"What do you do for a living?" I asked sharply, also in German.

"If you can tell me how to make a decent living in America without peddling wringers I'll give you a dollar."

The beseeching attitude dropped from the tall, lanky stranger. He straightened up, leaned back against the boards, and lit a cigar.

"So you want to know how to make a living in America," he said patronizingly, dropping into almost accentless English. "Well, I sized you up for a greenhorn. How long you been over?"

His assumption of superior knowledge and wisdom irritated me.

"Long enough so I don't have to beg," I answered testily. Whereupon the stranger became very confidential.

"I didn't mean any harm," he apologized. "I just thought you were down in your luck, like myself. I am looking for a partner and I thought maybe we'd hit it off together."

"A partner for what?"

"Oh, just for the road. I'm thinking of going out into the country pretty soon, and I'd rather have a partner along."

Otto Bornheim—Lanky or Dutch Otto for short—was the new acquaintance's name. He was the son of a postal clerk in Saxony, and had left behind him an unfinished normal-school course when he emigrated to America with the blessings of his father, a willowware trunk and an ancient rifle. He had gone to Philadelphia, as he had heard that hunting and trapping were much better in Pennsylvania than in New York. The first buffalo skin, with the head left on, was to go to his father. Unfortunately he landed during the closed season for buffalo and bear, and, to tide himself over, had to accept a position as bus boy in the Germania Club, clearing the tables after the repasts of the *geschwollene*—swollen—Germans, a technical term meaning Americanized Germans of affluence, who, by implication, are supposed to be more or less ashamed of their status as former immigrants.

Tiring of the obsequious club atmosphere when the clean wind of American democracy filled his nostrils, he had fallen heir to the job that seems to be the first-aid station for almost every friendless German immigrant of education—he had become porter in a saloon. Thereafter he had done many things, from sign painting and clerking to plain farm labor; but he had mastered no trade. At the moment he was taking it easy, lived by "throwing his feet."

He grinned amiably when I asked for an explanation of the mystic term.

"It's professional slang for high-class begging," he replied, shifting his long, relaxed body farther into the sun. "Just now I'm working the breweries. That's why I'm dressed decently. I've been over there"—he jerked his head in the direction of a group of tall, red buildings—"and I'm resting before I take in the next one. It's a cinch. Any young German who's had education enough to tell a hard-luck story nicely can get from a dollar up in any brewery at any time. I got two over there and I want another one before the day is over. The only trouble is that there ain't enough breweries. You can strike 'em only once in a long time. I've done 'em all in Chicago and I guess I'll go back to the animal stores again."

Anticipating my request for further light on the source of cash to be obtained quickly in animal stores, he continued boastfully:

"People that hang round windows full of monkeys, guinea pigs and canaries, that gush over a cageful of pups, is soft—real soft. All you got to do is to look sick and ragged and down-and-out, to sidle up to the softies—specially the women—let out a big sigh, clear from your boots, and say in that nobody-loves-me, nobody-cares-if-I-die kind of a voice 'They don't know when they're well off. They've got lots to eat, they're warm, and they're dry as toast.' It always works, specially when it rains or snows; and, like as not, you get a quarter or a half."

"But the police!" I interjected, thinking of the speed and unerring precision with which the German authorities suppressed street begging.

Otto cackled.

"No use worrying about the cops. They won't bother you unless you get too raw. This is a free country, you know, and a bum's vote is as good as a banker's. The police don't register you here and take your pedigree 'way back to Adam, and ask to see your references and your workbook, the way they do in Germany. You can come and go, work for a living, beg for a living, or croak in the ditch—just as you please. If you haven't anything pressing that's holding you here you better come with me and take a look at the country. We can mosey back to town when it gets cold."

Official Help for the Recording Angel

THE long and the short of it is, I went with Otto. It was a momentous decision. To my mind it was the beginning of the end. It certainly would have been the end in Germany. The Fatherland does not easily condone a fall from grade and the fact of the fall cannot be hidden. When the recording angel calls the roll of German names his task will be light. He will have before him the minute, detailed record of every man's life, of his comings, goings and doings, all duly indexed and attested by the proper authorities. And the entries on the debit side of the records are in red indelible ink. They cannot be erased. Once made, they bar the individual's progress at every turn. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, he must produce his record. If it is not absolutely clear, every position of responsibility and trust, every place of influence and power, every avenue of promotion, is barred to him. He who has stumbled into the morass cannot crawl out, wash up, change his clothes and his name, and begin his career anew in a distant place. The lack of his official record at once condemns him, and when the record is supplied it fastens the stain on him. He cannot escape.

There was a black sheep in our family. I knew what the stain meant. I had not been in America long enough to grasp the full meaning of "beating back." The broad, often maudlin, charity of America toward its black sheep had not yet come under my observation. I did not know

"Can't You Help Me Out With a Dime, Landsmann? I Have Not Had a Warm Meal for Five Days"

that thousands of Americans had risen from the hobo ranks and were proud of the rise. To my German mind the descent was final, irrevocable. I went because continued existence in Chicago had grown unbearable. My ultimate fate had become a matter of despondent indifference.

It was late in June when, clad in overalls and with our small hoards sewed safely into the lining of our vests, we furtively crossed the maze of tracks in a freight yard on the West Side and climbed aboard an empty gondola selected by the experienced Otto. I was scared. What if the brakeman should force us to jump while the train was in motion? What if he should turn us over to an officer?

Otto laughed at my fears.

"Don't worry about those little things," he said patronizingly, peering cautiously over the wall of the car into the darkness, dotted with innumerable green, red and yellow lights. "I'll fix him when he comes round. He's just as anxious to get a dollar he doesn't have to sweat for as I am."

So it turned out. Otto unrolled his comforter, removed his shoes, put them under his head to serve as a pillow, and shortly began to snore. I could not sleep. The hopeless depression began to lift. It was good to ride through the soft June night, even if dust and cinders were falling in showers. Chicago and its sordid memories faded farther into the past with every mile the busy wheels clicked off. Gradually the old imperishable idea of America, the land of romance and adventure, emerged from beneath the gray layer of my Chicago experiences. Dreaming of the days when the smoke of Indian council fires rose over the country we were traversing, I dozed off.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, having successfully crossed the palm of a brakeman with silver, we dropped off in the outskirts of a small Indiana country town, close to the Ohio line. We struck east along a dusty road, crossed a wide pasture and entered a little wood at the side of a shallow river. Here Otto left me, directing me to gather dry wood and build a small fire in the river sand just below the steep, sheltering bank. He was going to throw his feet for a hand-out on the neighboring farms.

The Bivouac Under the Bridge

HIS foraging expedition proved successful. He brought half a loaf of bread, a large slice of ham, and a tomato can overflowing with fresh eggs, the latter obtained without the knowledge and consent of the rightful owners. We broiled the ham over the fire, hard-boiled the eggs, keeping four of them and half of the bread for breakfast, and proceeded to make up for lost sleep.

The next morning we proceeded in high spirits. The road led through a smiling country of wheat and corn and orchards; the sun's heat was tempered by fleecy clouds and the wide world lay before us. I was astonished by the scarcity of villages and hamlets. Though the soil was rich, far better than the sand of the heather country in Northern Germany, though tilled fields and pastures filled with stock reached to the horizon, the towns were few and far between, compared with Germany.

I asked Otto why all farmers in America seemed to live right on their land like the German *Gutsbesitzer*—landed proprietors—instead of building their combined dwellings and stables in the villages and going out to their fields every day.

Otto did not know and did not care. He had accepted the self-contained isolation of the American farm as a peculiarity of the country without troubling his brain about the underlying reason. Nor could he explain why all the roads seemed to run in straight lines, at right angles to each other, without regard to the topography of the country. But he was certain, though he did not know it from personal experience, that our colleagues across the Atlantic—the German knights of the road—did not beat their way on freight trains. They either walked or traveled fourth-class in passenger coaches resembling an American box car, with benches running along the side walls.

Perhaps American railway economics do not admit of such a thing; but a rather extensive acquaintance with migratory labor in many parts of the United States has convinced me that, sooner or later, some form of very inexpensive passenger transportation will have to be supplied in order to shift seasonal labor about the country without absorbing too large a share of its earnings. As it is, the railroads transport the bulk of the seasonal laborers free of charge anyway.

These reflections, however, did not trouble me as we marched along the Indiana highways. It was good to be alive and out in the open—until, toward midafternoon, a storm came up. We took refuge under a widespreading tree, hoping that the shower would blow over. But it didn't. Rain fell steadily hour after hour. Reluctantly we left the sheltering branches and started for the nearest town. In ten minutes we were soaked to the skin, each shoe with the incasing mud weighed a ton, and with each step the water squished out of them.

The road seemed interminable. It grew dark and the wind increased. We were about to wade through a water-soaked field to reach the shelter of a barn when Otto almost broke into a run down the road. I raced after him, loudly exclaiming against the sudden change in our plans. Otto growled, his long legs taking such strides that I could barely keep up.

"There's a bridge ahead," he said. "Hurry up! We'll find company, a dry spot, something to eat, and a fire under it."

His prediction came true. Five hobos were keeping house beneath the structure and they willingly made room for us round the small fire; nor did they refuse to share the "mulligan" simmering over the flames. Food and warmth made the refuge almost comfortable. No one complained.

Though the hard, sloping ground seemed to grow harder and steeper as the night advanced, though the wet clothes seemed to become wetter and colder every hour, mind triumphed over matter. To become a cast-iron, highly contented stoic, I had only to picture myself in the same situation, but without the fire, without the hot stew, and surrounded by alert, bloodthirsty red foes. After all, imagination is a handy thing to take along in the traveling case.

Yet I was sincerely glad when dawn broke and the clouds broke with it. The seven of us moved into more commodious quarters and built a crackling, roaring fire, thoroughly to dry clothes and shoes. What with cleaning, washing and shaving, it was almost noon before we were under way again.

Late in the afternoon I became very tired. I had slept little for three nights, had been keyed up by a succession of new impressions, and had not stowed away the amount of solid food demanded by a young and growing stomach. The prospect of another night on the soaked ground, with an improvised supper, did not appeal to me. Otto wanted to push on to the next town. I stubbornly refused to go.

An imposing group of farm buildings rose on a slight knoll just ahead. There we should find shelter in the hay and a warm meal in the kitchen, I maintained, if we asked for it in the right manner. Otto disputed my assertions. The buildings looked too prosperous and well kept, he argued. He would get the dogs set on him instead of a hand-out. When I replied that I was not looking for a hand-out he became sulky.

"Go on and try it!" he grumbled. "You'll find out what you'll get. But don't ask me to tackle that farmer."

Resolutely I turned up the lane to the farm, though my heart was beating like a trip hammer. As luck would have it, the owner was in the tool shed near the road, tinkering with a harrow. He was a tall, portly man, with an enormously deep chest, well up in the sixties, with a gray beard and a pair of gray eyes that seemed to possess the candid innocence of a small child. When he straightened up and turned round to face me I noticed that he had but one arm.

"How do you do, sir?" I said in my best, most ingratiating manner, removing my cap and bowing in the Continental fashion. "Would you be willing, for fair pay and good words"—I had read that phrase somewhere and it appealed to me—"to grant to myself and my companion the shelter of your hayloft, where we may pass"—I still used the long English *a* — "the night? And would it be of inconvenience to the household if we paid the cook for—for—a square meal?" The word sustenance had escaped me for the moment, forcing me to resort to the colloquial expression.

The gray-bearded farmer stared at me in silence during the harangue, cupping his hand over his ear as though he did not want to lose a word. When I finished and stood expectant, he turned about and bellowed in the direction of the house:

"Oh, Maria! Come here's fast as the Lord will let ye! Take a look at what's come to the farm."

An elderly woman appeared in the doorway, a long fork in one hand, a pair of steel-rimmed glasses in the other.

Lord Fauntleroy and Valet Get a Job

"MOTHER, let me make you acquainted with Little Lord Fauntleroy," chuckled the old man. "He's fresh from Lunnon town, via Boston. Lord Fauntleroy, this is the cook. Now tell her what it is you want."

I blushed a brick red, almost cried with mortification. Yet, beneath the anger and humiliation, I was conscious of a feeling of deep satisfaction. The old fellow thought I was English! Evidently I had succeeded in removing all traces of a foreign accent from my pronunciation. So I swallowed my anger and repeated my request.

"Be serious, Ben," admonished the lady with the fork. "You ain't going to let the youngster sleep on the wet ground? He can ——"

"Go and get that friend of yours," commanded the old man.

Every trace of levity had left his voice. It had a steel edge to it. Otto came when I called to him. The farmer looked us over searchingly.

"I ain't running a hotel for tramps," he said disdainfully. "Let's see your hands." He took one look at them and grunted his disapproval. "Lily-white and soft as putty, of course. You're a nice pair of bums! You ——"

"If you will give us the opportunity we shall prove to you that we can and will work," I answered hotly. "I give you my word of honor that we shall be ready to assist you in the morning wherever you may direct."

The portly farmer laughed. The hardness was gone when, with a bow meant to be sweeping, he replied:

"Your word of honor is accepted, Lord Fauntleroy. I shall be pleased to have you and your valet assist me. Mother, feed 'em so that they'll have steam up in the morning. I guess half a dollar a day and found will be about all they're worth."

Benjamin Young owned fourteen hundred fat acres, more or less, in Indiana and across the line in Ohio. According to German standards he was a very wealthy man, even though he had turned a large part of his land over to his six sons and sons-in-law. His grandfather had been one of the first settlers in the state and his family had been a power in the county for three generations. Unlike the run even of the well-to-do German farmers, he did not live under the same roof with his cows and horses. Like the German semi-aristocratic landed proprietors he occupied a separate dwelling, a large, rambling structure of many additions, and in this house Otto and I not only were given a neat, clean room, with an iron bed and sheets, but we were also bidden to eat supper in the same room and at the same table with our employer and his family!

I ate in complete, red-faced silence, due principally to the giggles of the farmer's blooming granddaughters—two girls of fourteen and sixteen—who nearly choked when the head of the house entertained the company with a humorous

though not unkindly account of the manner in which I had approached him. Immediately after supper we flung ourselves into the sheets.

The farmer routed us out of bed at five. In person he accompanied us to the low-lying forty-acre cornfield, on which the warm wet weather of May and early June had caused the weeds and the cornstalks to grow so fast that the cultivator was useless.

"I'm mighty glad you came along, boys," he said, with twinkling eyes, as he started us off. "That corn's been wanting a haircut for two weeks. Go to it! Don't be bashful."

Before he had finished I was swinging the hoe, bringing it down hard into the black, heavy soil. My spirit sang with joy. At last, for the first time since I landed in America, I was performing useful work. For a year I had felt more superfluous than a war correspondent at the battle front. Now, in this weedy cornfield, my labor was really and truly needed. I swung the hoe fervidly, aimed deep at the roots of the weeds, worked with a speed as though the whole of the field had to be cleared before night.

Within thirty minutes I stopped, panting. It was my first attempt at manual labor and my hands were soft. My breath got short, I was dripping with perspiration; but I kept on. The sun grew hot, hotter. My arms trembled with weariness, my back ached; a crop of water blisters grew up in my hands. I do not know how I got through that morning. Immediately after lunch I threw myself down in a shady spot, unable to lift a hand for a week—so I believed. Five minutes later Farmer Young appeared on the scene.

"The hoe is waiting," he announced gruffly. "The weeds won't stop growing while you're lying on your back, son."

I stood up, every joint and muscle protesting.

"Let's see your hands," ordered the old man.

I opened the cramped members with difficulty. They were a sight.

"Wait a minute," said Young.

He went into the house. When he came back he handed me a pair of cotton gloves.

"Try them," he said, still gruffly. "I guess they'll help a little."

They did help; but, despite their assistance, the afternoon seemed endless. It was an eternity before the sun deigned to approach the western horizon. Too exhausted, sore and lame to blush at Farmer Young's sallies, I swallowed my food and went to bed.

The Real America Discovered

NOT until after the fourth day could I put in ten hours and more of hoeing without complete physical exhaustion. Thereafter my body adjusted itself to the new demands made on it to such an extent that even the strenuous task of loading and stacking hay before the breaking of a storm found me ready to do almost my full share.

As the days grew into weeks I found myself wishing that I might stay forever on the Young farm. I liked the country and its sane peace. I formed a strong attachment for motherly, practical Mrs. Young, to whose intuitive judgment and common sense even her headstrong husband deferred. And my respect for the blunt, whimsical farmer himself increased as I became better acquainted with him.

"I Need a Wide-Awake Man to Handle the Local News"

His education had not gone beyond the three R's. He was neither cultured nor widely read. Of European history and affairs he knew practically nothing. Intellectually he stood no higher than the average well-to-do countryman in Germany; but, in the matter of temperament, character and outlook on life, the gulf between them was as wide and as deep as the Atlantic. The brooding, melancholy introspection, the resigned mystic fatalism, that is the heritage of the Teutonic farmer, were entirely lacking in the make-up of Benjamin Young. Nature to him was not a moody deity, inexorable in her decrees, a Power, sinister or smiling, against whose judgments it was blasphemy for mortals to protest or struggle. Rather, the sturdy old farmer faced Nature and her whims as he would an opponent in a game of checkers, accepting defeat with head high and a stiff upper lip, claiming for his own skill and pluck the greater part of the credit for the victories.

I loved to hear him talk of his boyhood days in the forties, of the trees that had yielded to his ax, of the game he had shot and the fish he had caught, of the log cabins he had helped to build, and the battles he had fought during the Civil War, which had cost him his arm. In his stories I caught glimpses of the vivid coloring of Cooper, Stowe and Mark Twain; in the daily life of the farm, barely two generations removed from the wilderness, I found the spiritual essence, greatly diluted, of the country of my dreams. On the Young farm I was at last in the real America.

It has been a long time since I left the rambling home of the Young family; but what I have seen, heard and observed since then has only strengthened the belief that the real, true American is not to be found in steel mills, factories and stores. His home is in the country, on the farm where the qualities that set America apart in the family of nations ever renew their youth and strength from contact with clean American soil. I cannot conceive of a deep-rooted love and attachment for an industrial America; nor do I believe that mill and factory will ever be able really to transform the European raw material into true Americans. The unostentatious democracy, the sturdy independence of thought and action, the mental and physical health that grow out of the soil of prairies, plains and valleys, are to my mind the very backbone of the American body politic. So long as this backbone's vigor is unimpaired, head, arms and legs will continue to function normally.

Within a week we were accepted almost as equals in the Young household. Otto became a great favorite with the two granddaughters and the hired girl because of his musical accomplishments. He played the piano with ready facility and he had the melodies of all the popular songs at his finger tips; bashfulness was not one of his failings, and his large brown eyes were capable of many tricks. After I had helped Mrs. Young graft her roses, having learned the art in my father's garden, the old man drafted me for orchard work.

I believe that both the farmer and his wife began to have a very good opinion of my capabilities and character; yet I never felt entirely at ease. Strive as I might, I could not wholly extinguish a feeling of superiority and mental condescension toward those round me; unconsciously I was still regarding them from the class standpoint of the German student, considering them as mere farmers, intellectually and socially beneath me. On the other hand I was also painfully conscious of the fact that, far from being a German student, I was merely a *Landstreicher*—a hobo—received with suspicion and working for day's wages.

I should have felt considerably better had I known at the time that American college students often earn their keep in the fields during the summer vacations and do not hesitate to conserve precious dollars by riding in side-door Pullmans. But I knew nothing whatsoever concerning the habits of American students. Torn between conflicting emotions, vacillating from aristocratic hauteur to self-belittling humility, I had an exceedingly uncomfortable time of it whenever the younger members of the household were round.

Though I was totally unaware of it, the people on the farm were giving me an object lesson in the meaning of real democracy. The Melting Pot was at work; inherited prejudices were being rendered fluid that they might rise to the surface to be skimmed off—and the process hurt. Until I had found the real America on the farm I had remained an aristocrat at heart, even while I was aflame with the fire of the red revolution. Now I was learning that character is the acid test in a true democracy; that a high, well-born descent and a grand education may conceivably become a hindrance rather than a help.

Anyway, when Otto became restless after a month and suggested that a stationary rock acquires no polish, I agreed with him, and we took our leave.

Hurt on a Side-Door Pullman

WE CROSSED Ohio, visited Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, dropped south to Wheeling, and meandered west again, doing as little work as possible. The spell of the open road was on us and it would not let us rest.

Late in October we decided to spend the winter in Florida. The nights were growing disagreeably chilly. An empty cattle car carried us, sleepless on account of the cold, the full length of a division. But the new crew was not accommodating. We had to abandon our nest and take to the brake beams. My eyelids weighed a ton as I stretched out on the broad timber, clinging to a rod with my left hand and bedding my face on the right. My body cried aloud for sleep, yet I dared not close my eyes. It might mean death. I fought to keep awake until I could fight no more.

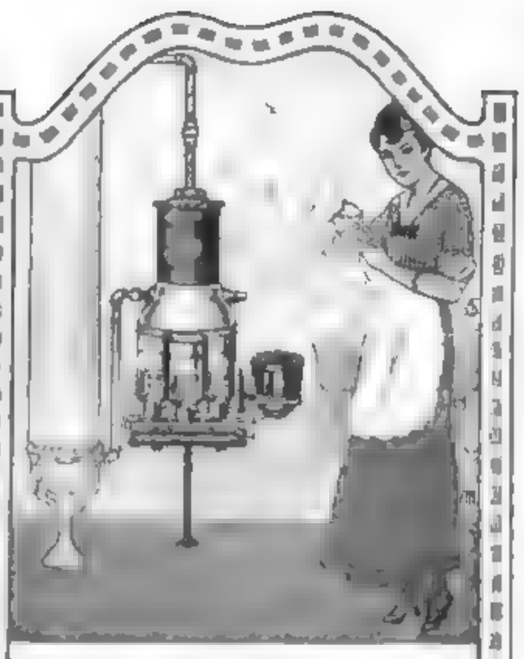
A fierce, excruciating pain shot through my right hand. I woke with a scream of fright, trembling from head to foot. During the short nap my right hand had dropped from the beam directly on the rail, the extended thumb on the outside, and the revolving car wheel had torn and crushed half an inch of skin and flesh before the hand was jerked back.

Afraid to let go with the left hand, shaken by violent spasms of fear, the right arm aching clear to the shoulder, I lay on the brake beam for what seemed to be an eternity before the train came to a stop. Otto was two cars ahead. Before I could force my trembling legs to his hiding place the train started off again. I stood alone in the night, my right hand useless—a stranger in a strange land.

Three weeks later I climbed out of an open coal car in a cold, drizzling rain, dirty, hungry, with chattering teeth, and soles worn to the uppers. I was back in Chicago, with thirty-five cents in my pocket and winter coming on.

The essential difference between the Old World and the New is that the European, including the Britisher, knows his place, and the American does not. The American may be foreordained to die a street sweeper, but he does not believe it until the evidence is all in; and the last stroke of his broom will be a bitter protest against the injustice of a biased Providence. The European street sweeper does not rail against his fate. He was born under the sign of the

"Would You be Willing to Grant to Myself and My Companion the Shelter of Your Hayloft?"



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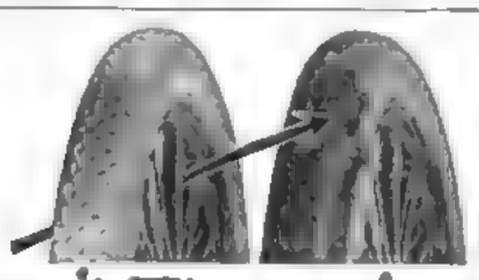

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broom and he accepts the inevitable, as his father did before him, exceptions merely confirming the rule. Knee and tongue he bends to those above, and his wife lifts nose and eyebrows as she passes the spouse of the bootblack from the rear flat.

But when these knee benders and eyebrow lifters with the pliant tongues come to America to stay and work, the first contact with the New World soil sends a galvanic shock through them that stiffens every joint from the knee up, takes the kinks out of their spines, and gives a new, hard edge to their tongues. Despite the immemorial heritage of feudalism, serfdom and class distinction, they become militant democrats with the small d—long before they discover that E Pluribus Unum is not the President of the United States. Among immigrants—English servants excepted—democracy develops as naturally as the normal baby's appetite for safety pins. Often it breaks through the layer of reverence and obedience with such force that the immigrant forgets his manners and confounds boorishness with brotherhood.

I had come to the United States with no intention to stay. I did not want to be melted down. The only liberty that appealed to me was stamped upon round disks of bright metal. Kings, princes, titles, compulsory military service and class distinctions seemed as meet, proper and natural to me as long ears on a donkey. I did not flee from oppression. In Germany, as a student of philosophy, I had been somebody, with pride of position and family, to sustain which I had set out to acquire a flock of American eagles in a hurry.

I had been in the United States almost a year and a half. I had not been getting on; in fact, at the moment of which I write I was broke, jobless, friendless, tired, wet, cold, hungry—and in Chicago, with Thanksgiving banging on the door. I had every reason to long for the warm, cozy niche I left in Germany, to curse the New World and all its institutions; yet the thought of returning to the safe, confining walls of the stuffy German niche was repugnant to me. The crucible had done its work. In its heat the bonds of class feeling had melted away, setting free the clear spring of democracy that sparkled and flowed in the Teutonic forests before feudalism covered it.

The remodeling of the German mind on the American plan started the day I left the steamer at New York. In Germany the principal occupation of my right hand—and of everybody else's right hand—had been the removal of hat or cap in more or less deferential salute. Everybody was always taking his hat off to everybody. Respect was in the air, especially in that portion confined beneath the headgear, and it had to be shown.

A New Kind of Job

In America, contrariwise, every hat seemed to be permanently glued to its owner's dome. During the first week I wondered whether it was removed during the period of rest and slumber. No man took his hat off to any other man; nay, he did not even deign to lift the lid in the sacred precincts of a bank! Within forty-eight hours my right hand had learned its first lesson in American democracy.

The hat business is worrying me to this day. I know good breeding requires a bared head when entering an office; yet it is difficult for me to obey the inner voice. Even in a man's private office I hate to uncover my auburn mop for fear that the action might be interpreted as an admission of inferiority. I believe I have observed the same conflict between good manners and militant democracy, the same painful question whether to lift or not to lift, in the faces of many visitors who come into my office.

Democracy, after all, is not wholly free of problems in etiquette.

But I brought back to Chicago more than a constitutional aversion to hat raising. Eighteen months in America had rearranged my entire attitude toward the problems of life. Overtaken by a similar predicament in Germany, I should have ceased swimming, gone with the current. In America there was hope; and where there's hope there's a wriggle. During the four months spent in the clean air of the country my mental edifice had been cleared of its German metaphysical cobwebs. I was determined to make a new start, and this time I wanted a job with an outlet upward, not based on my ability to speak German. Since I had definitely cut all transatlantic ties I resolved to disregard hyphenated opportunities.

Luck was with me. In the Male Help Wanted columns of an afternoon paper's first edition I discovered an advertisement calling for the services of a reliable young man on a newspaper route. Fifteen dollars a month and board was offered. Applicants were to meet Mr. J. Berko, of W. Randolph Street, the same afternoon at four-thirty. I broke into a swinging lope for the West Side.

J. Berko, late of Berlin, was waiting in the saloon. I did not like him. He was an undersized runt, with the close-set, beady black eyes of a rat, and his resemblance to the rodent was enhanced by the cruel, thin-lipped mouth, the long nose and the low, retreating forehead. Evidently the antipathy was not mutual, for Berko hired me on the spot. Within an hour I was installed in a small room furnished with an ancient wooden bed, on which a relief map of the Rocky Mountains did duty as a mattress. One seatless chair, one washstand, one low ceiling, and an odoriferous panorama of the manure pile in the coal-and-feed yard next door completed the furnishings. Since the hour of my rising would henceforth be two-forty-five A. M.—except on Sundays, when it was an hour earlier—I retired to the peaks and vales of the mattress immediately after supper.

Learning Carroll's Route

It seemed barely five minutes before the shrill voice of Berko's mother penetrated to my consciousness. Climbing out of bed, with heavy eyes and chattering teeth, I dressed without washing and hurried into the warm room. Two cups of coffee and a plate of doughnuts stood on the red tablecloth in the yellow circle of lamplight. In the shadow by the crackling stove sat Berko's mother, elbows on her knees, face leaning against her hands, staring moodily into vacancy. On the shelf alongside of her stood a can of asthma powder, the fumes of which she inhaled whenever an attack began to squeeze the breath out of her lungs. For many mornings thereafter I stepped out of my bedroom's low door into the same picture.

We drove down Washington Street in Berko's two-wheeled cart, collected the papers fresh from the presses, cursing those that were late, sorted them out into the various bundles for the carriers, and started back. Just beyond the Randolph Street bridge a tall individual with a white goatee and a keen hawk nose, a pipe hanging negligently from one corner of his mouth, stepped into the light of a street lamp as we pulled up to the curb. It was the carrier whom I was to replace.

"Here's the route book and a bunch of new orders for the Trib," said Berko coldly as he pulled the heavy bundle of papers out of the cart. "This is the new man. Show him the route thoroughly and take your time. He'll have to go it alone to-morrow."

"With pleasure, my dear Mr. Berkowitz," replied the carrier sarcastically. "I hope your new employee will have smaller difficulty in learning his route than I had in collecting my wages. Good-by, Mr. Berkowitz!" he added loudly as my boss lashed the horse into a gallop.

Carroll, my predecessor and instructor, led the way through the darkness. He showed me the slits through which the papers had to be pushed, the mats under which they were to be hidden, the sills over which they would slide; taught me how to roll and bend the sheets until they could be tossed clear to the fifth story without disintegrating; pointed out the short cuts and indicated the saloons where a diplomatic word might be expected to produce liquid results.

Carroll and I delivered the last paper at half past seven. In my new home a substantial breakfast stood on the table, Berko was eating, with a paper propped against his glass, and his mother sat by the stove, bent over a saucer from which the smoke of burning asthma powder rose.

"Make it all right?" growled Berko.

I nodded and sat down.

Berko took his paper and hurled it to the floor, swearing.

"They're all alike—these women!" He glared malevolently at his mother's bent and racked form. "Sit round and do nothing; that's what they want."

He fairly screamed at the old woman. Slowly turning her distorted face she gave him one look, her eyes so filled with tragic

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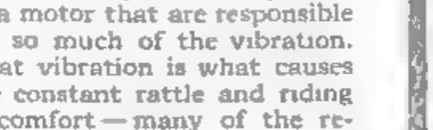

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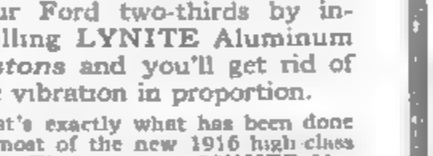

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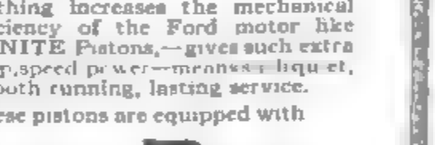

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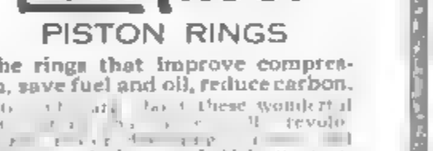

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bitterness, suffering and mute appeal that the son subsided.

After breakfast I learned that Mrs. Berko was part of her son's carrier force. She delivered seventy papers every morning between five and six, before she started breakfast; and she had dared to express the opinion that she no longer felt equal to the task.

After tending to the horse I slept for three hours. In the afternoon I drove downtown again with Berko, collected the evening papers, and learned Carroll's route. The second morning, when I started out alone, guided only by the route book, I managed to get through by eight-fifteen, with two papers left in the sack, which should have been empty. Evidently I had overlooked two customers. Berko looked at his watch and the bag, and scowled. With true American indifference to the feelings of the boss, I yawned in his face. He remained silent.

Within a week I was delivering the same number of papers as my predecessor in thirty minutes' less time. When I knew the route thoroughly I planned further reductions. Carroll had started off carrying the papers for half of the route with him, and the load was heavy. I divided the route into four parts, had Berko divide my papers into the same number of bundles and leave three of them in certain hiding places along the route. At the end of the first month I took care of Carroll's former route, delivered the seventy papers Mrs. Berko had carried, and still got through shortly after seven. Berko raised my wages to twenty dollars a month and intrusted me with part of his collections three days in the week. I was getting on.

During my collection trips I was also getting onto a number of new peculiarities in the lives of the natives round me. The lack of thrift in the average American workman's family really worried me. Scores of them took only a penny afternoon paper; yet I had to keep after them every week in order not to let the bill amount beyond six cents. Not infrequently even this small amount proved too great a strain on the exchequer of families whose heads brought home from fifteen to twenty dollars every week. In Germany my father received his salary once every three months and paid for his paper once a year. A dozen old German families along my route still sent an annual check directly to the publishers of the German dailies, but our American subscribers became highly indignant if the bill was allowed to run longer than a month.

Max and Moritz in America

What these American households did with the money I never found out to my complete satisfaction. I don't believe anybody ever has. I suspect, though, that a large part of the average workman's money sticks to the bottom of the pan in which the nightly "short order" of chops and steaks is fried; and the empty interior of the convenient time-and-labor-saving tin can must have a close relation to the chronic emptiness of the family treasury. The covered pot that simmers on the slow fire hour after hour has preserved the health and filled the savings banks of Germany and France. If America should ever go to war and compulsory saving become necessary, the confiscation of every frying pan from Maine to California would be the easiest, simplest remedy. There is more than nourishment in the "goulash cannons" of the German Army.

My American horizon grew as my world horizon narrowed down. The mere acreage of the American papers ceased to scare me, now that I felt their physical weight. Through the German papers I had waded religiously, beginning with the double-leaded editorial in column one, page one, through the stenographic report of the Reichstag debates, to the final betrothal announcement on the last page.

Now I learned to leap nimbly like a goat across the vast plains of the American journals, skipping lightly from scare head to cartoon.

With tears of joy I discovered the tremendous debt American journalism owes German art and literature. In that greatest of American popular institutions, the comic supplement, I came across two old, old friends, Max and Moritz, the record of whose daring, naughty adventures, as set down by Wilhelm Busch, every German child absorbs, even before the Leatherstocking tales and Robinson Crusoe. True, Max and Moritz changed their names to Hans and Fritz when they came to America, but they could not deny their ancestry. Their faces and their deeds betrayed their hyphenated origin.

I was getting twenty dollars a month and board; I grew to know the business as well as the owner knew it. I learned to drink whisky without choking; to read American papers and to enjoy them. I ceased to size up every woman as a possible buyer of a wringer on installments, peeked round among the daughters of the land and found them very fair; but, nevertheless, I was not content. I felt disgustedly superior to my surroundings; I knew that I could and would rise far above them, thanks to the newly acquired American optimism and flexibility; but progress was so infernally slow. Periods of black, teeth-grinding despondency came over me again. When spring came the call of the open road was strong in my ears; but I stuck it out. And late in the summer I was the owner of Berko's paper route.

Berko's Family Life

Berko was wooing fortune and a fair lady. Both belonged to a retired German building contractor. In order to gain leisure and the girl, Berko needed time, strength, sleep and money. He took these things from his mother and myself. He made her deliver part of his share of the route until I voluntarily assumed her burden. Hiring an additional high-school boy, Berko stayed in bed to preserve his energies for the siege of the girl's heart and her father's money. He fell behind in his payments, both of my wages and for the papers he sold. He became irritable, swore at his mother until I feared he would strike her. She sat by the stove, her asthma powder handy, brooding hour after hour.

One morning she dressed in her best clothes and departed soon after breakfast. Lunch was late that day and Berko roared. His mother placed the meal on the table in her usual silence. An unopened can of sardines roused his wrath.

"Been gossiping round all morning, eh?" he sneered. "Can't even open a sardine can any more, eh? You're getting ripe for the place where the county keeps its old ladies. Just wait! I'll put you where you won't have anything to do but gossip all day."

The shriveled woman turned round, placed both her bony, work-worn hands on the table, and leaned far forward, bringing her eyes close to her son's face. A gleam of triumph flashed out of them.

"You! You'll put me in the poorhouse so you can get that girl and her money!" She forced the words out between closed teeth. "You ——"

Without finishing the sentence she went back to her accustomed seat. Her son flung himself out of the house.

He did not return for supper. The mother went from one choking spell into another. In the midst of an attack Berko returned, preceded by a strong odor of whisky. The moment he entered he broke into a German song, planting himself in front of his mother and bawling at the top of his voice. Halfway through the first verse he stopped and fixed his beady eyes intently on his mother's quivering shoulders.

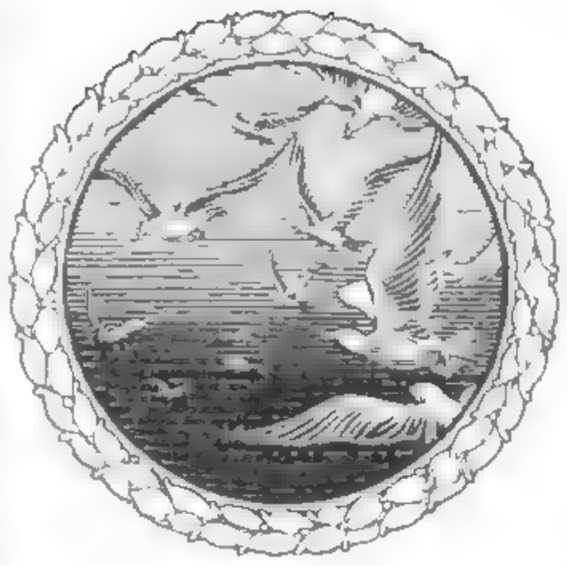
"She handed me a basket. Got kicked out by the old man," he muttered thickly. "Do you hear me? Kicked out. I say!" he leaned down and brought his mouth to the woman's ear:

"Answer me, woman! Did you have anything to do with it?"

The sick woman painfully straightened up, her hands clutching her throat. The hollow, whistling moans of one vainly fighting for breath came out of her wide-open mouth and a purplish tint covered her features; but her eyes glowed with wild joy, and the bluish lips drew themselves into a hideous grin before the tortured lungs forced her back to the refuge of the powder fumes.

Berko raised his fist as if to strike, thought better of it, and threw himself on the couch, fully dressed. In two minutes he was snoring. As I stepped out into my own room I saw Mrs. Berko's thin shoulders shake with an unusual motion. She had had her revenge.

Two weeks later, on the first day of September, I quit Berko's employ after giving him six days' notice. With me I took twenty-two dollars collected that morning. Though I had coming to me over forty dollars in unpaid wages, Berko's mother refused to let me go out of the house unless I first



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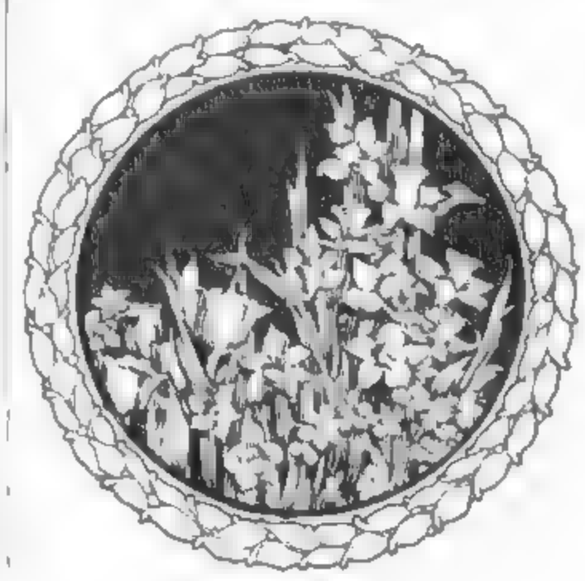

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gave her the money I had taken in. She locked the door of my room while I was packing, mounted guard, and threatened to scream for help if I should try to break out. Hence I retired through the window, over the odoriferous manure pile and out through the feedyard. The same afternoon I was hired by the circulators of two of the morning papers to supply their customers in the district covered by Berko's route. They wanted to get rid of Berko and refused to sell him their papers.

That evening I was arrested on a warrant sworn out by Berko, charging me with the larceny of twenty-two dollars. I spent six hours in the "tank" of the Harrison Street Police Station before the circulator of the paper bailed me out. If there remained with me any lingering remnant of the idea that police persecution was a romantic affair, those six hours with an assorted collection of drunks, dope fiends, tramps and minor offenders forever dispelled the notion. I kept as near the door as I could, and I almost burst into tears of joy when the grinning face of my rescuer was thrust through the opening. When I dream of hell, even now, the place always appears in the guise of the well-filled tank of an American police station.

They do it differently in Germany. They do not mix young and old, sinner and novice, sick and well, drunk and sober, indiscriminately; in fact, they have very little business in the police courts, and none of it is transacted before a gaping crowd.

Two weeks later Berko surrendered. Without the two principal morning papers he could not make his route pay. He offered to sell what was left of it, including horse and wagon, for two hundred dollars. I bought the business with money advanced by one of the papers. When the bill of sale was signed I drew a deep breath and patted myself on the back approvingly. I fully appreciated what I had accomplished in two years. It wasn't every friendless, moneyless immigrant who could in so short a time acquire a business of his own, including horse and wagon, gain the respect and confidence of big papers, and become an employer of labor. Completely forgetting my once militant communistic ideals, I went out to feed my eyes on my new, sole and undisputed property, the horse and cart.

Now began the two hardest years of my life. At two-forty-five every morning, Sundays excepted, the electric alarm clock broke loose; on Sundays it rang at one A. M., since the weight of the Sunday papers and the necessity of "stuffing" the different parts into one another required more time. After breakfast I pored for an hour over the account books; I went collecting until two P. M., brought the afternoon papers out, divided them among the boys who worked for me, delivered a hundred and fifty myself, collected until suppertime, and went at the books again until nine P. M. On Saturday I frequently worked until midnight straightening out the carriers' route books, lay down fully dressed for an hour, and worked until nine Sunday morning. On Sundays I usually slept from the belated breakfast until dinner, sat round until six, and crawled into the sheets again. My dreams of Paradise, of Sybaritic luxury, in this period centered exclusively round that state of infinite bliss in which no one would be compelled to tumble out of bed before five A. M. I honestly believed that never again, so long as I lived, would I be able to remain in bed after six.

Partnership Troubles

Expansion and consolidation filled the air those days. The fever caught me. Forming a partnership with the owner of the route adjoining mine to the west, we merged our holdings and acquired a third property touching ours on the north, beyond the railroad tracks; but the work did not become one ounce lighter. For the services rendered I paid myself fifteen dollars a week. My partner, being twenty-five years older and much wiser, handled the finances, applying the monthly surplus to the payments for the additional route we had bought. When this route was paid for the acquisition of a new cart and a new horse became necessary.

Apparently there was a new hole every month for every dollar that was left over when all expenses had been met. Like so many other business men, I only thought I was making money. We kept no general set of books—not even a bank book. My partner kept the firm's cash in a cast-iron box, hidden somewhere in his home. As a result I had as much control over the partnership's money as the average American citizen has over the expenditure of his money by Congress.

After two years of early rising I was neither healthy, wealthy nor wise. On the contrary, a working day of sixteen hours for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year had robbed me of my round, red German cheeks, sapped my vitality, put no money in my pockets, and added nothing to my mental equipment. So I decided to sell out and quit. Miehle, my partner, dissented. We compromised. I disposed of that part of the consolidated route which I had brought into the merger, the buyer agreeing to pay three hundred and fifty dollars. Unfortunately the deal was put through in the name of the firm—the bill of sale was made out by the firm—and Miehle received the purchase price.

When I called at his house to get the money he produced pen and ink, bent his head over the blank form until his near-sighted eyes were a scant two inches from the paper, wrote out a receipt and handed it to me to sign. It acknowledged the payment of one hundred and seventy-five dollars!

I gurgled and stuttered my protest.

"Ain't we partners?" Miehle answered, calm as a frozen lake. "Don't I git half of everything what comes in?"

Stunned by his total disregard of our verbal agreement concerning the division of the property, I countered by laying claim to half of his own route.

"Sure thing! Half of it is yours," he replied with a broad grin. "Come round to-morrow morning and deliver half the papers. And when I sell out you get half the money."

The Smell of Printers' Ink

From this view of our partnership affairs he declined to recede one inch. Accepting the amount he offered, I departed, vowing vengeance. I never got it. Though I obtained judgment against Miehle for two hundred and ninety dollars, he appealed; and for all I know the appeal is still pending. Long before the case was tried I shook the Chicago smell out of my nostrils and went elsewhere, taking with me an opinion of the American judicial system that has not changed since.

For a month after the consummation of the sale I spent most of my time sleeping and collecting the amounts still due me from my customers. This pleasant labor brought my cash assets to more than three hundred dollars. In an effort to make it three thousand—at odds of fifteen to one—my prophetic powers failed, the steed of my choice almost landed in fourth place, and my capital shrank to a hundred dollars.

That amount, though, was not the sole fruit of my two years' hard labor. I had smelled printers' ink, watched the presses go round and, from the corridor in front of the circulation department, had heard the clatter of typewriters and the tap-tap of telegraph instruments. I determined to become a journalist. With sublime faith I exchanged fifty perfectly good dollars for a correspondence course in a school of journalism, rented a second-hand typewriter, and went to work writing copy that was never printed. At last I had a real object and goal.

After four and a half years in America my visible and audible assets consisted of twenty-seven dollars in cash, a wide English vocabulary, a Boston accent acquired in the German classroom, and a certificate proclaiming to the world that the owner thereof had successfully completed the correspondence course in journalism offered by the International Press Society. I also had a pasteboard card certifying that I was a duly accredited representative of this same Press Society.

I had made up my mind to call on the city editor of every paper in Chicago to offer my pen; but the subconscious memory of the endless rebuffs I had endured when I had to make a living by selling wringers on easy payments, during my greenhorn year, came to the surface again and made it impossible for me to confront the masters of my destiny face to face. I compromised. I wrote them all a nice long letter, stating my qualifications in full detail.

The one reply came from the Tribune. It was a printed slip saying that my application for employment on the editorial staff

(Continued on Page 37)

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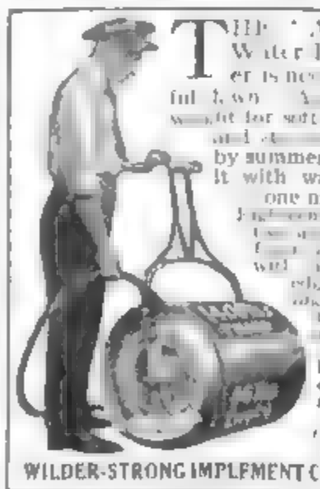

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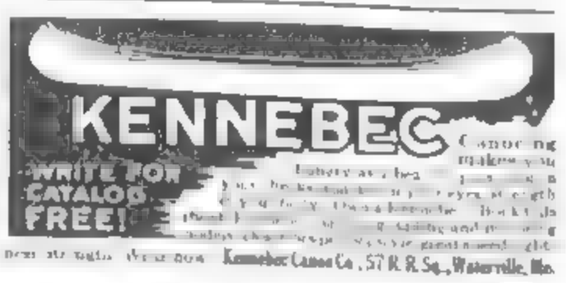

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The oil that has the *body* to seal tight the clearance of the pistons and to give the entire force of the explosion to the running of the car;
The increased-mileage, increased-power oil, is

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It is still unique in that alignment which makes for the harmonious action of its units.

It is still unique in its balance and in the scientific allotment of its weight.

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Cadillac
Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 34)

had been placed on file and would be considered when it was reached on the waiting list. I felt mighty cheerful for two days. When they came round to my letter the job was as good as landed—I was sure of that. A few days later it occurred to me to make inquiries concerning the size of the waiting list. Nine hundred and sixty-two applications were ahead of mine! I, therefore, extended my correspondence and offered my services to hundreds of cabalistic combinations of numbers and letters appearing underneath advertisements asking for clerks of all kinds and varieties. I even inserted a want ad, stating that a well-educated young man, speaking English, German and French fluently, wanted a position, with small wages and large chances of advancement. When my capital was down to two dollars I capitulated and became a "professor" in a school of languages.

The establishment was one of a chain of genteel language schools scattered throughout America and Europe. Its faculty consisted of male white slaves, educated immigrants who, like myself, tried to sell intellectual gymnastics in a market screaming for practical craftsmanship. Most of the professors laboring in these language stores were graduates of European universities, men of intellect and erudition, who earned ten to fourteen dollars a week and trembled when Monsieur le Directeur beckoned them into his office. They knew what it meant to be stranded penniless in a strange land.

My colleagues on the faculty were the senior professor of German, as pedantic and thorough as only a German can be; a Spaniard, with a long, lugubrious English face; an excitable little Frenchman; and the director, also French. Since English was at a premium and its use positively prohibited during lessons, French was the medium in which the various nationalities communicated with one another.

I made good almost without effort. So well was the management pleased with my work that my pay was raised to twelve dollars a week and I was transferred to St. Louis. There I played a dual rôle. Besides teaching German, I was appointed professor of English, introduced under the name of Wilson, and put in charge of two classes of foreigners anxious to perfect their knowledge of the natives' language. From St. Louis I was sent to Memphis until I was recalled to Chicago, where a Franco-German war had broken out. A new director had been appointed during my absence, the director had quarreled with Hagermann, the senior German pedant, and Hagermann had opened a rival school.

An Interesting Proposal

When I saw the new director I realized why the sword had been forced into meek Hagermann's hands. Douriez was a petty tyrant, who loved to show his authority over those in his power. He delighted in pussyfooting, darted suddenly round corners, and peered through keyholes to see whether his many instructions were obeyed to the letter. The palms of his hands were almost worn to the bone from constant rubbing; his conversation with patrons of the schools was punctuated by continuous bows, so humble and deep that his spine seemed to be made of rubber—until he confronted his underlings, when it turned into cast iron. His manner might have overawed me in Europe, but as a free American citizen I resented the cracking of his whip.

I felt in my bones that a hyphenated war on neutral American soil was inevitable. It came sooner than I expected, and in consequence of it I lost my position.

Since I did not like teaching anyway, I accepted the loss of the job philosophically; but I resolved that my next position would be on the staff of a newspaper. It was. I became the local staff of a hyphenated daily.

During my soliciting days I had sold a rug to the wife of a newspaper man working on one of the Chicago German papers. I had become slightly acquainted with him and he knew of my desire to become a journalist. When I reached home I found a note requesting me to call at his office. I hurried there on the wings of hope. When I burst breathlessly into his office he looked up, his tired eyes hidden beneath a long green shade.

"Would you like to become city editor of the Tageblatt, in ——" He named a community of a hundred thousand a night's ride from Chicago. "Wedekind, the owner, has asked me to find a live young newspaper man for him and I've recommended you. He'll be here Monday." Would I? I wrung my friend's hand until he grew embarrassed.

The wind was from the south that day, but the stockyard perfume was attar of roses in my nostrils. Never before had I noticed how beautiful Chicago really was. Even the roar of the elevated was music to my ears. I was the happiest youth in seven counties—until I took stock of the journalistic accomplishments that would qualify me for the responsible position of city editor. Cold perspiration began to break out all over my body. But I had not learned to play poker in vain. I resolved to bluff it through.

On Monday afternoon I met the publisher in his room in the most expensive downtown hotel. Wedekind looked me over appraisingly.

"I need a wide-awake man to handle the local news," he began in excellent English. "Will you please tell me what experience you have had in newspaper work?"

I swallowed hard—twice—before I answered.

"I have been in the newspaper business for more than two years," I said. After all, the delivery service was a most important part of a newspaper.

"What papers have you worked for?"

I named three of the Chicago dailies and added that I had been the Chicago representative of the International Press Society. His face brightened.

German-American Journalism

"That is fine!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Ever since I acquired the Tageblatt I have wanted a man with training on English papers to put some life into the sheet and make it modern. But can you write German?"

Having reassured him on this point we came to terms. I was to report the following Monday at the Tageblatt office. He was to send a railroad pass for the trip, and my compensation was to be fifteen dollars a week, with a raise to twenty the moment I showed that I had made good. When I packed I burned the certificate from the correspondence school.

My heart pounded like a trip hammer as I entered the Tageblatt office promptly at eight the following Monday. Would the mask be torn off my face? Would the keen eyes of my new colleagues detect my inexperience at once? How did reporters get the news, anyway? What were the functions of a city editor? I shivered when I thought of my bluff's enormity.

I might have spared myself the worry. The eyes of the Tageblatt staff never discovered my journalistic ignorance; they were too weak and too busy. The staff consisted of Doctor Knorr, sixty-nine, the editorial writer, and Captain Pfeil, seventy-one, the telegraph editor. Both were veterans of the period when German journalism in the United States was in its golden age; when it produced men of whom Carl Schurz and the elder Pulitzer were the greatest, though there were other luminaries of exceptional brilliance. These men had been a real power—is it presumptuous on the part of a hyphenated American to say "for good"?—in the three decades between 1860 and 1890, when German immigration was at its height. They had guided and instructed hundreds of thousands of newcomers, molded their ideals after the pattern hammered out in the white heat of the Civil War. They spoke proudly of the days when a reporter was a real reporter, writing his own copy with his own pencil, before the telephone made of reporting a mechanical operation.

They received the newcomer kindly, with warm handclasps, welcomed him as a brother craftsman—and turned to their tasks again. They were old, slow, and the press could not be kept waiting. From them I need fear no interference or criticism. The owner was of the more modern type of German-Americans. Married to a native daughter, with influential connections, he spoke English by preference, looked after the business end and cared only about the finished product; the processes of the editorial department did not interest him. Of him, likewise, I need not be afraid. He would never think of questioning my professional standing.

There remained only my predecessor, who, having succeeded in convincing the campaign leaders of the dominant party that he habitually carried eighty per cent of the German vote in his vest pocket, had

The desire to create the very best is augmented by the eagerness of every worker in our shops to maintain for

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

the unbroken record for supremacy that has been enjoyed during Sixty-One Years Of Knowing How.

THE STEIN BLOCH COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors Rochester, N. Y.

Style Panels Mailed on Request

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Wholesale Tailors
REGISTERED 1908

THIS LABEL STANDS FOR "SIXTY-ONE YEARS OF KNOWING HOW"

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

"Atmosphere"

You feel the difference at once—the indefinable air, distinctive, but informal, which makes Hotel La Salle a *home*, however long or short your stay. In name, it carries the finest traditions of the past; in service, it stands for the highest present progress.

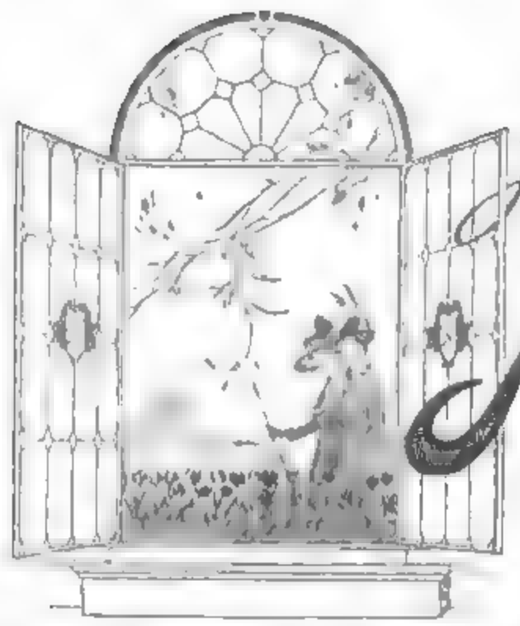
RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two connecting rooms with bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO

The only Hotel in Chicago maintaining floor clerks and individual service on every floor



Get Your Styles Direct from Where they Originate—

National "HIGHWAY"

Six and Twelve Cylinder Cars are Style Motors

EVERY business has its style center—has certain designers who originate. For every originator there are many imitators. Many *National* originated styles are copied. *National* builders create [illegible] advance improvements both for the efficiency of mechanism and for the rider's luxury and appearance.

National built the first American Sixes; was a pioneer with the left-side drive, with the streamline body, with the twelve-cylinder motor, etc.; and set the world's standard for speed and stamina in stock cars. *National* styles are leaders—they dominate—they attract. Yet, in all of the many styles originated by *National* there is one central idea—one, *something* that is strictly *National*. It is notable in all *National* cars. *National* styles have a definite meaning and are not made simply for sales impetus.

Only because of fifteen years of experience is *National* able to offer the new Highway models, creations of unusual beauty and intrinsic worth, at such modest prices. Why not appear in public in "America's best looking car"?

Highway "Six" $1690 Highway "Twelve" $1990 Newport "Six" $2375

Ask any *National* dealer or write direct for details of Six or Twelve

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY, Indianapolis, Indiana

The Grand Prize at the San Francisco Panama-Pacific Exposition was awarded to

Waltham Watches

This is the highest possible award and the only one of the class. In addition we received five gold medals and one silver medal.

At the great world expositions, wherever exhibited, Waltham Watches have received highest awards.

The English language is free to all, and the words, "precise", "best" and "reliable" can be used by any watch manufacturer with impunity. Rather than indulge in a battle of adjectives we prefer to point out that, where scientific tests are made and where the judgment of watch experts is encountered, Waltham Watches are invariably chosen as being the most accurate and dependable of all timepieces.

Such evidence is not a mere claim—it is proof.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
Waltham, Mass.

been rewarded for this assertion with a nice little sinecure in the City Hall. He was in the middle thirties, wore long hair, a pointed beard, glasses and a short pipe with a curved stem. This man—Hagen was his name—unwittingly solved for me the mystery that surrounded the technic of the actual gathering of news.

"Come on! Let's make the rounds," he suggested when Wedekind, the publisher, had introduced me. "I know everybody in town and I'll show you the ropes."

I took the first deep breath in a week and inwardly promised to be grateful forever. Hagen took me down to the health department, introduced me to the commissioner and his entire force, and showed me the blanks from which to copy the daily grist of births and deaths. Crossing the corridor we entered the police court, where Hagen commended me to the judge, the clerk and the bailiffs. He did not forget to call my attention to the docket and urged the clerk not to hold out any stories on me. Through every office we meandered, establishing connections and getting acquainted with the sources of news.

In the courthouse I shook hands with all the superior-court judges and their clerks, accepted a cigar offered me by the county attorney—the very official whose prosecuting function had been the object of my bloodiest hatred a few years before—chatted with the sheriff, and looked into the eyes of the grizzled police chief without flinching. I received curt nods from two mighty, appointed Federal judges, watched the postmaster at work, and penetrated into the private office occupied by the chief justice of the Supreme Court of the state. My reception everywhere could not have been more cordial.

It almost made me dizzy. Here I was, an immigrant earning fifteen dollars a week, representing a paper printed in a foreign language, an erstwhile anarchist, who would have been marked unto the grave in the Fatherland, shaking hands and talking with the highest officials of a great state on terms of equality. Such a proceeding would have been unthinkable in Germany. I had to smile as I thought of the furtive, anxious, bowing and scraping teachers who in their spare moments gathered the local news for our favorite home paper in Germany. Even I, a mere high-school boy, with only the prospect of a university career, had treated them with a certain condescension.

As never before, I realized on that day the depth to which the roots of democracy have penetrated the loose American soil. That day also opened my eyes to the tremendous power wielded by the press over the political fortunes of public officials; I sensed that the extent of this power was known full well to the aforesaid functionaries.

After the last form had been sent to the press that afternoon Hagen took me to the reporters' room in the City Hall and introduced me to my colleagues from the English papers.

"You want to cultivate them," he advised. "It's an impossibility for you to cover the entire city. And if you're on good terms with the boys they'll protect you; so that you won't miss any of the big stories."

The Headline Artist

It was plain sailing after the first day. Within a month I was so sure of my footing that I ventured to encroach on the domain of the telegraph editor, Captain Pfeil's first page. The headlines he wrote did not suit me. No two of them were alike, either in size, style of type or number of subheads. The captain merely wrote them and allowed the foreman of the composing room to set them up in any manner he pleased, hit or miss. Having seen a chart containing samples of every head on the copy desk of an afternoon daily, I proceeded to work out a similar scheme for the Tageblatt. Captain Pfeil growled at first when I suggested the innovation, but when he saw the first page in its new typographical dress he acquiesced readily. Wedekind, the owner, expressed such lively satisfaction with the result that I ventured to throw out a hint concerning the high cost of living and the promised raise. It came three weeks later when I found seventeen instead of fifteen dollars in my envelope.

For the short, deep-chested telegraph editor I developed a genuine affection. Life had not been gentle with him. Old age found him where youth had left him—working for small wages; but there was no trace of bitterness in the old man's soul. He had preserved through all the vicissitudes a childlike simplicity, a sunny smile and a warm heart. It was rare that he talked of himself. When he did I listened with rapt attention. He had come to the United States in the fifties and drifted to Saginaw when stumps still stood in the streets of the settlement.

He spoke of the hunting and fishing in the old days until my mouth watered; he described the picturesque life on the Mississippi; told of adventures on plains and prairies so vividly that my boyhood picture of America stood forth in all its resplendent colors.

It was only by accident that I discovered the origin of Pfeil's military title. He had served for three years with the Union forces in the Civil War, rising to the command of a battery and fighting until a shell tore away half of his left forearm. He wore his left sleeve far down over the knuckles of his hand. Of his exploits in the war he never spoke.

"Let others do the bragging," he retorted impatiently when pressed.

Only once did I hear him tell of the war, and on that occasion I learned that the impressions of the great period were still the strongest and freshest of his long life.

An Uphill Pull

Like Captain Pfeil, German journalism in the United States is living on its memories. The Old Guard of readers is vanishing faster every year, and German immigration has been shrinking until the new recruits can no longer fill the gaps in the ranks. There was a time when German-American journalism was second in power, numbers and influence to the native press only, but this distinction passed from it with the beginning of the New Immigration. It is the everlasting lament of the men who publish papers in foreign tongues that the second generation will not read the language of its parents; yet most of the foreign-language publishers I have known habitually converse in English. And that most important cog in the newspaper machinery, the advertising solicitor, need not be an accomplished linguist, no matter what the hyphen of the paper for which he works. All he needs is a strong line of conversation in colloquial American.

In the last ten years the ownership of nearly all the German-American papers has fallen into the hands of the native-born second generation. As a rule, these young American publishers know little of the German editorial workings and care less. Their principal interest centers in the result of the balance sheet. The old men who do the writing, make the paper and establish its policy feel this change and resent it. They know that the end of the institution they built is in sight; they see it crumbling before their eyes, dying inch by inch for lack of the nourishment which only new blood can bring.

On the inside of the German-American publications the atmosphere is funereal, depressing, hopeless. They know that growth is impossible—and they cannot fight against time. Similar conditions prevail in the Swedish, Norwegian and Danish publication offices; and the same fate awaits all hyphenated papers, no matter how prosperous they are for the moment. That is why they are fighting so desperately against any restriction of immigration. They know that the literacy test is only the entering wedge. Restricted immigration means slow strangulation, and nobody likes to be strangled.

On the Tageblatt, conditions were not quite so gloomy as I have seen them in other offices since. The circulation was holding up well. Of course the press did not start on scratch; the counting apparatus was pushed ahead a few notches before the cylinders began to revolve. But that seemed to be the universal practice of all newspapers, native and foreign, twelve years ago. Wedekind, the publisher, stood well in the community, had adequate capital and advertising support, and the paper was respected.

There came a time when I felt that this respect was undeserved. It was three months before the city election. A bitter campaign was about to begin. When I asked Wedekind which side we should support he laughed.

"Mum's the word! We are strictly independent," he said in a stage whisper. "Say nothing about the candidates until I give the word."

(Concluded on Page 41)

In these extraordinary times, the commanding figure in the retail world is that merchant who associates himself in the public eye with the house and the merchandise of unquestioned standards. For while any clothier in his advertising columns may *promise* definite quality at a definite price, his community knows that is only watery rhetoric unless *supported* by the product of one of those few makers who can fulfill the letter and the spirit of that pledge.

KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES

$15, $20, $25 and up to $40

garments of pure wool fabrics—easy metropolitan style—tailored in daylight shops—backed by the *unqualified* Kirschbaum guarantee.

Your name and address on a postcard will bring you a booklet containing illustrations of Kirschbaum styles for Spring and samples of fabrics used in the various models, together with prices for which they may be had at any store selling Kirschbaum Clothes

PHILADELPHIA A. B. KIRSCHBAUM COMPANY NEW YORK

RIGHT OF WAY

THE man who drives a Packard Twin-Six owns the road. His car is the accepted gauge of ability and value. Its twelve-cylinder motor is the master of any situation, whether that situation demand sustained racing speed, downright exertion, or the smoothest, softest action. In the service of more than 4,000 owners it has shattered all traditions of automobile sufficiency.

The Packard Twin-Six engine was a logical development by a company that for seventeen years has been the recognized leader of automobile progress. Now it has the clinching endorsement of the most exacting clientele in the world.

The Packard Motor Car Company repeats with greater emphasis than ever before:

"Ask the man who owns one"

THE "1-25"—WHEELBASE 125 INCHES. *With any Open Body, $2750, f. o. b. Detroit.*
THE "1-35"—WHEELBASE 135 INCHES. *With any Open Body, $3150, f. o. b. Detroit.*

Packard
TWIN-SIX

(Concluded from Page 38)

At that very moment he was asking for bids, and he made no bones about it. The best offer for the paper's influence had been a thousand dollars. Wedekind held out for fifteen hundred, finally compromising on twelve hundred. Fortunately the task of delivering the editorial goods devolved on old Doctor Knorr. He shrugged his bent shoulders and wrote leaders to order. He had become calloused years before.

One of the American papers was owned by the railroad; the second was controlled by the trolley interests; the third was owned by a publisher who had been ardently progressive during the Civil War and still retained, unchanged, a complete set of before-the-war ideals. The fourth paper was nondescript, for revenue only. I believe the Tageblatt, ethically at least, stood above its native contemporaries. So long as the issue was merely a dispute between the ins and the outs, Wedekind sold to the highest bidder with a light heart and a clear conscience; but when the issue involved questions of public policy and the welfare of the community, money could not buy the editorial pages.

He supplied proof of this Jekyll-and-Hyde attitude a year and a half after my entry into the Tageblatt office. Though the street railway's franchise would not expire for nine years, its owners feared adverse legislation and, counting on a subservient city council, demanded a renewal of the permit to use the streets for half a century. Both branches of the city council, like Barkis, were "willin'." The renewal was about to slide through when the courageous city attorney loudly objected to the deal. Facing the city council assembled in joint session one evening, he denounced the attempt as a frame-up. Twenty-five years should be the limit of the grant, he declared; a tax on gross earnings should be imposed, and the franchise granted only on condition that the entire system should revert to the city free of any cost whatsoever at the end of the period.

I was covering the meeting when the city attorney threw his bomb. At the reporters' table we looked at one another in dumb astonishment, then sent the pencils racing over the sheets. It was the biggest sensation in years, for the exclusive possession of which any reporter would give a couple of fingers, or even a day's pay. Only fat, funny old Gordon, of the Star, the street-railway paper, sat unmoved without writing a line, smiling cynically.

Not one of the four American papers the next day printed the story on the first page. They tucked the franchise matter away on the inside and limited the story to the announcement that the city attorney had presented an alternative renewal plan, which was being considered by the proper committees.

A Journalistic Victory

The Tageblatt that afternoon came out with screaming headlines, followed by five solid columns describing the attempted steal and its uncovering. I had been writing until four in the morning; and at eight I was at the desk again, clearing away routine matters in order to have a free field for the big fight. Everything had to give way, so that the unholy design of the octopus might be smashed by the keys of my trusty typewriter. When I found that the American papers were minimizing the city attorney's bold stroke, deftly removing the sting from his words and artfully hiding the importance of the subject, my ardor grew. I was certain that, despite the conspiracy of silence, the entire city would by night be buzzing with the news of my exposé. When I left the office that afternoon I had to unbutton the top part of my vest and my hat did not seem to fit.

Twenty-four hours later my wearing apparel felt comfortable again. I had been disillusioned. No bells had been tolled, no bands of citizens carrying hempen ropes had congregated on the corners the night before; in fact, the great exposure had not caused one provider to be late for dinner, so far as I could discover. The street cars ran as usual, the sun shone in the same old way, and the gun stores did not report a sudden rush of buyers. It was sad! I ascribed the ineffectiveness of my heavy shells to the fact that they were loaded with German. Still, that did not explain the apathy of the German citizens. It was my first experience with the mass inertia that is the reformer's sorest trial. But I did not give up. I kept on hammering day after day.

Wedekind gave me a free hand. Even when the street railway began buying half pages in the Tageblatt he refused to interfere. But when I proposed, with the concurrence of the city attorney, to fall on the enemy with English broadsides, he refused his consent.

"It isn't our business," he explained. "We have done our part, as it was our duty to do. A campaign in English would be construed either as an admission of the ineffectiveness of a German paper or as a lack of interest in public affairs among the Germans."

So I had to postpone my leap into English-American literature for a while longer.

Still, we smoked the enemy into the open. German societies took up the franchise fight; the German Socialists and, through them, the English-speaking Reds, seized the cudgel. When the franchise renewal was finally granted it was for thirty-five years, imposed a gross-earnings tax, and contained a clause giving the city the option to buy the system at its physical valuation after the twenty-first year.

Did the Hyphen Disappear?

During my second year on the Tageblatt I went into politics. I became the German-American press agent of a faction in the dominant party, charged with the duty of launching the largest possible amount of campaign material into the columns of the state's German papers at the least possible expense. Next I turned my attention to the task of telling the readers of German magazines what the modern United States looks like.

My first contribution brought a hundred marks, a good deal of money in Germany. The editor asked for more. I complied, and the checks for the material gradually increased until three hundred marks became my established rate with the best of the German publications. And the large dailies in Germany developed an unexpected appetite for thoughtful articles discussing American economic, political and social conditions.

Meantime, though, I had left the Tageblatt, and the manner of my going showed me the full extent of the change that had taken place within me since I blithely boarded the steamer at Bremen.

Wedekind, the publisher, fell ill, became an invalid. Summoning his younger brother from Germany, he placed him in charge of the paper. This young man was approximately my own age. The year previous he had graduated from a German university and received his doctor's degree. Though I did not realize it at the time, he was the image of what I should have been had I continued my career in Germany.

I could not stand his manner. His personality, his attitude toward the world and the people in it, grated on my nerves. I did not like the style of his mustache, the cut of his clothes; the atmosphere of superior intellect, training, experience and position emanating from him. His stiff, formal courtesy, his curt orders, his unwitting attempts to transplant the rigorous discipline of a German bureau into an American newspaper office roused mutterings of resentment. I had heard city editors and managing editors bawl out unhappy reporters until the rafters rang; but this was different. Young Wedekind's criticisms lacked the impersonal tone; between him and the staff there was no feeling of comradeship. He was not the boss, but the master.

The explosion came when the imported chief introduced a time clock into the sanctum. Captain Pfeil departed. I preceded him, following the path of the setting sun on passes supplied by the generous hands of general passenger agents. My apprenticeship was over. With a pen trained in two languages, I had no trouble in locating a job whenever I looked for one.

Considering the reason for my immigration, it is rather strange that for a couple of years half of my earnings came from the Fatherland, from German publications. But this source of cash gradually dried up as my output in English found increasing favor with American editors. Soon it ceased altogether. I spoke, wrote and thought exclusively in American. My offspring did not learn a word of German. I found myself unable to carry on a conversation in German, except with frequent pauses to hunt for common words. I was completely Americanized. The hyphen had disappeared.

Had it, really?

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles giving the Autobiography of a Hyphenated American

DAVE: "Say, dad, I've discovered a great thing for razors—3-in-One Oil. Just use a drop on blade and strop, and you get one of those fine velvety shaves you read about!"

HIS DAD: "You're not the discoverer, Dave. Pretty soon you'll discover that there are seven days in a week. Why, young man, I've been using 3-in-One on my razors and strop for years!"

3-in-One Oil Prevents Razor-Rust

EVERY man knows the agony of a "pulling" razor. But many don't know *why* it "pulls." Look at any razor's cutting edge through a magnifying glass and you'll see why.

A razor is like a miniature saw—it has *teeth*. Moisture collects between these tiny teeth. Rust results. The naked eye can't see this rust—but its effect is what your face feels when the razor "pulls."

3-in-One Oil prevents rust from forming. Do this: Moisten your thumb and forefinger with a drop of 3-in-One. Draw the razor blade gently between them. Do this before and after shaving, and your razor will never "pull." Also rub a few drops of 3-in-One well into your strop occasionally. Keeps it soft and pliable.

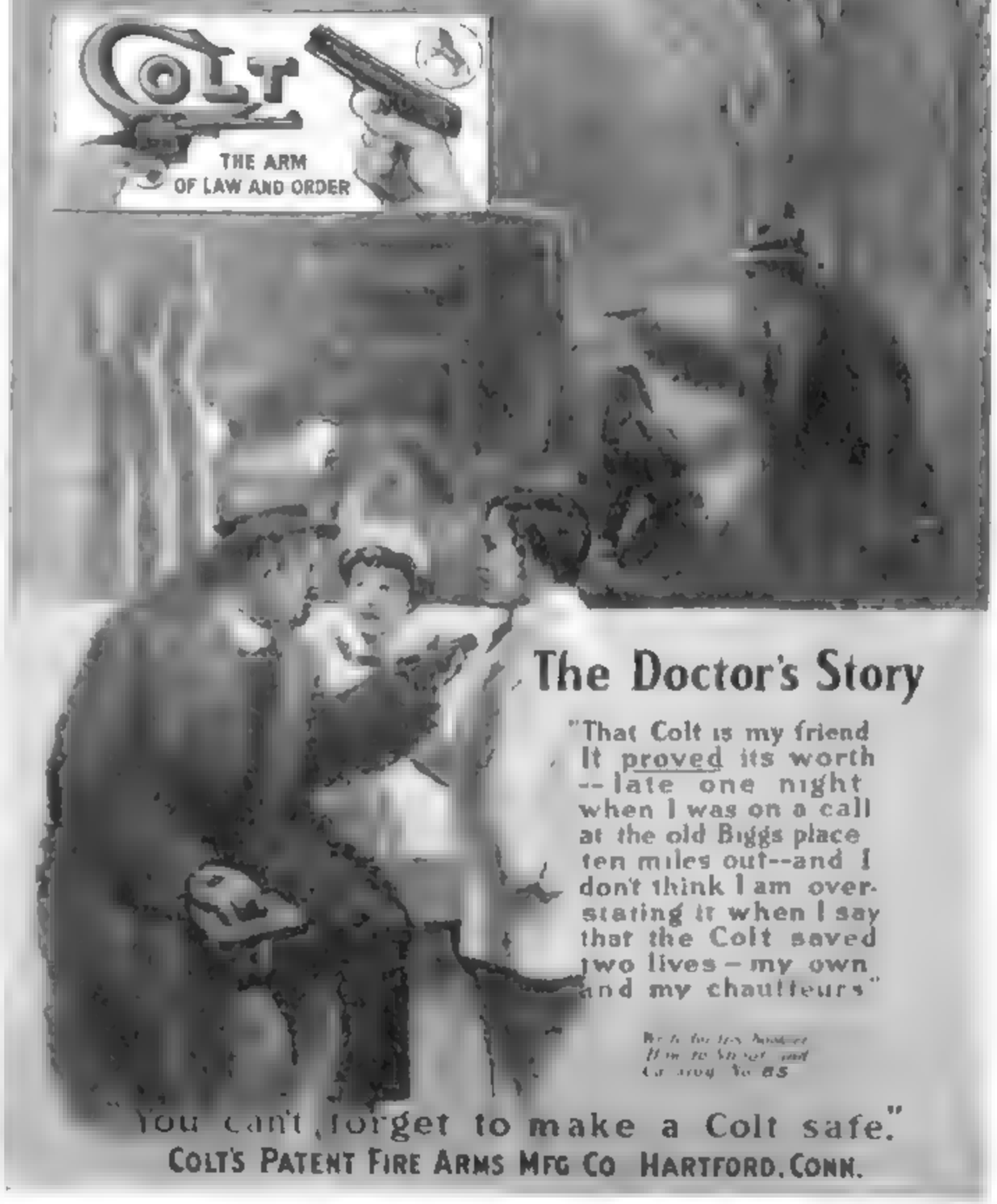
3-in-One Oil is sold at all stores, in 25c Handy Oil Cans and in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles.

Three-in-One Oil Company
42 EUR. Broadway
New York

Free

On request we will send a generous sample of 3-in-One Oil and our Razor Circular—both free.

ONCE IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE



The Doctor's Story

"That Colt is my friend
It proved its worth
--late one night
when I was on a call
at the old Biggs place
ten miles out--and I
don't think I am over-
stating it when I say
that the Colt saved
two lives—my own
and my chauffeur's"

Write for free booklet
How to Shoot and
Catalog No. 85

"You can't forget to make a Colt safe."
COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG CO HARTFORD, CONN.

Let the Easter card carry the message that lends the personal touch of friendship: Your photograph.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Buy Your Tires at Factory Prices

YOU can buy Buckskin Tires from us at prices which are "the lowest in America" for a tire guaranteed for 4000 miles. This is a positive fact. And here is the reason:

We have no branches, no salesmen, no dealers. By shipping direct to the man who owns a car, we have reduced our selling expense to a minimum. And we have devised other methods of keeping down overhead charges. All our money goes into making a thoroughly good black tread tire—dependable to the last mile.

Let us tell you about our attractive offer direct to auto owners.

BUCKSKIN
PLAIN & NON-SKID
Guaranteed TIRES

Buckskin Tires are absolutely *good* tires in every way, shape and form. Nothing but the purest Para rubber and the strongest Sea Island cotton fabric are used in their manufacture. Every tire and tube is rigidly inspected before leaving the factory. We are selling Buckskins now to hundreds who bought Buckskins last year.

OUR GUARANTEE—Every Buckskin—patented basket-weave non-skid, or plain tread—is guaranteed for 4000 miles. If you don't get this mileage—and a majority of Buckskin users invariably get much more—a credit in full will be allowed for the unexpired mileage and we'll pay expressage both ways.

REFERENCES—Dun's, Bradstreet's, The First National Bank of Canton, O., and The Cummings Trust Co. of Carrollton, O.

Write today for our special low-price offer to car owners.

The L. & M. Rubber Co., Dept. 7, Carrollton, O.

Manufacturers of rubber goods since 1904.

Western Distributing Office, 328 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE RULING PASSION

(Continued from Page 27)

little in due season when the table is to her perfect satisfaction. Again I try to catch the eye of Miss Priscille and again I see she is agreeably agitated. "Oh-ho!" I think, "there is more upon the surface here than meets the view!" But when I come out of the kitchen next time with a new supply of tea I am no longer in doubt. Under the table I see the foot of Meester Tucker in close communion with the foot of Miss Priscille. "*Ma foi!*" I think, "he makes a mash upon her. *Ma foi!*" I think, "a man in love is a man undone. With her questions she will lead him to his ruin!"

Thinking the affair accomplish, I wait in composure for the *dénouement* of the play. "Now she will ask a question and unmask a villain," I think. But she doesn't. "Now she will put him to the test supreme," I think. But she doesn't. A strange uncertainty assails me and I think to myself: "I have lost the recipe." I watch Miss Priscille more closely with the tail of my eye, and I discreetly observe that strange communion of feet. Miss Priscille still talks, but in her tone I catch a *tremblement*, and here and there she drops a stitch in her words. Then all at once I see her steal a glance at Meester Tucker through the fringe of her eyelash, and I say to myself "*Mon Dieu!*"

Eh, mesdames—your pardon, your pardon, m'sieur!—but, say what you like, it is love which is the grandest passion of all. For years Miss Priscille had banked her fires, saying to herself: "My knight will never come on his big, white horse—the fool! Down, down with love! There are better things in the world!" For years she had made curiosity her passion— that and a squeezing of the pennies. But just as soon as a presentable suitor appears and makes a gallant advance—whooo!—and the fire of love burst out of its hiding and soon will be a consuming flame. As though she spoke aloud I hear the whispers in her heart: "This man he is not Barrows. Eliza was right. My eyes deceive me. Why would Barrows the Bigamist come to Westbury! The silly idea! He would go to Canada or lose himself in a great city. Eliza knew Meester Tucker better than I did. He is a gentleman of true discernment and has fallen in love with me. Dear sister Eliza! Dear Mr. Tucker! Oh, oh, oh, how happy I am!"

Wherefore she smile in his smile and exchange the soft glance with maiden modesty. "*Parbleu!*" I say to myself, "he is a lady killer of the first importance—this man Barrows—and now I can see for myself how he charm the other eight." The tea concludes itself. Meester Tucker and the ladies adjourn to the drawing-room where Miss Eliza resume her rocking, gently, softly, both in deference to her refreshment and as a sign of the delicate languor of her love. As for me I am in the dining room, removing the dishes, but my ears and eyes are attune to a most perfect reception, and if a gnat had winked his heye at me from the drawing-room I would have seen him and heard him if he titters. "Eh, Ma'm Bazin," I say to myself, "the great Voltaire never compose a more *extatique* comedy!"

Miss Priscille play the piano and Meester Tucker sing, ravishing his voice on the high notes and quavering his tone like a palsy. But more than this, I see he gently rest his hand on the shoulder of Miss Priscille with a fine air of innocence as though unconscious of the touch. And when he move his hand to turn the music I see the shoulder of Miss Priscille shrug itself up a leetle, as though it seek his hand again and is not displeased. Nor am I the only one to see. Miss Eliza sees as well and her rocking grows troubled and thoughtful, while pained emotions tramp across her face. Then Meester Tucker tell their fortunes. First he tell the fortune of Miss Eliza. He say she has the respect of all who know her, that her virtues are universal admired, that her character will halways remain above reproach and she will die regretted by all the world. With this cold shower of convention he drop her hand with a flap and then, with gentle behavior, he takes the hand of Miss Priscille. Miss Eliza rocks no more. With great difficulty she controls the dolor of her countenance and listens to the fortune which Meester Tucker tells Priscille:

"You have just met a man," he say, looking at her hand, "who admires you greatly and who is soon to fall deeply in love. He has thought of you and dream of you ever since he first met you at the post office." He tell her much more of the same and concludes: "Your married life will be of unusual happiness and I see by this line it will very soon begin." Made bold by her blushing he raises her hand to his lips and Miss Eliza—the poor, simple soul, left out in the cold and deserted so completely—she burst out into one terrible sob and flee from the room with an abandon that shakes the house. Hastened perhaps by such a *contretemps*, Meester Tucker presently pay his adieux, and Miss Priscille goes quick to find her sister. But first I notice she takes the newspaper with the picture of Barrows and hides it away.

"What on earth did you cry and run out for like that?" she ask of her sister. But Miss Eliza has recover her composure, although her soul is charge with bitterness. "It made me cry," she say, "to see you make of yourself such a fool with that bigamist; and I run from the room to prevent myself from pulling at his hair." "Don't be absurd to call Meester Tucker a bigamist," says Miss Priscille; "he is the most perfect gentleman I ever met." "I tell you he is that rascal of a Barrows!" say Miss Eliza. "I tell you he isn't!" cry Miss Priscille. Miss Eliza looks in the desk and shakes with anger till all the more she reminds me of a jelly pudding. "Where's that paper with his picture?" she say. "If you don't want the reward I'll take it!"

And there they are—the situation completely reverse. And so they go it, hammer and tongs, and were going it when I left, Miss Eliza looking for the paper to expose him and Miss Priscille defending him with all her heart. Poor Miss Eliza! Her memory is of the poorest and she cannot remember a single name or place in the paper to write to. And day by day Meester Tucker woo Miss Priscille, but does not come to the house, and I suspect Miss Priscille had told him her sister is jealous and suffers too much to see him making love.

This goes on for about a month, and then one afternoon when her sister is at the post office Miss Eliza come to me in the kitchen. I am making a stew and am about to go out to the field at the back for a handful of mushrooms that grow in the grass near the barn. Miss Eliza say she will come with me and I see she wants to speak in privacy. "Oh, Ma'm Bazin," she say when we reach behind the barn, "I am ver', ver' deeply worried for my sister, because I know as well as ever that Meester Tucker is Barrows the Bigamist. This noon I found the paper with his description, and I have written a letter to the chief of police at New Orleans." She draws the letter from her dress and give it to me. "You mail this when you go by the post office this afternoon," she say, "because if I go Priscille would suspect and might do something to stop the letter." "*Très bien, ma'm'selle,*" I say, and putting the letter in my pocket I think to myself: "There is none so cunning as the simple-minded," and go on looking for mushrooms. "There is a big one," she say. "That is a frogstool," I tell her, "if you eat that you will have a great pain." "How do you tell the frogstools from the mushrooms?" she ask me. I show her that one is salmon beneath and the other is white. "I would like to give Meester Tucker a frogstool," she say with a moody laugh; "it would make him think he was getting another wound. Oh, Ma'm Bazin," she interrupt herself, "how long will it be before we hear from New Orleans?" I tell her four days and maybe six. "It will suffice," she say, and we go back to the kitchen, I with the bigamist's sentence in my pocket and the mushrooms in a bag.

I continue the stew and Miss Eliza watch me. There is a rocker in the kitchen, but Miss Eliza no longer rocks herself. She sits all fours in a four-legged chair, grim and austere, her face like a soft, sour cheese in the sunset, one of those cheeses of Albion which are round and enormous like drums. Presently the door flies open and in comes Miss Priscille and kiss her sister. "Oh, Eliza," she say, "hug me tight; I am so happy!" "Why are you happy?" demand Miss Eliza, her voice like the squeaky hinge of a tomb. "Albert—Meester Tucker—has just gone for the license," whisper Miss Priscelle. "We are to be married first thing in the morning." Again she kiss the soft, sour cheek of Miss Eliza

(Continued on Page 45)

The same moderate Price! Always exceptional Quality and Style!

The great war has changed the face of the world. It has upset markets, altered manufacturing conditions, sent prices soaring. But in the midst of all these fluctuations, Styleplus Clothes offer you their all-wool fabrics and splendid style at the one standard and invariable price—$17.

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Look for this trademark. It identifies the Genuine Detroit Jewel

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You are invited

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who have this range on display in all sections of the country.

Watch for window displays and announcements in your local newspapers telling where "Detroit Jewel Special" may be seen.

It's a labor saving cabinet range with every convenience of the large, high priced styles—a range such as thousands of housewives are demanding. To supply this demand and make a rock bottom price to you, we are building this model in immense quantities. The economics of big production lowered the cost per stove—just as they have lowered the cost of automobiles. These great savings in manufacturing costs have brought the prices on this range within the means of everyone.

We could tell you that the Detroit Jewel Special has set a new standard for what money will buy in a gas range. But you must see it to appreciate its value. Look for it on exhibit in your town. Then ask for the special price. And then remember that this range is one of the

DETROIT JEWEL

GAS RANGES — THEY BAKE BETTER

For 20 years the Detroit Jewel has been the world's leading gas range. Over 2,000,000 are now in use. Leadership has come to us because we have always made a sincere effort to build stoves that satisfy the women who use them. So you take no risk in buying a Detroit Jewel—whether it be this new special model or any one of the more than 100 styles and sizes in which they are made. See the many other types and sizes—learn why Detroit Jewels bake better—why they save gas—why they last longer—why they are easy to clean and more convenient. Then you will understand why most people prefer the Detroit Jewel. Visit the merchant or gas company in your town selling Detroit Jewels and ask to see the new Detroit Jewel Special.

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Chicago **DETROIT STOVE WORKS** Detroit

The Largest Stove Plant in the World

Special Advantages Of this wonderful New Range

No Stooping
Oven built on a cooking level relieving stooping and straining while baking. Every woman will prize this feature

Cooking Top 32 in. From Floor
Not too high or too low—just right for natural and easy work. The top is full standard size—plenty of room to use all burners or to place utensils at one side.

Guaranteed Baker
Built with the Detroit Jewel patented oven—the oven that bakes better—gives quickest results with least gas—insures even heat—no burning or scorching

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Requires no stove polish. All parts are enameled with Baked Ebonite a rich, glossy, hard as flint finish, which lasts the life time of the range. Wipe off the range and it is clean. Women everywhere are delighted with this finish.

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Has White Porcelain door panels, dirt tray, broiler pan and gas cock handles. Same porcelain equipment that is found only on the most expensive gas ranges

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You can buy the range with the oven placed at the right or left of the cooking top as desired. Making the range suitable for any kitchen—any light—any location.

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All burners are the improved Detroit Jewel one piece type—scientifically designed to mix air with gas—thus making low gas bills.
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3)

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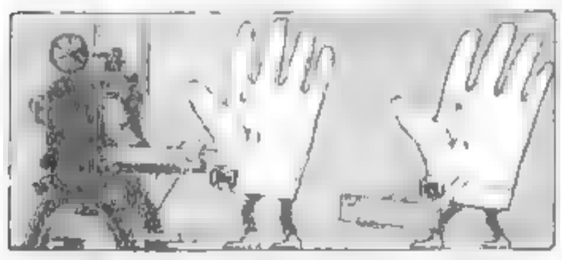
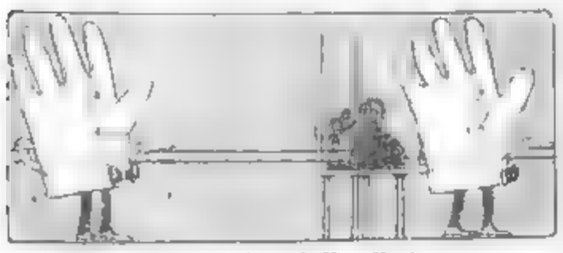
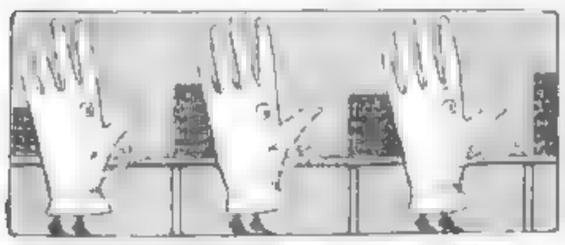
Through all 14 processes in the making of Sterling Gum, clean, white gloves cover every hand.



In kneading, too, white gloves are worn



Here gloved "hands" roll the gum



Gloved "hands" gather the sticks

CINNAMON—IN BLUE WRAPPER
PEPPERMINT—IN RED WRAPPER

7777 Prizes. First prize, $1000. What is Point 7? See details of contest, The Saturday Evening Post of April 22nd

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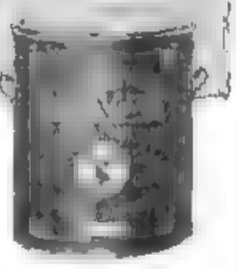

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Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 42)

and, jumping up, she perform simultaneous all four figures of the quadrille. "I must run upstairs and change my dress," she say; "Albert is coming for supper." And as she trip up the stairs like a girl in her teen she cry over her shoulder: "Have something good for supper, Ma'm Bazin!"

Yes, yes, m'sieur—and you, your pardon, meadames' that is what some women will do for love when the fire burns like a flame.

I go into the pantry to see what I can present for supper, and I wait for Miss Eliza to follow Priscille and offer remonstration. But no. Miss Eliza still sit in the kitchen and stare at the mushroom stew. "The letter to New Orleans will be too late," she whisper when I return, and suddenly she arise and go to the other room. "She has gone to talk to Priscille," I think and I move to the door to hear what I can hear. But no; again I have lost the receipt: Miss Eliza returns with another two-dollar bill in her hand. "Oh, Ma'm Bazin," she say with innocent eyes in the fatness of her face, "you have just time to catch the trolley to Plainfield. Go to Meester Winsor, the baker, and get the biggest cake for the money and a pie and charlotte russe. You'll be back on the car at a quarter to six and I will watch the stew and make the tea." I go away, unsuspecting, as one would unsuspect a gentle cow of setting the barn on fire, and when I return with my burden of pastry the supper has been started and Miss Eliza has serve the stew. I cut the cake and the pie with hurried hands and go into the dining room to wait upon the table.

There is Meester Tucker, bold of tee[th] and smiling as ever at nothing till I think his face will crack. Zut, but I hate that man as I hate a spider down the neck! And there is Miss Priscille, eager and pretty, the sharpness gone from her face and a ribbon round her hair. And there, finally, is Miss Eliza, attire in black, eating her stew with attention and fooling me all the time. I take away the dishes and bring in the *patisserie*. The supper concludes itself and the middle-age lovers repair to the piano to sing and play those sentimental melodies. I notice Miss Eliza has once again return to her rocking chair and "Thump—thump thump" go her feet on the floor like the marching of doom.

Meester Tucker is singing Little Brown Jug, but when he has reach the chorus "Ha ha-ha! He-he-he!" his voice turns into a groan and Miss Priscille she hollers: "Why, Albert, what is the matter?" I hear him groan again and then a noise as if he fall into the bric-à-brac. I run to see, and Meester Tucker is clutching his abdomen with all his hands and practicing contortions. Every second he grows much worse, and after I help to lift him on the couch I run for Doctor Baldwin, who lives next door but one.

The doctor comes and gives an emetic, and learning we have a mushroom stew he hurries back and return with a stomach pump. I have never seen a stomach pump in function before, and as for me I would gladly choose to die. Miss Priscille is on the verge of hysterics and Miss Eliza take command. "We mus' put him to bed," she say, and I help the doctor to carry him to a chamber, Miss Eliza following in the rear. Then discreetly we retire while Doctor Baldwin put the patient in bed and Miss Eliza she breathes like a whale in my ear. "Now," she whisper, "now we will discover if he has a scar on his chest!" and from that moment I know that while I was gone to the baker Miss Eliza had cook a special mushroom stew for Meester Tucker and made it from frogstools. And I—who regard her as childish! And I—who had look on her with superior toleration and think her so simple and fat! Truly, truly, but life is never without a new surprise to fling from her sleeve.

But when we return to the room below and wait for the doctor, Miss Eliza justify my previous opinions. The deed is done and her nerve relax. She is no longer Eliza the Terrible, but Eliza the Helpless, and instead of reminding me of Lucrezia Borgia I see an enormous, simple face with troubled eyes like the baby about to weep. I look again and she gasp like a fish. I look again and her chins they tremble. "*Ma foi!*" I think; "she has fallen apart. She has had in her life one epic hour of tragedy and has play her part like Bernhardt or that poor Duse. But now it is I who must finish the play, or everything is nothing and the first act goes to waste." I think profoundly and when the doctor reappears, it is I—Ma'm

B

Four-38
$750 *f. o. b. factory*

114-inch wheelbase; Briscoe line body, powerful, economical long-stroke motor, cantilever rear springs, full equipment

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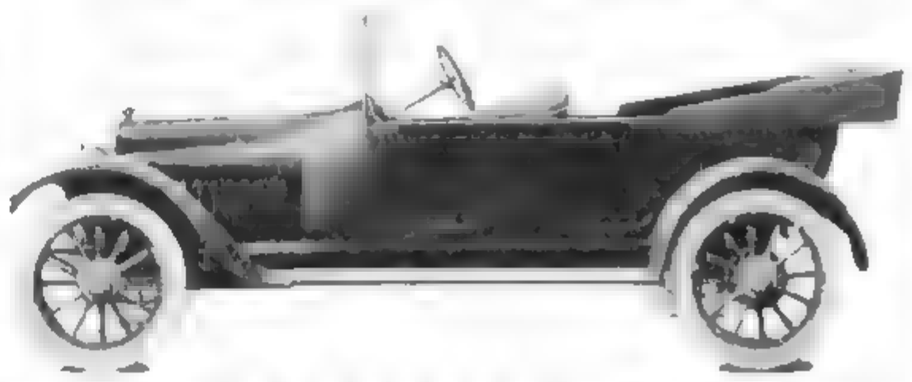

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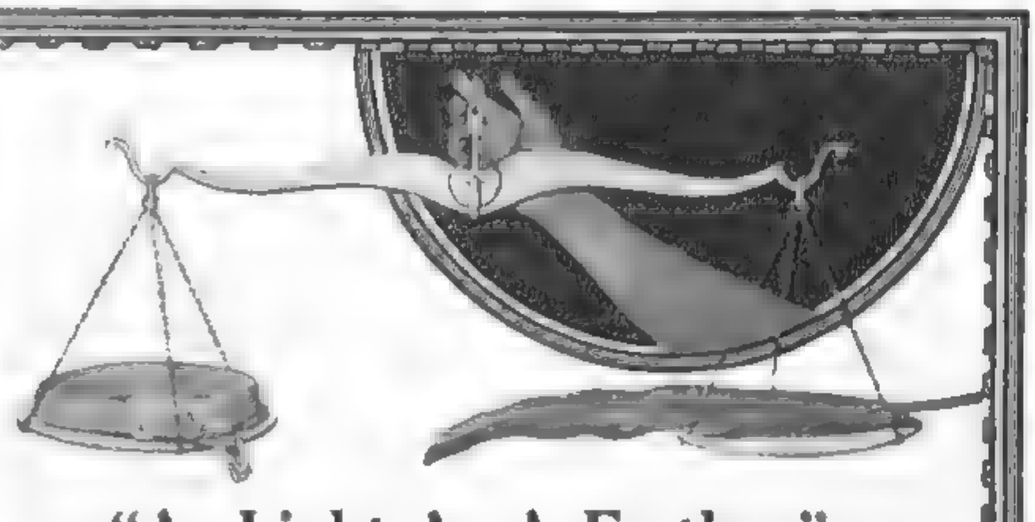

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Does not bind. It does away with red bands around your legs where the garter rests. It is the garter of COMFORT. Furthermore, the Ivory Garter has no metal to rust or irritate the skin. There is nothing to tear the sock. It is a light, sanitary, modern, efficient garter. Wear the featherweight garter and be comfortable. At all haberdashers. If yours can't supply you will send direct. Prices: 25 cts. for Lisle, and 50 cts. for Silk

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The Dominion Suspender Co.
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Bazin—who am ready for him; it is I Ma'm Bazin—who make the great fool of herself.

"You think it was frogstools, doctor?" I ask. "Of a surety, Ma'm Bazin," say he. "Then why are we not sick as well?" I ask. But he is droll, that Doctor Baldwin "Either my patient has enjoy the monopoly of frogstool," he answer, "or yours have not yet taken effect. I will keep the stomach pump ready for a quick alarm." It is then so cleverly that I approach the point. "Doctor," I say, "in France, my country, there is a superstition that when a man is poison by frogstools he has on his chest a purple himage of a hopfrog, most readily apparent to the heye." "It is an old wife's tale," he say. "But, doctor," I say, "there may be something behind it. So to settle the point forever and to please Ma'm Bazin, will you kindly oblige by studying the chest of Meester Tucker for a moment and see if you find a purple mark of any sort." He goes against the will and soon returns. "You lose," say he. "There is no mark of any kind upon his chest?" I ask. "Nothing but the scar of an old wound," say he.

And there it was, proof most positive that Meester Tucker was Barrows the Bigamist and had only woo Miss Priscille to take her money and leave her like an empty dish when the beans are eat. The doctor prepares himself to go, and already I see Miss Priscille stiffen herself with pride but—name of a name!—two round, fat tears slowly peruse themselves down the round, fat cheek of Miss Eliza. "Oh, doctor," say Miss Priscille, calling him back and now taking charge herself, "can Meester Tucker be move to his house?" "Tomorrow," say the doctor; "he will need good nursing for a time, that is all." "I will attend to it," say Miss Priscille, snapping her eyes. When the doctor has gone she goes upstairs and comes back with the story of Barrows and his wives. She sits at the desk and begins to write, looking from time to time at that picture of the bigamist surrounded by his eight wives.

"What are you going to do?" ask Miss Eliza in a muffle voice. "The doctor say he needs to be nursed," say Miss Priscille, red fevers burning on her cheeks. "I will telegraph to his wives who seek him so. I'll teach him to make a fool out of me," she mutter, and continue to copy the names and address. "Listen," she say at last, "I will send to each this telegram: 'John J Barrows here very sick. Has plenty of money and cannot get away for few days. Suggest you come at once and attend to him. Priscille Hopkins.'" She run for her hat and her coat. "I will send a copy of that to each of his wives," she say.

The next day the patient is move to his own home; and on the day after four ladies arrive at Miss Hopkins' house, each accompanied by a large man of stern visage. They have come on the morning train, and I know that each deserted wife has chosen from her relatives the man best calculate to inspire respect. It is strange to see how the four ladies regard each other with suspicion, and the gentlemen swing their walking sticks and frown at the landscape. Miss Priscille talks shortly to the ladies and directs them to the invalid's house. They advance in force, by twos and twos. Miss Priscille applies herself to the window to watch and Miss Eliza draws deep sighs and rocks herself in her chair.

"They are coming back," say Miss Priscille, and I think to myself: "So soon? Has he give them the slip?" A minute later the ladies ring the bell and Miss Priscille she opens the door. "Did you see him?" she ask. "See him? Yes! But he is not the man!" they cry. And some exclaim: "You have made a fool of us!" And others: "What about our train fare here and back?" And one more violent than the rest was shaking her finger under the nose of Miss Priscille when all at once Miss Priscille has fainted away.

And that, M'sieur—your pardon, mesdames—is the story I am sometimes tempted to tell to Miss Putnam when her curiosity is heat to the boiling point. As soon as Meester Tucker was well, he move from Westbury, where he had come to rest from a broken rib in an accident which made the scar. He never spoke again to Miss Priscille, who will die at the last an old maid, knowing she had her happiness so near to hand but lost it all through the devilish curiosity. And all day long, for punishment, Miss Eliza rock in her chair, and if Miss Priscille look through the window her sister say: "You are looking for a bigamist, Priscille?"

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The length of wear and smartness of pattern make a man's first Cheney Tubular seem like a find. It sends him back for a second and a third, for he finds they grow old gracefully.

Look them over at your dealer's. They can be distinguished by this mark stamped on the neckband—

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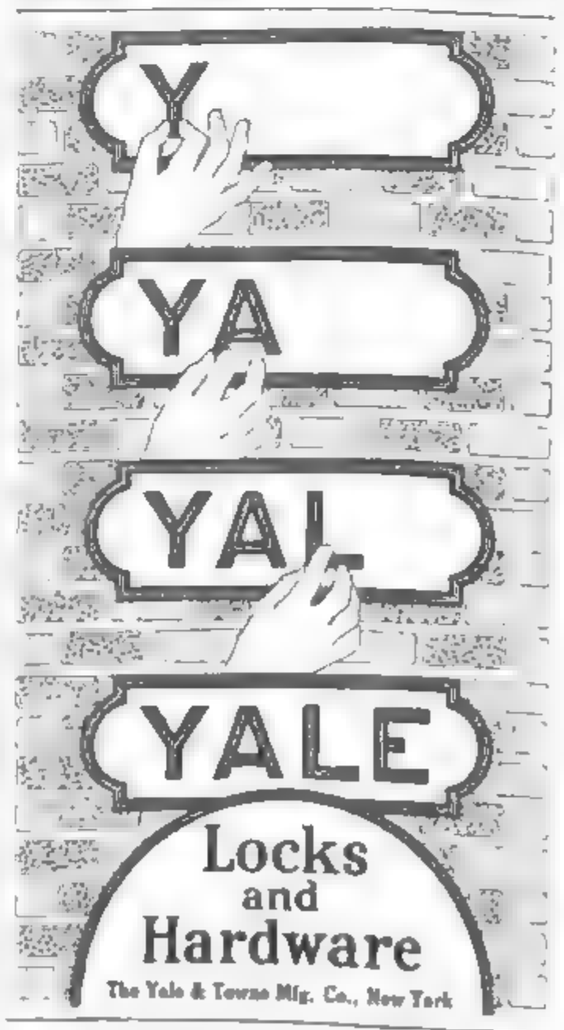

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The Crackling White Pop Corn With the Toasty Flavor

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People wonder how we can spend fortunes to advertise pop corn. The reason is this: Butter-Kist Pop Corn is unlike any other you ever tasted. That's because it's *all* popped and *evenly* buttered with *pure creamery butter*, and super-heated to **a tantalizing crisp!** Folks can't resist its *coaxing fragrance* The matchless *toasty flavor* makes thousands *walk blocks to buy Butter-Kist*

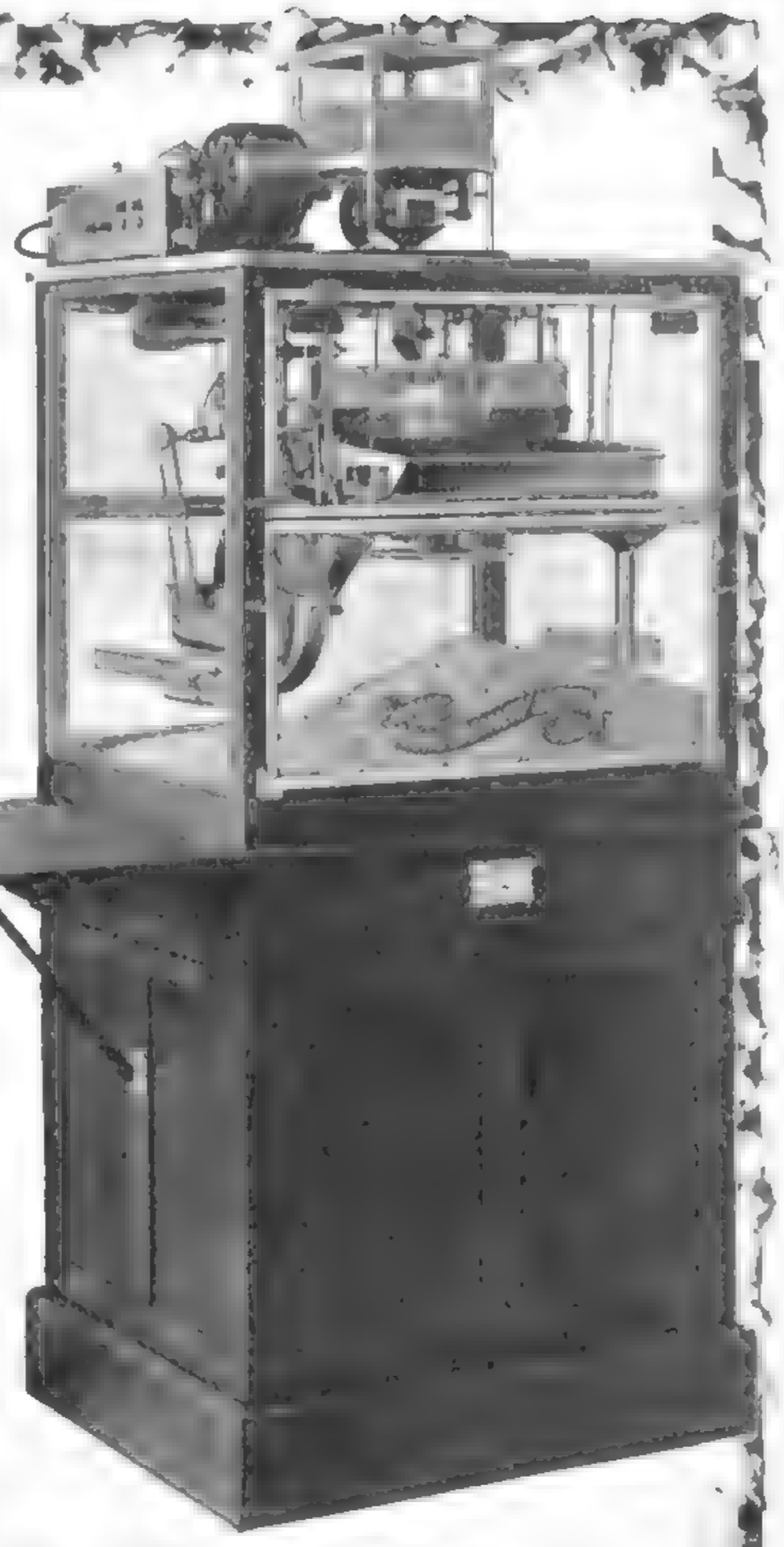
Do you wonder this Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine is winning new trade and record sales for large and small stores, theatres, etc., all over America?

Thousands of these "little gold mines" are now in operation. Look for the one in your neighborhood. Watch the astounding way it *runs itself*. How it feeds the raw corn from the hopper; watch the kernels swell, burst and dance. Watch how it butters and crisps each fluffy, white morsel *evenly*.

One look through the plate glass sides will convince you that Butter-Kist Pop Corn is ever fresh and clean.

Try a 5-cent bag of Butter-Kist. Then you'll want to take home a big 10-cent carton and give the whole family *the treat of their lives*.

But be sure it's popped in the BUTTER-KIST Machine or comes in the Butter-Kist bag—else you'll miss *the toasty flavor*.



BUSINESS MEN:

Bank These Extra Profits Daily

Motion put the money in the motion picture business, and the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine acts the same way in making people *stop, look and buy!* It will win in *your* business, *whether large or small*. See the signed evidence from men *in your own line* who are making from $600 to $3000 extra *profits* yearly, according to location.

Pay From Your Profits

A small payment down starts this machine winning you sales and new customers. Balance soon paid out of Butter-Kist earnings.

Only move a chair and you have room. Occupies but 26 x 32 inches of floor space—*yields five times as much profit per square foot as anything known to trade*. Earning capacity 70c to $4.00 per hour

Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machines are fitted for the finest surroundings. Masterful cabinet work in oak, mahogany or white enamel. Perfect mechanism will last for years.

Today! Send for the Proof

Our handsome photo-book, "The Little Gold Mine," gives full details and *proof of profits*. **It's FREE.** Send the coupon at once and line up *NOW* with this big national business.

Remember, you lose *cold cash every* day you delay. **Mail coupon today.**

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.

514 Van Buren St.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Largest Manufacturers of Pop Corn Machines in the World

Where It Pays to Pop Butter-Kist

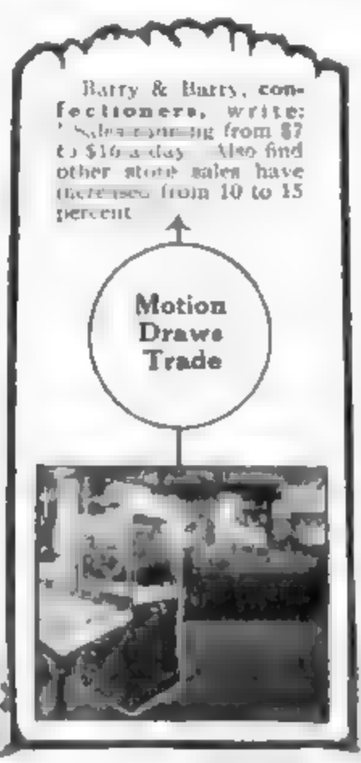
The Butter-Kist Machine is built for men *already* in business, who want to make large, extra profits with very small expense. It is piling up earnings for

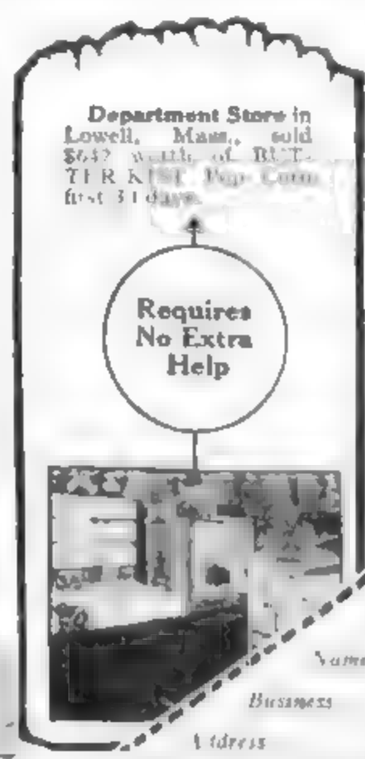
Drug Stores Cigar Stores Fruit Stores
Confectionery Stores Department Stores
Grocery Stores 5-and-10-Cent Stores News Stands
Lunch Rooms Billiard Parlors Stations
Hotels Resorts Fairs

In Picture Play Houses

it is bringing big extra receipts and increased attendance.

Established business men take no risk in writing for full particulars. Mail the coupon today and we'll frankly advise you whether your location would be a winner.


Barry & Barry, confectioners, write: "Sales running from $7 to $16 a day. Also find other store sales have increased from 10 to 15 percent
Motion Draws Trade



Dealer's Coupon

Mail This Today For A Bigger Business

Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Company,
514 Van Buren St.,
Indianapolis, Indiana

Send free, postpaid, your photo-book,

"The Little Gold Mine"

that tells all about the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine, gives actual records of sales, figures that prove profits, etc.

Name

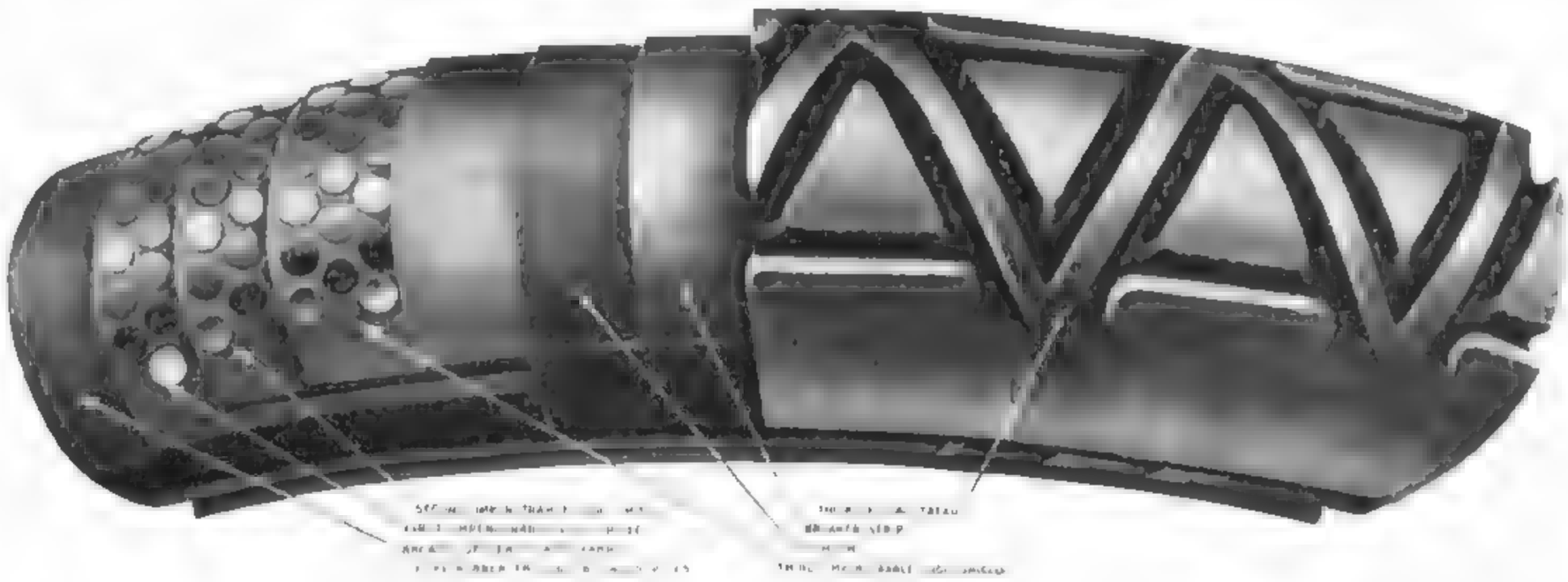
Business

Address

The World's Greatest Tire Improvement

LEE Tires

PUNCTURE-PROOF PNEUMATIC-GUARANTEED



Puncture Consequences

Ordinary pneumatic tires are absolutely at the mercy of nails, glass, sharp stones, etc., in the roadway. ***Chance*** only decides how soon the best car and the most careful driver will meet with puncture disaster. ***Then, even if the car is run only a few feet after puncture, great damage is done to the tire carcass. To patch is but to temporize. Roadside delays, discomfort, expenses—the motorist knows only too well. Car owners lose millions of dollars each year thru destruction of tires by puncture.***

Puncture Prevention

LEE PUNCTURE-PROOF PNEUMATIC TIRES overcome all weakness in ordinary pneumatic tires, ***without sacrificing resilience or mileage.*** Three layers of small impenetrable discs are embedded in the rubber of the cushion, forming an armor of mail. Note the sectional illustration. It will be observed that while the discs overlap, ***they do not touch,*** thereby avoiding friction and heating.

The carcass and inner tube are ***absolutely protected from puncture.***

Two-Fold Guarantee

The two great super-claims of LEE PUNCTURE-PROOF PNEUMATIC TIRES—***mileage*** and ***freedom from puncture***—are guaranteed facts backed up by the company. LEE PUNCTURE-PROOF PNEUMATIC TIRES are Guaranteed ***puncture proof under a cash refund*** and in addition are Guaranteed in writing to every purchaser to render anywhere, under all road conditions, ***5,000 miles of service. The wearing quality and the resiliency are doubled by the exclusive LEE "vanadium" process of treating the rubber.***

Guaranteed Puncture-Proof Guaranteed for 5,000 Miles

SEND FOR COPY OF OUR CASH REFUND GUARANTEE AND BOOKLET "25"

TRADE MARK

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Manufacturers of Rubber Goods since 1883

Distributors in all the Principal Cities

Look up "Lee Tires" in Your Phone Directory

MILEAGE FIRST

THE CALL OF THE CALLIOPE

(Continued from Page 8)

every foot of ground with a desperation that must have carried consternation to the heart of his opponent. Twenty-five yards from the finish the boy on the other horse drew his whip. That settled it. His horse was done. Trouper came home, a length to the good

The winning of this race naturally relieved our present necessities; but, as I said before, ours was a small show compared to some of the traveling outfits, and the fame of Dan Rice, the Robinsons, and such marvelous clowns as John Low, were institutions, especially through the Southern States, where we were then traveling. Even a tyro in the business, such as I was, could see that the public, as well as the showmen themselves, were beginning to realize that a better brand of entertainment was imperative.

Then a season of steady wet weather added to our misfortunes and for three weeks our show was stalled for the greater part of the time in the Tennessee bottoms, east of Memphis. Through this district the Buffalo gnats attacked our horses in swarms, while we were helplessly stranded in that thick gumbo. After that our baggage animals commenced to die off, all being more or less attacked by a mysterious malady induced by the poisons said to have been injected into their systems by the stings of the gnats.

I jumped on Trouper one night and rode him across country until I reached a blue-grass farm, near Nashville, where thoroughbred horses were kept, and made arrangements to have him turned out till I called for him again. I got back to the show several days later, only to find that one team was still living and that the company had practically disbanded. There was nothing left to do but to put up what remained at public auction.

It is almost unnecessary to state that the whole outfit was sold for a song. The paraphernalia for any kind of show is expensive enough at the time of its purchase, but only of negligible value when offered for sale again. The gilded band chariot went; so did tents, costumes and baggage wagons. My partner and I divided the proceeds and he then suggested that we should go to South America; but I did not want to leave Little Trouper, and still had an abiding faith that by some hook I should get hold of another show. So we parted good friends, he still as optimistic as ever that he would come back with money enough to play that New York engagement, and both of us strong in the hope that the day was not far distant when we could resume our old wanderings together.

A Life of Real Sensations

When the blow-off came and the Morse, Moffatt & Travers Circus had become a matter of history, I had just enough money left to get back to Nashville, where my horse was; and I set out immediately. I had no particular plan of action in mind, because a real trouper never has. In the old days, as now, faith in the future represents the major portion of his stock in trade.

At the Tennessee capital I met a man named Hawkins, who had been a professional aëronaut and who was then furnishing thrillers for country fairs. A descent from a balloon by means of a parachute was the sensational attraction he was then sponsoring. It was, comparatively speaking, at that time a novelty.

Hawkins was under contract to give exhibitions at the Agricultural Fair, for which he received two hundred dollars a day; but he was in sore straits and had absolutely given up all hope of being able to fulfill his engagement, owing to the fact that the young man employed by him during the previous season had failed to materialize. Hawkins was too heavy himself and long past the age when a man takes such desperate chances.

At the crucial moment I came along, broke and without resources. I was possessed of all the adventurous spirit of youth and willing to subscribe to anything that would rehabilitate me in a financial way. It did not take long for Hawkins and me to strike a bargain. I was to get a hundred dollars each day, or half the gross intake.

If a man is looking for a real sensation nothing can compare with the falling out of a balloon for the first time in one's life. I suppose some people can even get used to that kind of thing; but I never did. One ascension and one drop was enough to leave the most lasting impression on a fairly adventurous career.

The *modus operandi* is simple enough, so far as the mechanical operation is concerned. As everybody knows, a trapeze is suspended beneath a big gas bag, which, in turn, is attached to the parachute and secured by a breakaway device that separates itself from the main portion of the balloon when the operator pulls a rope.

My instructions were few. I was shown how to work the breakaway, cautioned to maintain my hold on the bar; then, according to Hawkins, all I had to do was to go high enough, pull the string and pick a soft spot to land.

If I worried at all the only point on which I had any doubts was whether or not I could retain my hold on the bar until the parachute opened, and to this end I had a small hook made, which I strapped to my wrist. It was an unnecessary precaution, because when I found myself sailing upward into the blue firmament wild horses could not have torn me loose.

I cannot tell just exactly how high I went before I pulled the string. All I know is that once I got started I had an overweening desire to part company with my pilot and reach *terra firma* as speedily as the laws of gravitation would permit. I wanted to drop and get the job over.

Ages must have elapsed before I concluded that I had reached a sufficient height; then, acting entirely upon an impulse over which I had absolutely no control I pulled that old string, shut my eyes, and gripped the trapeze with a fervor that can be imagined but not described.

Under the Parachute

Talk about speed! It seemed as if I was falling a thousand miles a minute. The air roared in my ears like a hurricane. It is surprising how many things one can think of in an infinitesimal period of time. I had fully made up my mind that the parachute would never open, when a sharp tug above and a straightening out of my body and arms seemed to anchor me in midair. Then I commenced to sail gently downward.

As we neared the earth I took a quick peek to see what was below, and noted that I was descending almost directly into a clump of trees. I wriggled my lower limbs, endeavoring to steer the parachute beyond; but my efforts were unavailing. Those trees were coming up to meet me; so I prepared to make the best landing possible under the circumstances, and more by good luck than anything else I slid down between the branches of a giant maple and came to anchor sitting astride one of the topmost forks. Fortunately, however, it was strong enough to bear my weight. Then, for the first time, I released my hold on the trapeze bar, shook the collapsed parachute loose, and let it fall to the ground. I followed quickly, passing down from branch to branch with a celerity that would have made a monkey hang his head for very shame.

Brother Hawkins offered his congratulations and began to give me pointers for another ascension. We made our way back to the inclosure, where a tremendous crowd was waiting to applaud the death-defying hero; but somehow the ovation had ceased to be sweet music to my ear. That awful drop had taken the romance and everything else out of it, so far as I was concerned. It wasn't my game at all. I apprised Mr. Hawkins of the fact, collected the hundred and bid him good-by. He has my best wishes.

From Nashville I made my way to Arklow, a little river town below Memphis. I had heard about the river shows and wanted to look them over. At that time the Father of Waters was literally infested with all manner of boats or river shows. They traveled up and down, making landings wherever prospective business warranted. As a peculiar departure in the field of American amusements, I think the river show has always been *sui generis*.

I loafed round for a couple of days, endeavoring to get employment with the organizations that appealed more to my fancy because they happened to be above the average. But in this quest I was not successful. The season had not been a paying one and there was a decided bear

Michaels-Stern Clothes

Send for the illustrated Calendar *Michaels, Stern & Co*

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Farm Powder is the easiest, quickest and cheapest means of removing stumps," repeated tests have proved. The Minnesota Experiment Station found explosives "blew stumps entirely out and broke them into pieces easily handled." Clear your stump land with

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—Made especially for farm use and sold by dealers near you. Convenient—costs little—no experience needed—no money tied up in expensive tools. It will help you make idle acres pay a profit.

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Our illustrated book, "Better Farming," will be helpful to every land owner. It shows how to improve soil, raise bigger crops, blast stumps and boulders, and do all kinds of work with Atlas Farm Powder. Mail the coupon now.

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WALKING because the doctor says so, makes walking a duty and a drudgery.

Exercise loses half its health-giving value when it degenerates into hard work.

And that's where Goodyear "Wingfoot" Air Heels step in and alter the whole situation.

"Come with us," they say, "and we'll make walking a pleasure every step of the way."

The "Wingfoot" Air Cushions have a great deal to do with this.

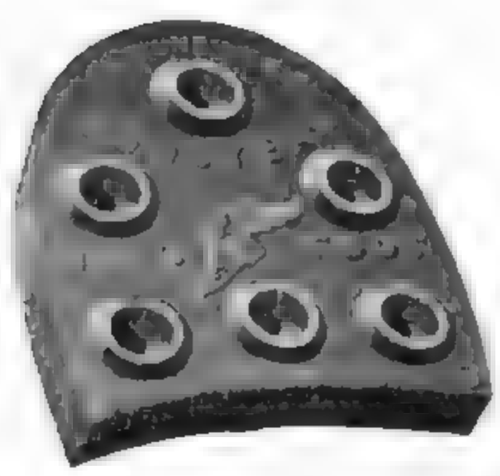
Like many another important invention, the idea seems ridiculously simple.

But what's the odds how simple it is, if it gives walking just the added zest you're looking for?

"Wingfoot" Heels put a sugar coating on the doctor's prescription—they transform duty into pleasure, and exercise into exhilaration.

If you doubt the difference between Goodyear "Wingfoot" Air Heels and the ordinary sort—pay the same price any other make would cost you, and try just one pair.

Cobbler shops and shoe stores by the thousand are selling thousands of pairs everywhere—all sizes, black or chocolate, for men, women and children, 50c a pair put on.



The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOOD YEAR
AKRON
WING FOOT
AIR HEELS

movement in the demand for show people. Finally an engagement with the Haynes & Harrison Floating Sensation was forced upon me for want of something better.

I do not exactly know how to describe this attraction. It was a salmagundi of specialties, sandwiched together until it looked like a cross between negro minstrels, dramatic endeavor, acrobatics and music-hall turns. Shows of this kind were unusual then, but afterward the idea was capitalized and became what we are pleased to call modern vaudeville.

With another boy about my own age, who joined about the same time, I doubled, with an acrobatic act and a song-and-dance number, in which we impersonated two Irishmen, and gave them Finnigan's Wake, the Irish Jaunting Car and the Wedding. The name of Scanlon was a household word in those days. He did more to popularize Irish melody than all the rest of them put together. The pay was six dollars a week and "cakes." It put me a long way out of my calculations when it came to starting another circus; but hunger must be served and there were no geraniums growing wild in the streets of a river town in those days.

Not all shows were like ours. Collectively they ran the gamut from dramatic productions, with a company of stock actors, to a one-ring circus and minstrel organizations, the latter being the most popular; in fact, everything went except Uncle Tom's Cabin, which for obvious reasons was taboo in the South. Some of these boats were of considerable consequence and moved under their own steam; others were large, flat-bottomed affairs, built on the order of seagoing scows, and were accompanied by tugs, which convoyed them from place to place. Some carried tents, as does a small circus, unloaded and exhibited on land; others were fitted up so that they could entertain their patrons on board.

Life With a River Show

A few of the old-time shows endeavored to and did give the best they could according to their lights and were peaceably inclined toward their brethren, persevering along the lines mapped out by the Golden Rule; but the majority were of the cheapest and tawdriest kind. Fresh-water pirates would have been a better name for them. They drifted downstream or were towed upstream, wildcatting their way from landing to landing. To most of them life was simply one fight after another. When rival attractions met on the same field of endeavor things usually commenced to happen.

My experience with the river show was short and startling. At the second town we disputed prestige and place with Dougherty's Ethiopian Minstrels, and a debate between two deck hands started an altercation that became general. Things finally quieted down, however, and after the night performance was over another young fellow and myself went up from the levee to look the town over. When we returned neither show boat was in sight. Then, by several of our company, whom we found roosting on the bank, we were apprised of the fact that our boat had from some unforeseen cause been sunk, and that the rival attraction had pulled out for parts unknown. I was facing the cold, cold world again.

I could not think of anything better to do than to go back to Nashville, get Little Trouper, and start out to make the great adventure all over again. I had no idea what I was going to do or how I was going to do it. The old trouping spirit was simply asserting itself and I had to keep moving.

At Bowling Green, Kentucky, I met my first railroad show and joined out with it in the capacity of a general utility man. For ten dollars a week I clowned, rode in the parade, took tickets at the front door, acted as private secretary to the proprietor and, whenever occasion demanded, helped with the mechanical movement. In those days artistic temperament was absolutely unknown.

There was no comparison between this show and that of my first adventure. It had fourteen cars and about eighty head of horses. Speaking in a general way, the parade made a fairly good appearance, as judged by the other tented attractions I had seen. Even so, it fell far short of what would be considered worthy of more than passing notice in this day and age.

Still, the circus business began to manifest in many ways that the pace set by Barnum, Coup, Bailey, and others of the big pioneers was commencing to exert its influence all round. Best of all, I noted with approval that no grafters, short-change men or card sharps were permitted to follow or in any way connect themselves with the show.

When I speak of the grafting methods of the old days I would like to make one broad statement—namely, that at the present time and for many years it has been the aim and object of every reputable tent show to eliminate anything and everything which would be classed under the above category. No institution of to-day is more jealous of its reputation and good name than the circus.

In the early days there were some exceptions to the system of carrying grafters as part and parcel of a tented show, but they were few and hard to find. The number of these enterprising gentry was generally regulated by the size of the show, and they had many and marvelous schemes for despoiling the wary countryman. An agent called on the mayor, chief of police or town marshal, and made certain arrangements whereby protection was insured. In the patois of the tents the man who did this was called the mender or fixer, and there are mighty few hamlets throughout the length and breadth of this country where they did not succeed in purchasing the privilege sought. The fact of the matter is that the coming of the circus season was looked on by many in authority as a source of considerable revenue and as part of the legitimate perquisites of their office.

I had not seen or heard of my friend Frank Morse for some time, when one day, as we were making the parade through the streets of Tunica, I heard a voice the tones of which sounded strangely familiar.

I looked up and on the opposite corner stood the friend and partner of my boyish ambitions. He was appareled in a long linen duster, and a tall silk hat, of somewhat ancient vintage and considerably the worse for wear, was tilted at an angle over his impressive dome of thought. I joined the crowd of country bumpkins surrounding him and listened.

"My friends," exclaimed the orator grandiloquently—"my friends, th' most tremendous secrets that Nature has concealed from ordinary mortals lies buried deep down in th' personalities of th' few who have been ticketed an' labeled with th' badge of th' unusual. There are mysteries an' secrets, my friends, which can only be imparted at a price. Th' miraculous ways in which th' human form divine may be beautified, uplifted an' added to are many."

Morse tossed his hair out of his eyes, pointed with outstretched arm to the blue sky above, and sailed away off on the wings of rhetoric.

Morse's Sacred Ointment

"Th' desire to emulate in sports an' pastimes, in dexterous feats an' in death-defyin' an' desperately darin' display, is as old as th' first sin. There are those of you standin' about me, no doubt, who have gazed with awe-inspired optics on th' miraculous feats accomplished so gracefully an' apparently without effort by th' acrobatic stars of th' circus. In this little tin receptacle that I hold in my hand is contained th' answer—th' key to success an' th' open-sesame to a source of unfailin' wealth an' everlastin' emolument.

"I will positively an' absolutely guarantee to you, my friends, that each an' every one of you who purchases a box of this sacred ointment, an' uses it in th' manner prescribed, will be so agile, so powerful an' so limber in all his joints that only ten or twelve applications at th' outside are necessary; an' that he will succeed in not only astoundin' his friends by marvelous accomplishment but in due time he will take rank with th' heroes of history an' th' conquerors of creative convolution.

"Th' young man appointed for that purpose will now pass among you an' give you an opportunity to participate in th' chance of a lifetime. Th' boxes, my friends, have been placed at prices within th' reach of all—one dollar each. A pearl for a picayune!"

I slid through the crowd and reached a position behind the soap box on which the orator was standing. Then I tugged at the tails of the linen duster. Morse wheeled about quickly. His whole face lit up as he grasped my hand and whispered in a hurried aside.

"Gee, kid! I'd rather 'a' seen you drop out of th' clouds like this than for somebody to have handed me an acre of fat pigs! Let's make a little hay before th' sun gets behind th' clouds. Jump up on that soap

box an' give 'em a testimony. Go to it, ol' kid! Rise an' shine. Make it a real manifestation."

He climbed down and pushed me forward. I mounted the rostrum and proceeded to tell the multitude how, for the first fifteen years of my life, I had been a crippled victim of inflammatory rheumatism, but had been entirely rehabilitated and cured by five applications of Morse's Miraculous Medium, and had become so athletic and agile that I was master of every difficult circus feat known in the annals of the sawdust ring. In proof of this I asked the spectators to clear a small space, turned a handspring or two, and did a couple of flipflops. The succeeding harvest was as plenteous as the most optimistic disciple could have desired.

When opportunity afforded I asked my old partner where he got the formula for the specific. A half-saddened smile passed over his otherwise ingenuous countenance as he replied:

"It's coarse work, kid—coarser than a nutmeg grater. But what was I goin' to do? It ain't nothin' but axle grease, which I bought by th' bucket an' transferred to boxes. The capital invested looks like as if it was goin' to pay dividends that'd make a get-rich-quick enterprise look like a package of pop corn."

Morse was bubbling over with enthusiasm. The Miraculous Medium had been, from a strictly material standpoint, possibly the best-paying enterprise in which he had ever been engaged. He suspended operations while there was still a chance to do business, so anxious was he to tell me the story of his success and to map out plans for our future.

"I got a bank roll, kid, that a greyhound couldn't jump over," he explained triumphantly. "That agent of mine figured out th' other day that, if business was to keep up th' way it's goin', in ten years we could lay th' profits in dollar bills, edge to edge, an' they'd make one consecutive streak of emerald reachin' from Montreal to Moosejaw, with enough left over to buy half a section of prairie grass. Now listen, kid! You just walk away from this attraction you're hooked up with, an' I know where there's th' tidiest little tent show you ever looked at. It's a railroad show—six cars, baggage stock, an' all th' equipment. You're in, fifty-fifty."

I hesitated because there were reasons of an intimately personal nature, which up to this time I had regarded as a secret not for ordinary ears or understanding.

My old partner looked me over critically, noting without apparent surprise my lack of enthusiasm but diagnosing the wherefore thereof with that peculiar acumen with which he was gifted by nature.

Morse's Good Advice

He stood away from me, thrust one hand deep in his pocket, pushed the tall silk hat backward from his forehead, and lifted an admonitory finger.

"Kid," said he, "I made you th' first pitch. Th' little guy with th' wings an' th' bow an' arrow, eh? Well, well! A two-year-old tryin' to run four-mile heats."

I felt the blood surging upward, but could not think of an adequate reply. Morse pursed up his lips and emitted a long-drawn whistle.

"I gotcha!" he chortled. "Th' little rider, huh? Some gal too! I seen th' two of you ridin' in th' parade; an' at th' risk of losin' th' sale of seventeen boxes of th' precious ointment I took a second slant. If she's anythin' like th' rest of her folks any man would be justified in puttin' a second mortgage on his future for her. But you want to look out, kid."

I endeavored to make a weak protest, but Morse again headed off any explanation I might have hazarded.

"Now you take this girl Irene—an' I'm goin' on th' presumption that if she was just to say th' word you'd jump off a fifteen-story buildin' just to show her that you was game; an' you'd court death in most any other terrible form that th' lady might suggest. I ain't sayin' anything against this girl; but don't forget that back of her is five generations of circus horse-ridin' people—an' that goes for both sides of th' house. They have a aristocracy of their own that puts peanut peddlers an' millionaires in th' same pew.

"So that's what I'm tellin' you, kid," he concluded. "You're both young, an' I suppose you take it as seriously as a country doctor goin' to a convention of city microbes. But don't get out of sight of land. If you was wantin' to hook up double with her she mightn't look at it th' same way as she does a harmless flirtation. Because which, her folks are sure to register objections. No use tellin' me," he finished with absolute conviction. "No use tellin' me. I know!"

I took my friend's counsel, so kindly meant, under what I considered advisement, but ultimately paid as much heed to it as a young fellow in my position usually does. Morse and I formed a new partnership, he furnishing all the capital and letting me in on the ground floor and declaring me an equal partner in fifty per cent of the prospective profits. It was with something far deeper than ordinary regret that I bade good-by to Irene.

We purchased the show he had in mind at a very reasonable figure, as the owner had died and the executors of the estate were at their wit's end to know what disposal to make of it.

Farewell to D. Cupid

By the time we had acquired our new property it was late in the fall and all the circuses were heading for quarters. We spent the greater part of the winter painting the wagons, getting the harness in shape and furbishing up the costumes, besides hiring the best performers we could procure at rates within the limit of our means.

But after Christmas the old spring fret came over me. I couldn't get Irene out of my mind; so one day I informed my partner that I was going to take a little holiday. I did not tell him where I was going and he did not ask me.

I headed as the crow flies for Indiana, and got to Rushville as fast as an express would carry me. Irene's people owned a farm outside that town. I hired the best-looking livery rig procurable, dressed myself in my Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and started down the pike.

As I walked up the path to the house I saw the girl of my heart walking in the rear. Without an instant's pause I hastened my footsteps, and as she turned round I could see the look of pleasure that flitted across her face at my appearance. She came forward with outstretched hand, saying:

"Hello, Jimmy! Where did you drop from?"

"Just took a run down to see you. How are you?"

With a gleam of mischief in her eyes she informed me that her state of health was all that could be desired. I stood as one dumb after this exchange of formalities and finally summoned up enough courage to ask her if she would come for a drive. We got into the rig and I tucked the rug carefully about her. I could think of nothing to say, though on my way out there were a thousand carefully prepared sentences in my mind, ready for utterance. Probably she felt sorry for me; at any rate she carried on a more or less one-sided conversation, as I replied to her queries in monosyllabies. To my mind the worst thing in the world is to be in love with a girl and have neither the courage nor the words to tell her so.

Suddenly I found myself blurting out the whole story—how I couldn't keep away from her and had come all the way from the South to ask her to be Mrs. Jimmy Travers, wife of a young man who predicted modestly, but with absolute conviction, that he would eventually be the greatest showman on the face of the earth.

When I had finished I let the reins drop in my lap and turned to look at her. She shook her head sadly.

"It can't be, Jimmy," she said. "It's a pretty dream; but it can't be."

"Why can't it?" I argued rebelliously.

In different words, but meaning precisely the same thing, she practically duplicated what Morse had told me about the tradition of the circus. I tried to argue the question, but with a shake of the head she cut me short.

And all this time, you know, there was a little old scout tramping round with me—a pretty good kind of pal at that. But as I walked thoughtfully from Irene's house, down the pathway leading to the gate, I made up my mind that I would part company with him there.

"Good-by, little man," said I, "and good luck to you! It's th' open road again for both of us; so we'd better get th' show off th' lot. So long, Dan Cupid!"

That night I took the train going South.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of articles by Mr. Yates, giving his circus reminiscences. The second will appear in an early number.

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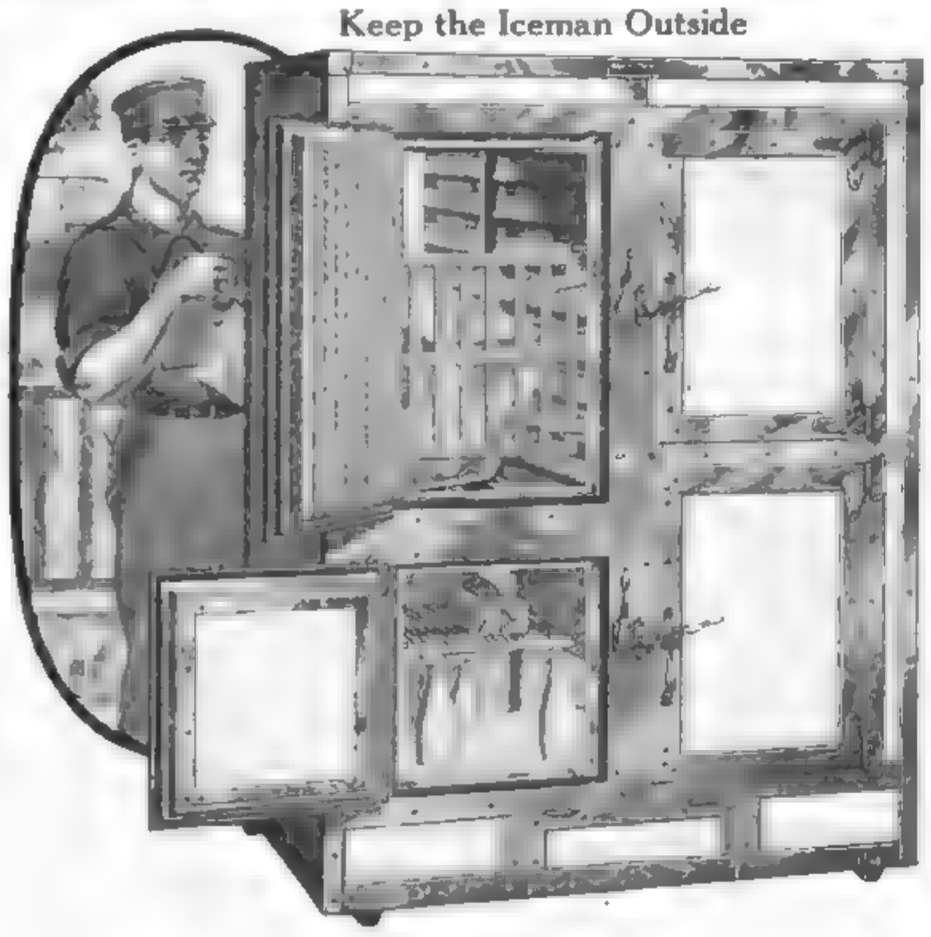

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MY COUNTRY TISH OF THEE—

(Continued from Page 6)

riding master bolted for the gate. But to my intense surprise Tish was not on the ground. Then I saw her. She was still on the creature, and she was coming back along the road, with her riding hat on the back of her head and a gleam in her eye that I knew well enough was a gleam of triumph.

She halted the thing beside me and looked down with a patronizing air.

"He's a trifle nervous this morning," she said calmly. "Hasn't been worked enough. Good horse though—very neat jump."

Then she rode on and out through the gates, ignoring Aggie's pitiful wail and scorning the leading string the instructor offered.

We reached Glacier Park without difficulty, although Tish insisted on talking to the most ordinary people on the train, and once, losing her, we found her in the drawing-room learning to play bridge, although not a card player, except for casino. Though nothing has ever been said, I believe she learned when too late that they were playing for money, as she borrowed ten dollars from me late in the afternoon and was looking rather pale.

"What do you think?" she said, while I was getting the money from the safety pocket under my skirt. "The young man who knocked me down on the ice that day is on the train. I've just exchanged a few words with him. He was not much hurt, although unconscious for a short time. His name is Bell James C. Bell."

Soon after that Tish brought him to us, and we had a nice talk. He said he had not been badly hurt on the ice, although he got a cut on the forehead from Tish's skate, requiring two stitches.

After a time he and Aggie went out on the platform, only returning when Aggie got a cinder in her eye.

"Just think," she said as he went for water to use in my eye-cup, "he is going to meet the girl he is in love with out at the park. She has been there for four weeks. They are engaged. He is very much in love. He didn't talk of anything else."

She told him she had confided his tender secret to us, and instead of looking conscious he seemed glad to have three people instead of one to talk to about her.

"You see, it's like this," he said: "She is very good looking, and in her town a moving-picture company has its studio. That part's all right. I suppose we have to have movies. But the fool of a director met her at a party, and said she would photograph well and ought to be with them. He offered her a salary, and it went to her head. She's young," he added, "and he said she could be as great a hit as Mary Pickford."

"How sad!" said Aggie. "But of course she refused?"

"Well, no, she liked the idea. It got me worried. Worried her people too. Her father's able to give her a good home, and I'm expecting to take that job off his hands in about a year. But girls are queer. She wanted to try it awfully."

It developed that he had gone to her folks about it, and they'd offered her a vacation with some of her school friends in Glacier Park.

"It's pretty wild out there," he went on, "and we felt that the air, and horseback riding and everything, would make her forget the movies. I hope so. She's there now. But she's had the bug pretty hard. Got so she was always posing, without knowing it."

But he was hopeful that she would be cured, and said she was to meet him at the station.

"She's an awfully nice girl, you understand," he finished. "It's only that this thing got hold of her and needed driving out."

Well, we were watching when the train drew in at Glacier Park Station, and she was there. She was a very pretty girl, and it was quite touching to see him look at her. But Aggie observed something and remarked on it.

"She's not as glad to see him as he is to see her," she said. "He was going to kiss her, and she moved back."

In the crowd we lost sight of them, but that evening, sitting in the lobby of the hotel, we saw Mr. Bell wandering round alone. He looked depressed, and Aggie beckoned to him.

"How is everything?" she asked. "Is the cure working?"

He dropped into a chair and looked straight ahead.

"Not so you could notice it!" he said bitterly. "Would you believe that there's a moving-picture outfit here, taking scenes in the park?"

"No!"

"There is. They've taken two thousand feet of her already, dressed like an Indian," he said in a tone of suppressed fury. "It makes me sick. I dare say if we tied her in a well some fool would lower a camera on a rope."

Just at that moment she sauntered past us with a reddish-haired young man. Mr. Bell ignored her, although I saw her try to catch his eye.

"That's the moving-picture man with her," he said in a low, violent tone when they had passed. "Name's Oliver." He groaned. "He's told her she ought to go in for the business. She'd be a second Mary Pickford! I'd like to kill him!"

He rose savagely and left us.

We spent the night in the hotel at the park entrance, and I could not get to sleep. Tish was busy engaging a guide and going over our supplies, and at eleven o'clock Aggie came into my room and sat down on the bed.

"I can't sleep, Lizzie," she said. "That poor Mr. Bell is on my mind. Besides, did you see those ferocious Indians hanging round?"

Well, I had seen them, but said nothing.

"They would scalp one as quick as not," Aggie went on. "And who's to know but that our guide will be in league with them? I've lost my teeth," she said with a flash of spirit, "but so far I've kept my hair, and mean to if possible. That old Indian has a scalp tied to the end of a stick. Lizzie, I'm nervous."

"If it is only hair they want, I don't mind their taking my switch," I observed, trying to be facetious, although uneasy. As to the switch, it no longer matched my hair, and I would have parted from it without a pang.

"And another thing," said Aggie: "Tish can talk about ponies until she is black in the face. The creatures are horses. I've seen them."

Well, I knew that, too, by that time. As we walked to the hotel from the train I had seen one of them carrying on. It was arching its back like a cat that's just seen a strange dog, and with every arch it swelled its stomach. At the third heave it split the strap that held the saddle on, and then it kicked up in the rear and sent saddle and rider over its head. So far as I had seen, no casualty had resulted, but it had set me thinking. Given a beast with an India-rubber spine and no sense of honor, I felt I would be helpless.

Tish came in just then and we confronted her.

"Ponies!" I said bitterly. "They are horses, if I know a horse. And, moreover, it's well enough for you, Tish Carberry, to talk about gripping a horse with your knees. I'm not built that way, and you know it. Besides, no knee grip will answer when a creature begins to act like a cat in a fit."

Aggie here had a bright idea. She said that she had seen pictures of pneumatic jackets to keep people from drowning, and that Mr. McKee, a buyer at one of the stores at home, had taken one, fully inflated, when he crossed to Paris for autumn suits.

"I would like to have one, Tish," she finished. "It would break the force of a fall anyhow, even if it did puncture."

Tish, who was still dressed, went out to the curio shop in the lobby, and returned with the sad news that there was nothing of the sort on sale.

We were late in getting started the next morning, owing partly to Aggie's having put her riding breeches on wrong, and being unable to sit down when once in the saddle. But the main reason was the guide we had engaged. Tish heard him using profane language to one of the horses and dismissed him on the spot.

The man who was providing our horses and outfit, however, understood, and in a short time returned with another man.

"I've got a good one for you now, Miss Carberry," he said. "Safe and perfectly gentle, and as mild as milk. Only has one fault, and maybe you won't mind that. He smokes considerably."

"I don't object, as long as it's in the open air," Tish said. So that was arranged. But I must say that the new man did not look mild. He had red hair, although a nice smile with a gold tooth, and his trousers were of white fur, which looked hot for summer.

"You are sure that you don't use strong language?" Tish asked.

"No, ma'am," he said. "I was raised strict, and very particular as to swearing. Dear, dear now, would you look at that cinch! Blow up their little tummies, they do, when they're cinched, and when they breathe it out the saddle's as loose as the tongues of some of these here tourists."

Tish swung herself up without any trouble, but owing to a large canvas bag on the back of my saddle I was unable to get my leg across, and was compelled to have it worked over, a little at a time. At last, however, we were ready. A white pack horse, carrying our tents and cooking utensils, was led by Bill, which proved to be the name of our cowboy guide.

Mr. Bell came to say good-by and to wish us luck. But he looked unhappy, and there was no sign whatever of the young lady, whose name we had learned was Helen.

"I may see you on the trail," he said sadly. "I'm about sick of this place, and I'm thinking of clearing out." Aggie reminded him that faint heart never won fair lady, but he only shook his head.

"I'm not so sure that I want to win," he said. "Marriage is a serious business, and I don't know that I'd care to have a wife that followed a camera like a street kid follows a brass band. It wouldn't make for a quiet home."

We left him staring wistfully into the distance.

Tish sat in her saddle and surveyed the mountain peaks that rose behind the hotel.

"Twenty centuries are looking down upon us!" she said. "The crest of our native land lies before us. We will conquer those beetling crags, or die trying. All right, Bill. Forward!"

Bill led off, followed by the pack horse, then Tish, Aggie and myself. We kept on in this order for some time, which gave me a chance to observe Aggie carefully. I am not much of a horsewoman myself, having never been on a horse before. But my father was fond of riding, and I soon adapted myself to the horse's gait, especially when walking. On level stretches, however, where Bill spurred his horse to a trot, I was not so comfortable, and Aggie appeared to strike the saddle in a different spot every time she descended.

Once, turning her profile to me in a glance of despair, I was struck by the strange and collapsed appearance of her face. This was explained, however, when my horse caught up to hers on a wider stretch of road, and I saw that she had taken out her teeth and was holding them in her hand.

"Al-almost swallowed them," she gasped. "Oh, Lizzie, to think of a summer of this!"

At last we left the road and turned onto a footpath, which instantly commenced to rise. Tish called back something about the beauties of nature and riding over a carpet of flowers, but my horse was fording a small stream at the time and I was too occupied to reply. The path—or trail, which is what Bill called it—grew more steep, and I let go of the lines and held to the horn of my saddle. The horses were climbing like goats.

"Tish," Aggie called desperately, "I can't stand this. I'm going back! I'm—— Lordamighty!"

Fortunately Tish did not hear this. We had suddenly emerged on the brink of a precipice. A two-foot path clung to the cliff, and along the very edge of this the horses walked, looking down in an interested manner now and then. My blood turned to water and I closed my eyes.

"Tish!" Aggie shrieked. But the only effect of this was to start her horse into a trot. I had closed my eyes, but I opened them in time to see Aggie give a wild clutch and a low moan.

In a few moments the trail left the edge, and Aggie turned in her saddle and looked back at me.

"I lost my lower set back there," she said. "They went over the edge. I suppose they're falling yet."

"It's a good thing it wasn't the upper set," I said, to comfort her. "As far as appearance goes ——"

"Appearance!" she said bitterly. "Do you suppose we'll meet anybody but desperadoes and Indians in a place like this? And not an egg with us, of course."

The eggs referred to her diet, as at different times, when having her teeth repaired, she can eat little else.

"Ham," she called back in a surly tone, "and hard tack, I suppose! I'll starve, Lizzie, that's all. If only we had brought some junket tablets!"

With the exception of this incident the morning was quiet. Tish and Bill talked prohibition, which he believed in, and the tin pans on the pack horse clattered, and we got higher all the time, and rode through waterfalls and along the edge of death. By noon I did not much care if the horses fell over or not. The skin was off me in a number of places, and my horse did not like me, and showed it by nipping back at my leg here and there.

At eleven o'clock, riding through a valley on a trail six inches wide, Bill's horse stepped on a hornets' nest. The insects were probably dazed at first, but by the time Tish's horse arrived they were prepared, and the next thing we knew Tish's horse was flying up the mountain side as if it had gone crazy, and Bill was shouting to us to stop.

The last we saw of Tish for some time was her horse leaping a mountain stream, and jumping like a kangaroo, and Bill was following.

"She'll be killed!" Aggie cried. "Oh, Tish, Tish!"

"Don't yell," I said. "You'll start the horses. And for heaven's sake, Aggie," I added grimly, "remember that this is a pleasure trip."

It was a half hour before Tish and Bill returned. Tish was a chastened woman. She said little or nothing, but borrowed some ointment from me for her face, where the branches of trees had scraped it, while Bill led the horses round the fatal spot. I recall, however, that she said she wished now that we had brought the other guide.

"Because I feel," she observed, "that a little strong language would be a relief."

We had luncheon at noon in a sylvan glade, and Aggie was pathetic. She dipped a cracker in a cup of tea, and sat off by herself under a tree. Tish, however, had recovered her spirits.

"Throw out your chests, and breathe deep of this pure air unsullied by civilization," she cried. "Aggie, fill yourself with ozone."

"Humph!" said Aggie. "It's about all I will fill myself with."

"Think," Tish observed, "of the fools and dolts who are living under roofs, struggling, contending, plotting, while all Nature awaits them."

"With stings," Aggie said nastily, "and teeth, and horns, and claws, and every old thing! Tish, I want to go back. I'm not happy, and I don't enjoy scenery when I'm not happy. Besides, I can't eat the landscape."

As I look back I believe it would have been better if we had returned. I think of that day, some time later, when we made the long descent from the Piegan Pass under such extraordinary circumstances, and I realize that, although worse for our bodies, which had grown strong and agile, so that I have, later on, seen Aggie mount her horse on a run, it would have been better for our nerves had we returned.

We were all perfectly stiff after luncheon, and Aggie was sulking also. Bill was compelled to lift us into our saddles, and again we started up and up. The trail was now what he called a switchback. Halfway up Aggie refused to go farther, but on looking back decided not to return either.

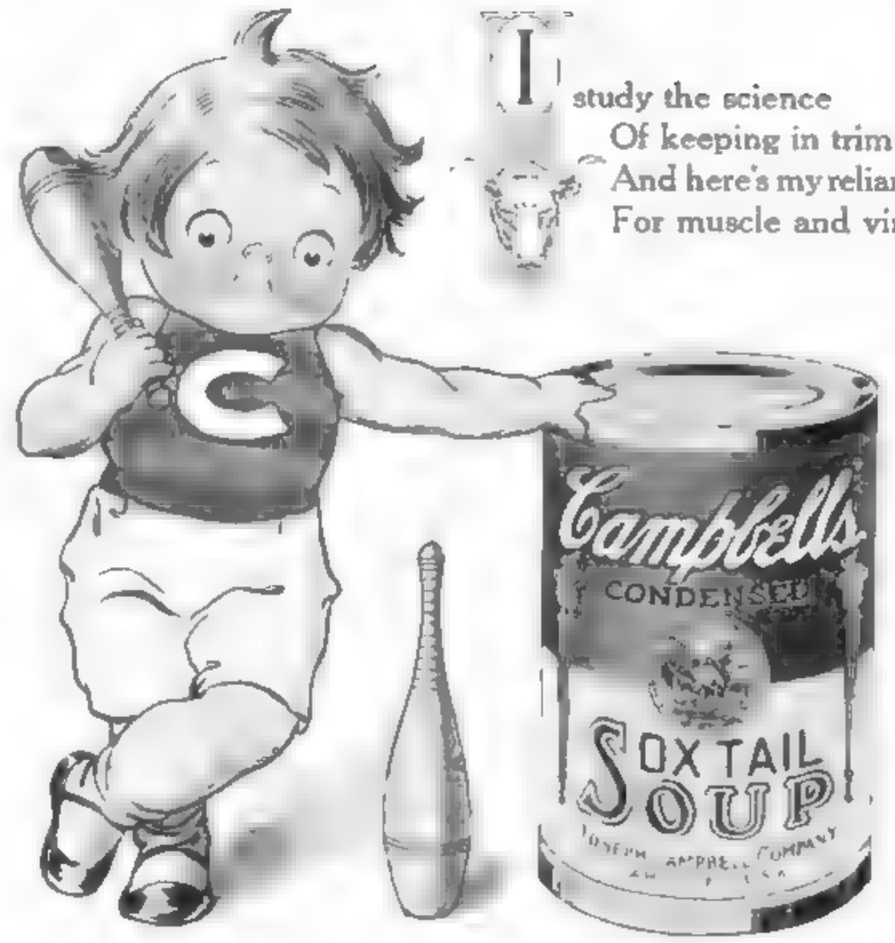
"I shall not go another step," she called. "Here I am, and here I stay till I die."

"Very well," Tish said from overhead. "I suppose you don't expect us all to stay and die with you. I'll tell your niece when I see her."

Aggie thought better of it, however, and followed on, with her eyes closed and her lips moving in prayer. She happened to open them at a bad place, although safe enough, according to Bill, and nothing to what we were coming to a few days later. Opening them as she did on a ledge of rock which sloped steeply for what appeared to be several miles down on each side, she uttered a piercing shriek, followed by a sneeze. As before, her horse started to run, and Aggie is, I believe Bill said, the only person in the world who ever took that place at a canter.

We were to take things easy the first day, Bill advised. "Till you get your muscles sort of eased up, ladies," he said. "If you haven't been riding astride, a horse's back

(Continued on Page 58)



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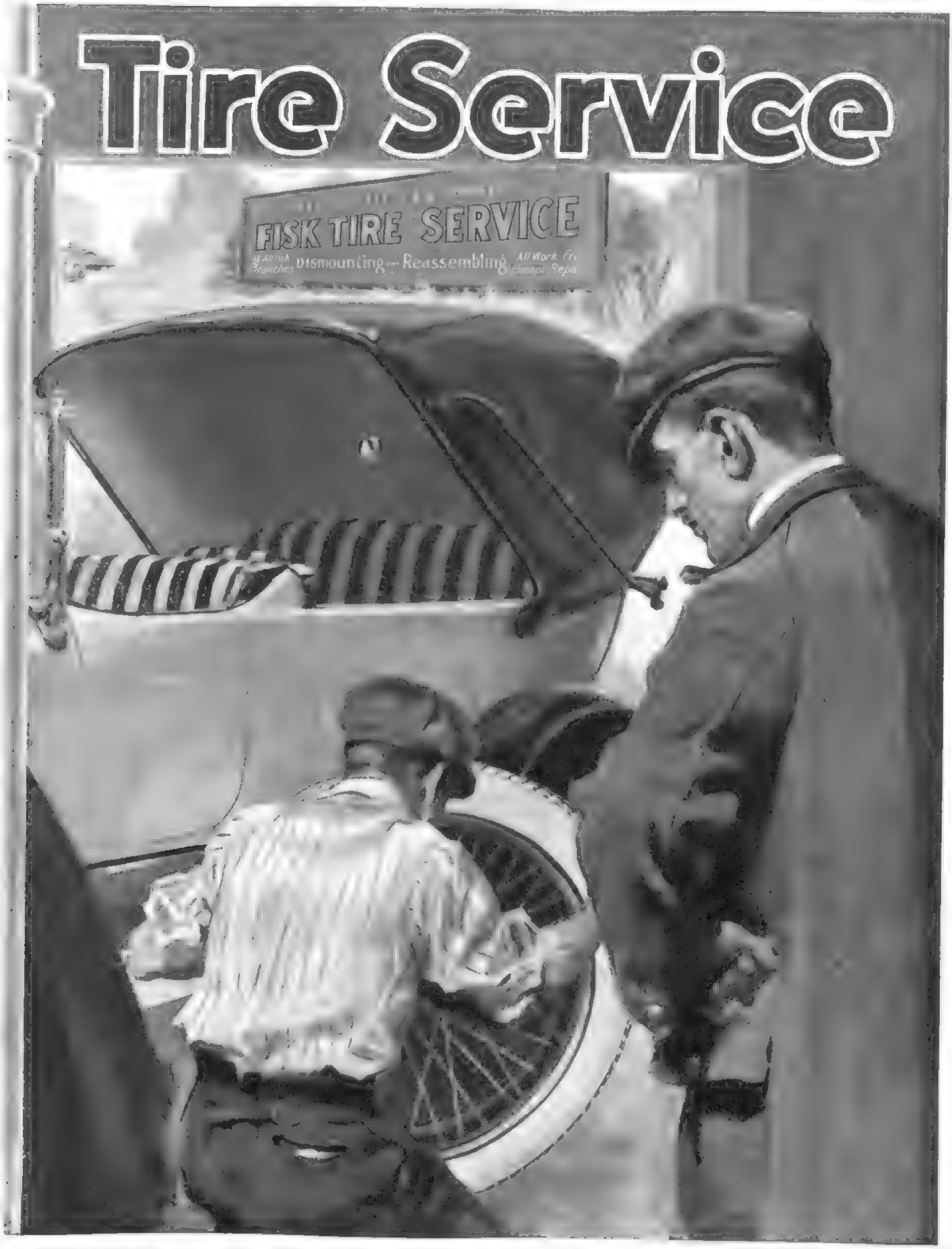
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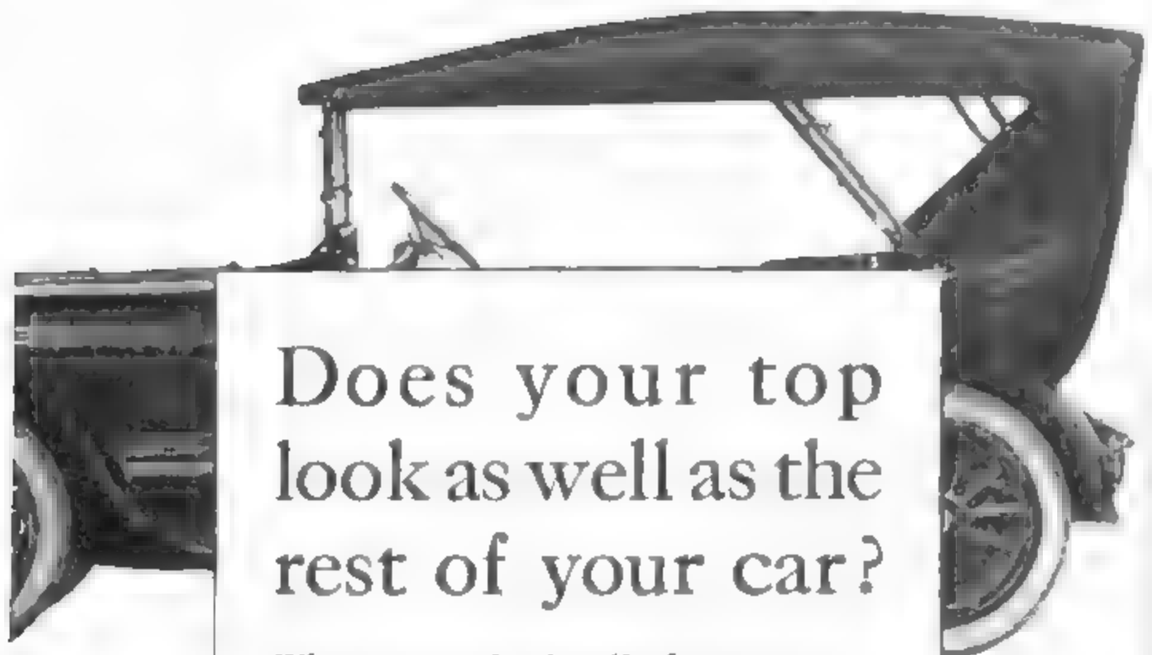

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Pantasote

(Continued from Page 55)

seems as wide as the roof of a church. But we'll get a rest now. The rest of the way is walking."

"I can't walk," Aggie said. "I can't get my knees together."

"Sorry, ma'am," said Bill. "We're going down now, and the animals has to be led. That's one of the diversions of a trip like this. First you ride and then you walk. And then you ride again. This here's one of the show places, although easy of access from the entrance. Be a good place for a holdup, I've always said."

"A holdup?" Tish asked. Her enthusiasm seemed to have flagged somewhat, but at this she brightened up.

"Yes'm. You see, we're near the Canadian border, and it would be easy for a gang to slip over and back again. Don't know why we've never had one. Yellowstone can boast of a number."

I observed tartly that I considered it nothing to boast of, but Bill did not agree with me.

"It doesn't hurt a neighborhood none," he observed. "Adds romance, as you might say."

He went on and, happening to slide on a piece of shale at that moment, I sat down unexpectedly and the horse put its foot on me.

I felt embittered and helpless, but the others kept on.

"Very well," I said, "go on. Don't mind me. If this creature wants to sit in my lap, well and good. I expect it's tired."

But as they went on callously I was obliged to shove the creature off and to hobble on. Bill was still babbling about holdups, and Aggie was saying that she was sunstruck, but of course it did not matter.

We made very slow progress, owing to taking frequent rests, and late in the afternoon we were overtaken by Mr. Bell, on foot and carrying a pack. He would have passed on without stopping, but Aggie hailed him.

"Not going to hike, are you?" she said pleasantly. Aggie is fond of picking up the vernacular of a region.

"No," he said in a surly tone quite unlike his former urbane manner, "I'm merely taking this pack out for a walk."

But he stopped and mopped his face.

"To tell you the truth, ladies," he said, "I'm working off a little steam, that's all. I was afraid, if I stayed round the hotel, I'd do something I'd be sorry for. There are times when I am not a fit companion for anyone, and this is one of them."

We invited him to join us, but he refused.

"No, I'm better alone," he said. "When things get too strong for me on the trail I can sling things about. I've been throwing bowlders down the mountain every now and then. I'd just as soon they hit somebody as not. Also," he added, "I'm safer away from any red-headed men."

We saw him glance at Bill, and understood. Mr. Oliver was red-headed.

"Love's an awful thing" said Bill as the young man went on, kicking stones out of his way. "I'm glad I ain't got it."

Tish turned and eyed him.

"True love is a very beautiful thing," she rebuked him. "Although a single woman myself, I believe in it. 'Come live with me and be my love,'" she quoted, sitting down to shake a stone out of her riding boot.

Bill looked startled.

"I might say," he said hastily, "that I may have misled you, ladies. I'm married."

"You said you had never been in love," Tish said sharply.

"Well, not to say real love," he replied. "She was the cook of an outfit I was with and it just came about natural. She was going to leave, which meant that I'd have to do the cooking, which I ain't much at, especially pastry. So I married her."

Tish gave him a scornful glance but said nothing, and we went on.

We camped late that afternoon beside Two Medicine Lake, and while Bill put up the tents the three of us sat on a log and soaked our aching feet in the water, which was melted glacier, and naturally cold.

What was our surprise, on turning somewhat, to see the angry lover fishing on a point near by. While we stared he pulled out a large trout, and stalked away without a glance in our direction. As Tish, with her usual forethought, had brought a trout rod, she hastily procured it, but without result.

"Of course," Aggie said, "no fish! I could eat a piece of broiled fish. I dare say I shall be skin and bone at the end of this trip—and not much skin."

Bill had set up the sleeping tent and built a fire, and it looked cozy and comfortable. But Tish had the young man on her mind, and after supper she put on a skirt which she had brought along and went to see him.

"I'd take him some supper, Bill," she said, "but you are correct: you are no cook."

She disappeared among the bushes, only to return in a short time, jerking off her skirt as she came.

"He says all he wants is to be let alone," she said briefly. "I must say I'm disappointed in him. He was very agreeable before."

I pass without comment over the night. Bill had put up the tent over the root of a large tree, and we disposed ourselves about it as well as we could. In the course of the night one of the horses broke loose and put its head inside the tent. Owing to Aggie's thinking it was a bear, Tish shot at it, fortunately missing it.

But the frightened animal ran away, and Bill was until noon the next day finding it. We cooked our own breakfast, and Tish made some gems, having brought the pan along. But the morning dragged, although the scenery was lovely.

At twelve Bill brought the horse back and came over to us.

"If you don't mind my saying it, Miss Carberry," he observed, "you're a bit too ready with that gun. First thing you know you'll put a hole through me, and then where will you be?"

"I've got along without men most of my life," Tish said sharply. "I reckon we'd manage."

"Well," he said, "there's another angle to it. Where would I be?"

"That's between you and your Creator," Tish retorted.

We went on again that afternoon, and climbed another precipice. We saw no human being except a mountain goat, although Bill claimed to have seen a bear. Tish was quite calm at all times, and had got so that she could look down into eternity without a shudder. But Aggie and I were still nervous, and at the steepest places we got off and walked.

The unfortunate part was that the exercise and the mountain air made Aggie hungry, and there was little that she could eat.

"If anyone had told me a month ago," she said, mopping her forehead, "that I would be scaling the peaks of my country on crackers and tea, I wouldn't have believed it. I'm done out, Lizzie. I can't climb another inch."

Bill was ahead with the pack horse, and Tish, overhearing her, called back some advice.

"Take your horse's tail and let him pull you up, Aggie," she said. "I've read it somewhere."

Aggie, although frequently complaining, always does as Tish suggests. So she took the horse's tail, when a totally unexpected thing happened. Docile as the creature generally was, it objected at once, and kicked out with both rear feet. In a moment, it seemed to me, Aggie was gone, and her horse was moving on alone.

"Aggie!" I called in a panic.

Tish stopped, and we both looked about. Then we saw her, lying on a ledge about ten feet below the trail. She was flat on her back, and her riding hat was gone. But she was uninjured, although shaken, for as we looked she sat up, and an agonized expression came over her face.

"Aggie!" I cried. "Is anything broken?"

"Damnation!" said Aggie in an awful voice. "The upper set is gone!"

I have set down exactly what Aggie said. I admit that the provocation was great. But Tish was not one to make allowances, and she turned and went on, leaving us alone. She is not without feeling, however, for from the top of the pass she sent Bill down with a rope, and we dragged poor Aggie to the trail again. Her nerves were shaken and she was repentant also, for when she found that her hat was gone she said nothing, although her eyes took on a hunted look.

At the top of the pass Tish was sitting on a stone. She had taken her mending box from the saddle, where she always kept it handy, and was drawing up a hole in her stocking. I observed to her pleasantly that it was a sign of scandal to mend clothing while still on, but she ignored me, although, as I reflected bitterly, I had not been kicked over the cliff.

It was a subdued and speechless Aggie who followed us that afternoon along the trail.

As her hat was gone I took the spare dish towel and made a turban for her, with an end hanging down to protect the back of her neck. But she expressed little gratitude, beyond observing that as she was going over the edge piecemeal, she'd better have done it all at once and be through with it.

The afternoon wore away slowly. It seemed a long time until we reached our camping place, partly because, although a small eater ordinarily, the air and exercise had made me feel famished. But the disagreement between Tish and Aggie, owing to the latter's unfortunate exclamation while kicked over the cliff, made the time seem longer. There was not the usual exchange of pleasant nothings between us.

But by six o'clock Tish was more amiable, having seen bear scratches on trees near the camp, and anticipating the sight of a bear. She mixed up a small cup cake while Bill was putting up our tent, and then, taking her rod, proceeded to fish, while Aggie and I searched for grasshoppers. These were few, owing to the altitude, but we caught four, which we imprisoned in a match box.

With them Tish caught four trout and, broiling them nicely, she offered one to poor Aggie. It was a peace offering, and taken as such, so that we were soon on our former agreeable footing, and all forgotten.

The next day it rained, and we were obliged to sit in the tent. Bill sat with us, and talked mainly of desperadoes.

"As I observed before," he said, "there hasn't been any tourist holdup yet. But it's bound to come. Take the Yellowstone now—one holdup a year's the average, and it's full of soldiers at that."

"It's a wonder people keep on going," I observed, moving out of a puddle.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "In one way it's good for business. I take it this way: When folks come West they want the West they've read about. What do they care for irrigation and apple orchards? What they like is danger and a little gunplay, the sort of thing they see in these here moving pictures."

"I'm sure I don't," Aggie remarked. It was growing dusk, and she peered out into the forest round us. "There is something crackling out there now," she said.

"Only a bear, likely," Bill assured her. "We have a sight of bears here. No, ma'am, they want danger. And every holdup's an advertisement. You see, the Government can't advertise these here parks; not the way it should, anyhow. But a holdup's news, so the papers print it, and it sets people to thinking about the park. Maybe they never thought of the place and are arranging to go elsewhere. Then along comes a gang and raises h—raises trouble, and the park's in everyone's mouth, so to speak. We'd get considerable business if there was one this summer."

At that moment the crackling outside increased, and a shadowy form emerged from the bushes. Even Bill stood up, and Aggie screamed.

It was, however, only poor Mr. Bell.

"Mind if I borrow some matches?" he said gruffly.

"We can't lend matches," Tish replied. "At least, I don't see the use of sending them back after they've been lighted. We can give you some."

"My mistake," he said.

That was all he said, except the word "Thanks" when I reached him a box.

"He's a surly creature," Tish observed as he crackled through the brush again "More than likely that girl's better off without him."

"He looks rather downhearted," Aggie remarked. "Much that we think is temper is due to unhappiness."

"Much of your charitable view is due to a good dinner too," Tish said. "Here we are, in the center of a wilderness, with great peaks on every hand, and we meet a fellow creature who speaks nine words, and begrudges those. If he's as stingy with money as with language she's had a narrow escape."

"He's had kind of a raw deal," Bill put in. "The girl was stuck on him all right, until this moving-picture chap came along. He offered to take some pictures with her in them, and it was all off. They're making up a play now, and she's to be in it."

"What sort of a play?" Tish demanded.

"Sorry not to oblige," Bill replied. "Can't say the nature of it."

But all of us felt that Bill knew and would not say.

Tish, to whom a mystery is a personal affront, determined to find out for herself; and when later in the evening we saw the light of his camp fire, it was Tish herself who suggested that we go over and visit with him.

"We can converse about various things," she said, "and take his mind from his troubles. But it would be better not to mention affairs of the heart. He's probably sensitive."

So we left Bill to look after things, and went to call on Mr. Bell. It was farther to his camp than it had appeared, and Tish unfortunately ran into a tree and bruised her nose badly. When it had stopped bleeding, however, we went on, and at last arrived.

He was sitting on a log by the fire, smoking a pipe and looking very sad. Behind him was a bit of a tent not much larger than an umbrella. Aggie touched my arm.

"My heart aches for him," she said. "There is despair in his very eyes."

I do not believe that at first he was very glad to see us, but he softened somewhat when Tish held out the cake she had brought.

"That's very nice of you," he said, rising. "I'm afraid I can't ask you to sit down. The ground's wet and there is only this log."

"I've sat on logs before," Tish replied. "We thought we'd call, seeing we are neighbors. As the first comers it was our place to call first, of course."

"I see," he said, and poked up the fire with a piece of stick.

"We felt that you might be lonely," said Aggie.

"I came here to be lonely," he replied gloomily. "I want to be lonely."

Tish, however, was determined to be cheerful, and asked him, as a safe subject, how he felt about the war.

"War?" he said. "That's so, there is a war. To tell the truth, I had forgotten about it. I've been thinking of other things."

We saw that it was going to be difficult to cheer him. Tish tried the weather, which brought us nowhere, as he merely grunted. But Aggie broached the subject of desperadoes, and he roused somewhat.

"There are plenty of shady characters in the park," he said shortly. "Wolves in sheep's clothing, that's what they are."

"Bill, our guide, says there may be a holdup at any time."

"Sure there is," he said calmly. "There's one going to be pulled off in the next day or two."

We sat petrified, and Aggie's eyes were starting out of her head.

"All the trimmings," he went on, staring at the fire. "Innocent and unsuspecting tourists, lunch, laughter, boiled coffee and cold ham. Ambush. The whole business—followed by highwaymen in flannel shirts and revolvers. Dead tourist or two, desperate resistance—everything."

Aggie rose, pale as an aspen.

"You—you are joking!" she cried.

"Do I look like it?" he demanded fiercely. "I tell you there is going to be the whole thing. At the end the lovely girl will escape on horseback and ride madly for aid. She will meet the sheriff and a posse, who are out for a picnic or some such damfool nonsense, and ——"

"Young man," Tish said coldly, "if you know all this, why are you sitting here and not alarming the authorities?"

"Pooh!" he said disagreeably. "It's a put-up scheme, to advertise the park. Yellowstone's got ahead of them this year, and has had its excitement, with all the papers ringing with it. That was a gag, too, probably."

"Do you mean ——"

"I mean considerable," he said. "That red-headed movie idiot will be on a rise, taking the tourists as they ride through. Of course he doesn't expect the holdup—not in the papers anyhow. He happens to have the camera trained on the party, and gets it all. Result—a whacking good picture, revolvers firing blank cartridges, everything which people will crowd to see. Oh, it's good business all right. I don't mind admitting that."

Tish's face expressed the greatest rage. She rose, drawing herself to her full height.

"And the tourists?" she demanded. "They lend themselves to this imposition? To this infamy? To this turpitude?"

"Certainly not. They think it's the real thing. The whole business hangs on that. And as the sheriff, or whoever it is in the fool plot, captures the bandits, the party gets its money back, and has material for conversation for the next twenty years."

(Continued on Page 62)

Maxwell

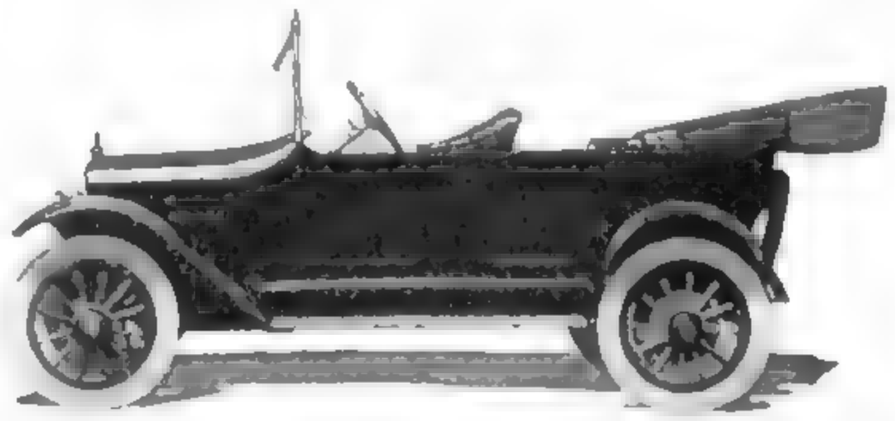
Leadership

LEADERSHIP, after all, gravitates to the fittest. And Service must ever be the measure of that fitness. When a man ceases to serve his community, his fellow-men, his value is lost. So it is with motor cars.

In one of several automobile classes the Maxwell aims and always has aimed to give that full measure of service which shall proclaim it a leader. Every effort of our organization has been toward that end.

Economy, efficiency, beauty and comfort—these are the qualities dignified by an inbuilt honor, to which Maxwell service is sequel. And these are the qualities that have set the Maxwell apart, and, in its class, marked it with the seal of distinction.

Maxwell Motor Cars are honest, worthy products. They are made by folks who have not attained absolute perfection, but who strive earnestly to maintain the eminence and good will they have earned.



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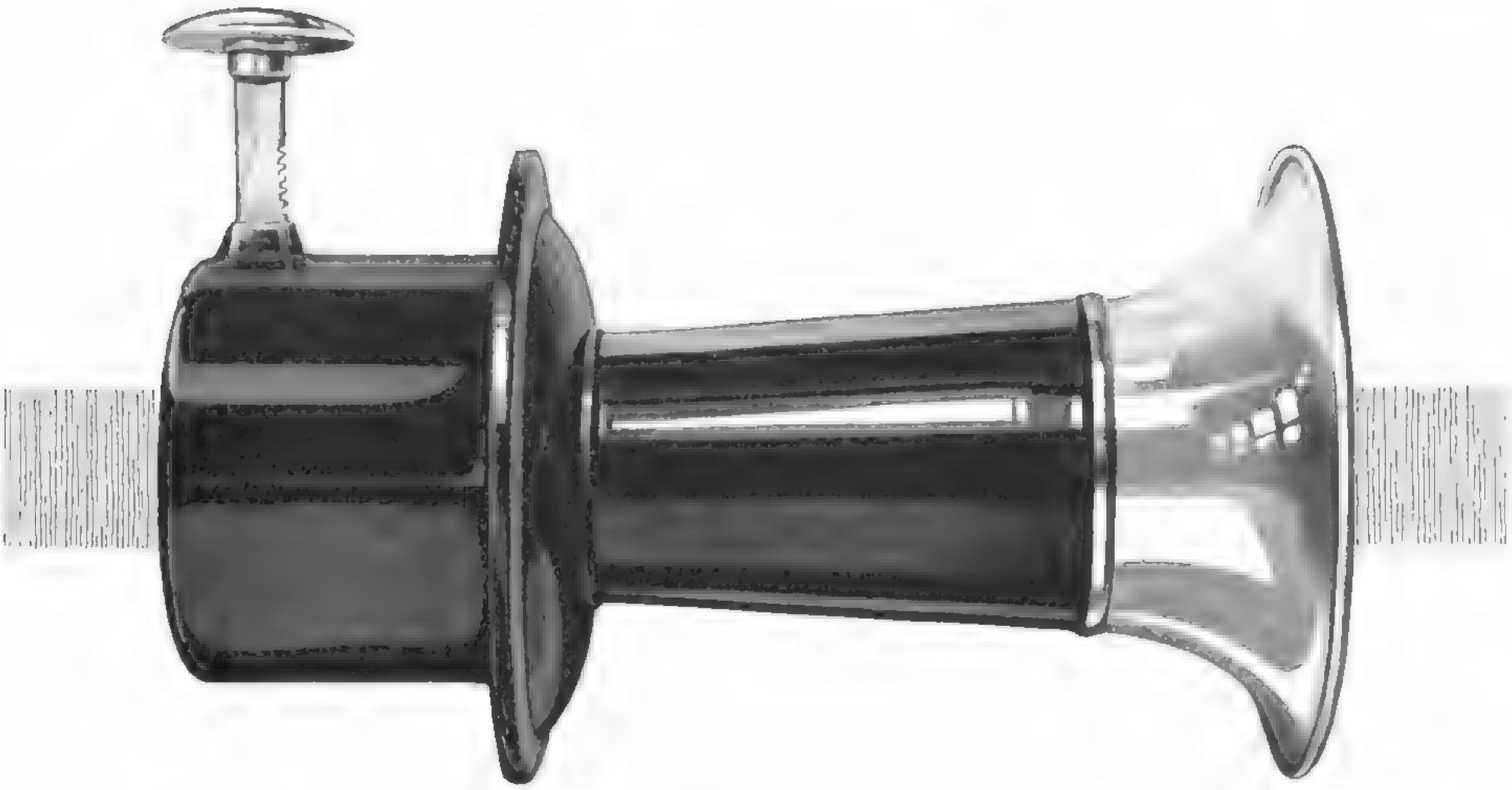

"No car is better than its accessories."

Capturing the Signal Business of America

The story behind the success of the Stewart Signal is just another one of industrial ingenuity, common sense and big production.

Previous to the introduction of the Stewart Hand-operated Signal, the market was flooded with all kinds and types.

Some of them were quite good—many were inferior.

The better ones, however, were very high priced—too high priced to be popular.

We proposed to produce a signal of the highest quality at a popular price.

We proposed to be able to do more signal business than all the other manufacturers combined.

We knew that to get the price way down and keep the quality up, we had to go into a very large production.

So we did.

Where hundreds were made heretofore, we proposed to make thousands.

We meant to capture the signal business of America.

We first announced the Stewart Hand-operated Signal at $5.

This, in itself, was a revolutionary price.

The immediate sales were astonishing—extraordinary.

In a short time hundreds of thousands of Stewart Hand-operated Signals were in use in all parts of the world. We shipped 50,000 to Great Britain alone last year.

The public had discovered the perfected signal—the Stewart. Its popularity spread from state to state. And from that day to this the demand for Stewart Signals has steadily increased.

When our production reached a point which caused additional manufacturing economies, we reduced the price to $3.50.

Again our business took a big leap ahead.

Today the Stewart is the most popular, most practical and most inexpensive hand-operated signal on the market.

More Stewart Warning Signals were sold last year than the combined distribution of all other manufacturers of warning signals.

The Stewart Signal is an exceedingly handsome and good looking instrument. It will dress up any car.

Its tone is long, low and penetrating. Nothing else sounds like it—nothing else looks like it—nothing else warns like it—and nothing else wears like it.

You should have one included on the next car you buy. It costs you nothing extra. You can get it if you insist hard enough. You should have one on the car you now own.

Price $3.50—complete.

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation,

Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

Stewart

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$3.50

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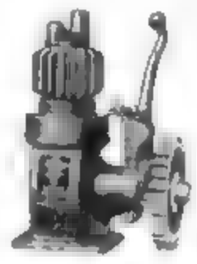


Stewart Tire Pump $12

Stewart Starter for Fords—$40

"No car is better than its accessories."

America's Warning Signal A Sweeping Success

Stewart

We next turned our attention to the motor-driven signal. This, too, seemed worthy of our attention.

There were on the market many motor-driven signals. But here again productions were so small that prices, of necessity, were exceedingly high.

So we designed a motor-driven signal and planned an enormous production.

This is the Stewart Motor-driven Warning Signal. It is the finest motor-driven signal ever put on the market.

We priced it at $6!

And, mind you, this signal is not to be confused with a buzzer or a vibrator—it is a motor-driven signal. Each Stewart has a complete and compact motor—a motor without a superior, regardless of price.

Right from the start the orders poured in.

Its success paralleled that of the Stewart Hand-operated Signal.

Each week sales shot higher and higher. We often sold more in a single week than many manufacturers sold in fifty-two weeks.

Quite recently we received a single order for 75,000 Stewart Motor-driven Signals to be used as standard equipment on one of the best known cars.

Thus another chapter in commercial history was closed. The present large volume of our sales is proof positive of our accomplishment.

Today the Stewart Motor-driven Signal is one of the distinguishing marks of a really fine car.

It has become the nation's warning signal.

No matter where you tour you hear its clear, loud, unique tone which digs into the distance, commanding everyone to stop, look and listen!

One touch—and everyone is warned.

We made a motor-driven signal so reasonable in price that it has become an accessory which *everyone* can afford. It is no longer a luxury for only the highest priced cars.

For $6 you can now buy a motor-driven warning signal of utmost value.

Such is the cause and effect of big production as applied to the signal business.

Today, when even "signal" is mentioned—Stewart is thought of. Its success has been so complete—so sweeping—that the words "Stewart" and "signal" are absolutely synonymous.

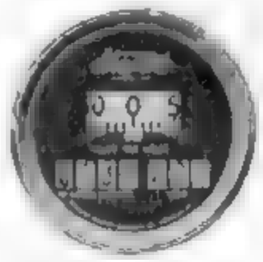
If you want the very best motor-driven signal—get the Stewart. $6 *everywhere.*

See that the car you buy is equipped with Stewart Products—Stewart Speedometer, Stewart Vacuum System, Stewart Tire Pump and Stewart Warning Signal.

Motor Driven
Warning
Signal

$6

Other Stewart Products You Should Have

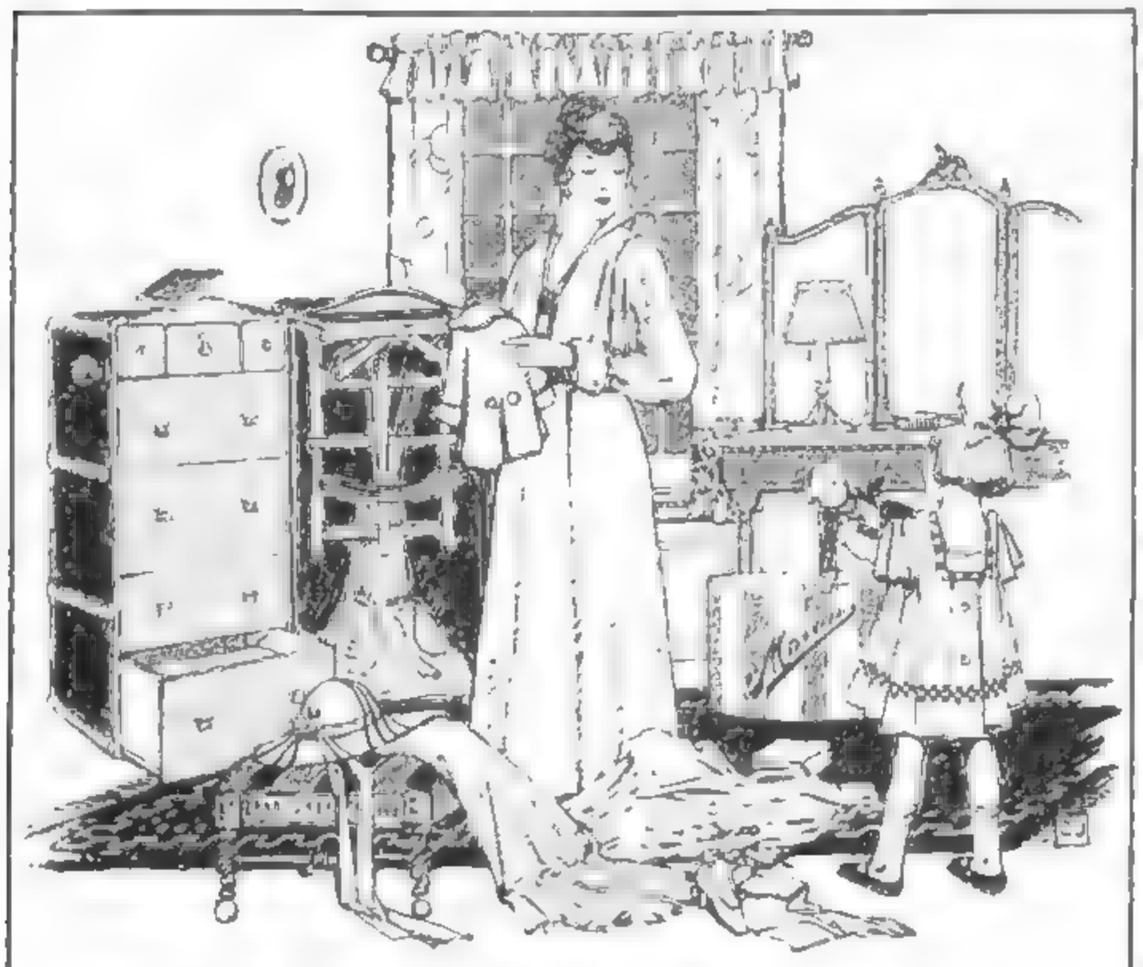


Stewart Speedometer for Fords—$10

Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System $10

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation,

Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.



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The BELBER trade mark is positive guarantee of honest materials and skillful construction—look for it before you accept an article as being of BELBER make.

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Belber FITALL Adjustable Holder for Toilet Requisites

A patented sliding strap attached to a sewed-in leather flap which buttons up smoothly to the side of bag or suit case. Will carry your present toilet articles, and will tightly hold one article or several.

Only on BELBER bags and suit cases. Catalogue gives full description.

(Continued from Page 59)

"To think," said Tish, "of our great national Government lending itself to such a scheme!"

"Wrong," said the young man. "It's a combination of Western railroads and a movie concern acting together."

"I trust," Tish observed, setting her lips firmly, "that the tourists will protest."

"The more noise, the better." The young man, though not more cheerful as to appearance, was certainly more talkative. "Trust a clergyman for yelling when his pocket's picked."

With one voice the three of us exclaimed: "Mr. Ostermaier!"

He was not sure of the name, but "Helen" had pointed the clergyman out to him, and it was Mr. Ostermaier without a doubt.

We talked it over with Bill when we got back, and he was not as surprised as we'd expected.

"Knew they were cooking up something. They've got some Indians in it too. Saw them rehearsing old Thunder Mountain the other day in nothing but a breechclout."

Tish reproved him for a lack of delicacy of speech, and shortly afterward we went to bed. Owing to the root under the tent, and puddles here and there, we could not go to sleep for a time, and we discussed the "nefarious deed," as Tish aptly termed it, that was about to take place.

"Although," Tish observed, "Mr. Ostermaier has been receiving for so many years that it might be a good thing, for his soul's sake, to have him give up something, even if to bandits."

I dozed off after a time, but awakened to find Tish sitting up, wide awake.

"I've been thinking that thing over, Lizzie," she said in a low tone. "I believe it's our duty to interfere."

"Of course," I replied sarcastically; "and be shown all over the country in the movies making fools of ourselves."

"Did you notice that that young man said they would be firing blank cartridges?"

Well, even a blank cartridge can be a dangerous thing. Then and there I reminded her of my niece's boy, who was struck on the Fourth of July by a wad from one, and had to be watched for lockjaw for several weeks.

It was at that moment that we heard Bill, who had no tent, by choice, and lay under a tree, give a loud whoop, followed by what was unmistakably an oath.

"Bear!" he yelled. "Watch out, he's headed for the tent! It's a grizzly."

Tish felt round wildly for her revolver, but it was gone! And the bear was close by. We could hear it snuffing about, and to add to the confusion Aggie wakened and commenced to sneeze with terror.

"Bill!" Tish called. "I've lost my revolver!"

"I took it, Miss Carberry. But I've been lying in a puddle, and it won't go off."

All hope seemed gone. The frail walls of our tent were no protection whatever, and as we all knew, even a tree was no refuge from a bear, which, as we had seen in the Zoölogical Garden at home, can climb like a cat, only swifter. Besides, none of us could climb a tree.

It was at that moment that Tish had one of those inspirations that make her so dependable in emergencies. Feeling round in the tent for a possible weapon, she touched a large ham, from which we had broiled a few slices at supper. In her shadowy form there was both purpose and high courage. With a single sweeping gesture she flung the ham at the bear so accurately that we heard the thud with which it struck.

"What the hell are you doing?" Bill called from a safe distance. Even then we realized that his restraint of speech was a pose, pure and simple. "If you make him angry he'll tear up the whole place."

But Tish did not deign to answer. The rain had ceased, and suddenly the moon came out and illuminated the whole scene. We saw the bear sniffing at the ham, which lay on the ground. Then he picked it up in his jaws and stood looking about.

Tish said later that the moment his teeth were buried in the ham she felt safe. I can still see the majestic movement with which she walked out of the tent and waved her arms.

"Now, scat with you!" she said firmly. "Scat!"

He "scatted." Snarling through his nose, for fear of dropping the ham, he turned and fled up the mountain side. In the open space Tish stood the conqueror. She yawned and glanced about.

"Going to be a nice night after all," she said. "Now, Bill, bring me that revolver, and if I catch you meddling with it again I'll put that pair of fur rugs you are so proud of in the fire."

Bill, who was ignorant of the ham, emerged sheepishly into the open.

"Where the—where the dickens did you hit him, Miss Tish?" he asked.

"In the stomach," Tish replied tartly, and taking her revolver went back to the tent.

All the next day Tish was quiet. She rode ahead, hardly noticing the scenery, with her head dropped on her chest. At luncheon she took a sardine sandwich and withdrew to a tree, underneath which she sat, a lonely and brooding figure.

When luncheon was over and Aggie and I were washing the dishes and hanging out the dish towels to dry on a bush, Tish approached Bill, who was pouring water on the fire to extinguish it.

"Bill," she stated, "you came to us under false pretenses. You swear, for one thing."

"Only under excitement, Miss Tish," he said. "And as far as that goes, Miss Aggie herself said ——"

"Also," Tish went on hastily, "you said you could cook. You cannot cook."

"Now look here, Miss Tish," he said in a pleading tone, "I can cook. I didn't claim to know the whole cookbook. I can make coffee and fry bacon. How'd I know you ladies wanted pastry? As for them canned salmon croquettes with white sauce, I reckon to make them with a little showing, and ——"

"Also," said Tish, cutting in sternly, "you took away my revolver, and left us helpless last night, and in peril of wild beasts."

"Tourists ain't allowed to carry guns." He attempted to look injured, but Tish ignored him.

"Therefore," she said, "if I am not to send you back—which I have been considering all day, as I've put up a tent myself before this, and you are only an extra mouth to feed, which, as we are one ham short, is inconvenient—you will have to justify my keeping you."

"If you will just show me once about them gems, Miss Tish ——" he began. But Tish cut him off.

"No," she said firmly, "you are too casual about cooking. And you are no dishwasher. Setting a plate in a river and letting the current wash it may satisfy cow-punchers. It doesn't go with me. The point is this: You know about the hold-up that is going to take place. Don't lie. I know you know. Now you take us there and tell us all you know about it."

He scratched his head reflectively.

"I'll tell you," he said. "I'm a slow thinker. Give me about twenty minutes on it, will you? It's a sort of secret, and there's different ways of looking at it."

Tish took out her watch.

"Twenty minutes," she said. "Start thinking now."

He wandered off and rolled a cigarette. Later on, as I have said, he showed Tish how to do it—not of course that she meant to smoke, but Tish is fond of learning how to do things. She got so she could roll them with one hand, and she does it now in the winter evenings, instead of rolling paper spills as formerly. When Charlie Sands comes she always has a supply ready for him, although occasionally somewhat dry from waiting for a few weeks.

At the end of twenty minutes Tish snapped her watch shut.

"Time!" she called, and Bill came back.

"Well, I'll do it," he said. "I don't know as they'll put you in the picture, but I'll see what I can do."

"Picture nothing!" Tish snapped. "You take us there and hide us. That's the point. There must be caves round to put us in, although I don't insist on a cave. They're damp usually."

Well, he looked puzzled, but he agreed. I caught Aggie's eye, and we exchanged glances. There was trouble coming, and we knew it. Our long experience with Tish had taught us not to ask questions. "Ours but to do and die," as Aggie later said. But I confess to a feeling of uneasiness during the remainder of that day.

We changed our course that afternoon, turning off at Saint Mary's and spending the night near the Swiss Chalet at Going-to-the-Sun. Aggie and I plead to spend the night in the chalet, but Tish was adamant.

"When I am out camping, I camp," she said. "I can have a bed at home, but I cannot sleep under the stars, on a bed of

(Continued on Page 65)

United States 'Chain' Tread Tires

And Then—Lasts Longer

The two sturdy parallel chains of rubber are so placed on the tread that the strain at no time falls on the sidewalls of the tire.

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New Departure Double Row Type
A single self-contained, "fool-proof" unit carrying *all* the loads and stresses simultaneously from *whatever* direction they may come, with equal efficiency, and reducing friction to the vanishing point

New Departure Single Row Type
A highly perfected anti-friction Bearing for use where radial loads only are to be carried.

(Continued from Page 62)

pine needles, and lured to rest by the murmur of a mountain stream."

Well, we gave it up and went with her. I must say that the trip had improved us already. Except when terrified or kicked by a horse, Aggie was not sneezing at all, and I could now climb into the saddle unassisted. My waistbands were much looser, too, and during a short rest that afternoon I put a dart in my riding breeches, during the absence of Bill after the pack horse, which had strayed.

It was on that occasion that Tish told us as much of her plan as she thought it wise for us to know.

"The holdup," she explained, "is to be the day after to-morrow on the Piegan Pass. Bill says there is a level spot at the top with rocks all about. That is the spot. The Ostermaiers and their party leave the automobiles at Many Glaciers and take horses to the pass. It will be worth coming clear to Montana to see Mrs. Ostermaier on a horse."

"I still don't see," Aggie observed in a quavering voice, "what we have to do with it."

"Naturally not," said Tish. "You'll know as soon as is good for you."

"I don't believe it will ever be good for me," said poor Aggie. "It isn't good for anybody to be near a holdup. And I don't want to be in a moving picture with no teeth. I'm not a vain woman," she said, "but I draw the line at that."

But Tish ignored her.

"The only trouble," she said, "is having one revolver. If we each had one—Lizzie, did you bring any ins?"

Well, I had, and said so, but that I needed it for postcards when we struck a settlement. She waved my objection aside.

"I guess it can be managed," she observed. "Bill has a knife. Yes, I think it can be done."

She and Bill engaged in an earnest conference that afternoon. At first Bill objected. I could see him shaking his head. Then Tish gave him something, which Aggie said was money. I do not know. She had been short of cash on the train, but she may have had more in her trunk. Then I saw Bill start to laugh. He laughed until he had to lean against a tree, although Tish was quite stern and serious.

We reached Piegan Pass about three that afternoon, and having inspected it and the Garden Wall, which is a mile or two high at that point, we returned to a "bench" where there were some trees, and dismounted.

Here, to our surprise, we found Mr. Bell again. As Tish remarked, he was better at walking than at talking. He looked surprised at seeing us, and was much more agreeable than before.

"I'm afraid I was pretty surly the other night," he said. "The truth is, I was so blooming unhappy that I didn't give a damn for anything."

But when he saw that Bill was preparing to take the pack off the horse he looked startled.

"I say," he said, "you don't mean to camp here, do you?"

"Such is my intention," Tish observed grimly.

"But look here. Just beyond, at the pass, is where the holdup is to take place to-morrow."

"So I believe," said Tish. "What has that to do with us? What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'm going to hang round."

"Well, we intend to hang round also."

He stood by and watched our preparations for camp. Tish chose a small grove for the tent, and then left us, clambering up the mountain side. She finally disappeared. Aggie mixed some muffins for tea, and we invited the young man to join us. But he was looking downhearted again and refused.

However, when she took them out of the portable oven, nicely browned, and lifting the tops of each one dropped in a teaspoonful of grape jelly, he changed his mind.

"I'll stay, if you don't mind," he said. "Maybe some decent food will make me see things clearer."

When Tish descended at six o'clock she looked depressed.

"There is no cave," she said, "although I have gone where a mountain goat would get dizzy. But I have found a good place to hide the horses, where we can get them quickly when we need them."

Aggie was scooping the inside out of her muffin, being unable to eat the crust, but she went quite pale.

"Tish," she said, "you have some desperate plan in view, and I am not equal to it. I am worn with travel and soft food, and am not as young as I once was."

"Desperate nothing!" said Tish, pouring condensed milk into her tea. "I am going to teach a lot of idiots a lesson, that's all. There should be one spot in America free from the advertising man and his schemes, and this is going to be it. Commercialism," she went on, growing oratorical, "does not belong here among these mighty mountains. Once let it start, and these towering cliffs will be defaced with toothpowder and intoxicating-liquor signs."

The young man knew the plans for the holdup even better than Bill. He was able to show us the exact spot which had been selected, and to tell us the hour at which the Ostermaier party was to cross the pass.

"They'll arrive on the pass," he said, "and of course, they suspect nothing. The young lady of whom I spoke to you will be one of their party. She, however, knows what is coming, and is, indeed, a party to it. The holdup will take place during luncheon."

Here his voice broke, and he ate an entire muffin before he went on: "The holdup will take place on the pass, the bandits having been hidden on this 'bench' right here. Then the outlaws, having robbed the tourists, will steal the young lady and escape down the trail on the other side. The guide, who is in the plot, will ride ahead in this direction and raise the alarm. You understand," he added, "that as it's a put-up job, the tourists will get all their stuff back. I don't know how that's to be arranged."

"But the girl?" Tish asked.

"She's to make her escape later," Mr. Bell said grimly, "and will be photographed galloping down the trail, by another idiot with a camera, who, of course, just happens to be on the spot. She'll do it too," he added with a pathetic note of pride in his voice. "She's got nerve enough for anything."

He drew a long breath, and Aggie poured him a third cup of tea.

"I dare say this will finish everything," he said dejectedly. "I can't offer her any excitement like this. We live in a quiet suburb, where nobody ever fires a revolver except on the Fourth of July."

"What she needs," Tish said, bending forward, "is a lesson, Mr. Bell—something to make her hate the very thought of a moving picture and shudder at the sound of a shot."

"Exactly," said Mr. Bell. "I've thought of that. Something to make her gun-shy and camera-shy. It's curious about her. In some ways she's a timid girl. She's afraid of thunder, for one thing."

Tish bent forward.

"Do you know," she said, "the greatest weapon in the world?"

"Weapon? Well, I don't know. These new German guns——"

"The greatest weapon in the world," Tish explained, "is ridicule. Man is helpless against it. To be absurd is to be lost. When the bandits take the money, where do they go?"

"Down the other side from the pass. A photographer will photograph them there, making their escape with the loot."

"And the young lady?"

"I've told you that," he said bitterly. "She is to be captured by the attacking party."

"They will all be armed?"

"Sure, with blanks. The Indians have guns and arrows, but the arrows have rubber tips."

Tish rose majestically.

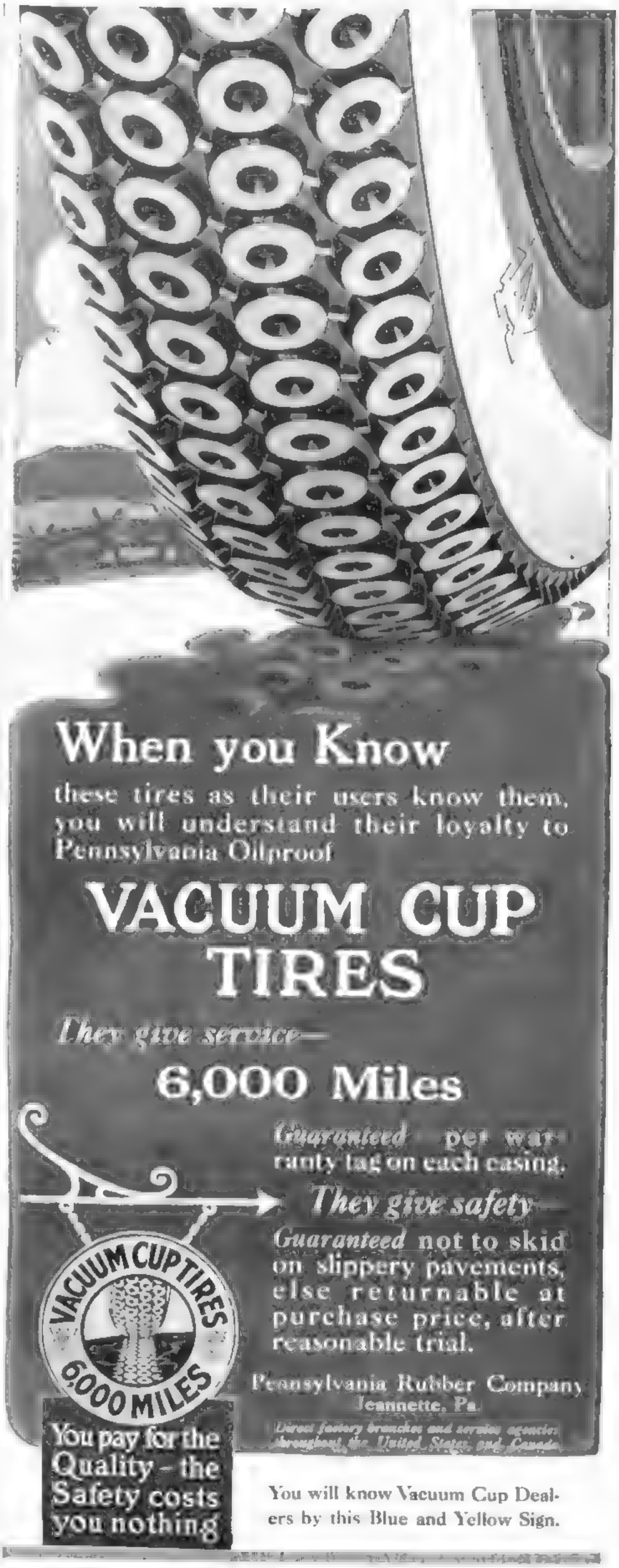
"Mr. Bell," she said, "you may sleep to-night the sleep of peace. When I undertake a thing I carry it through. My friends will agree with me. I never fail, when my heart is set on it. By the day after to-morrow the young lady in the case will hate the sight of a camera."

Although not disclosing her plan she invited the young man to join us. But his face fell and he shook his head.

Tish said that she did not expect to need him, but that, if the time came, she would blow three times on a police whistle, which she had, with her usual foresight, brought along. He agreed to that, although looking rather surprised, and we parted from him.

"I would advise," Tish said as he moved away, "that you conceal yourself in the valley below the pass on the other side."

He agreed to this, and we separated for the night. But long after Aggie and I had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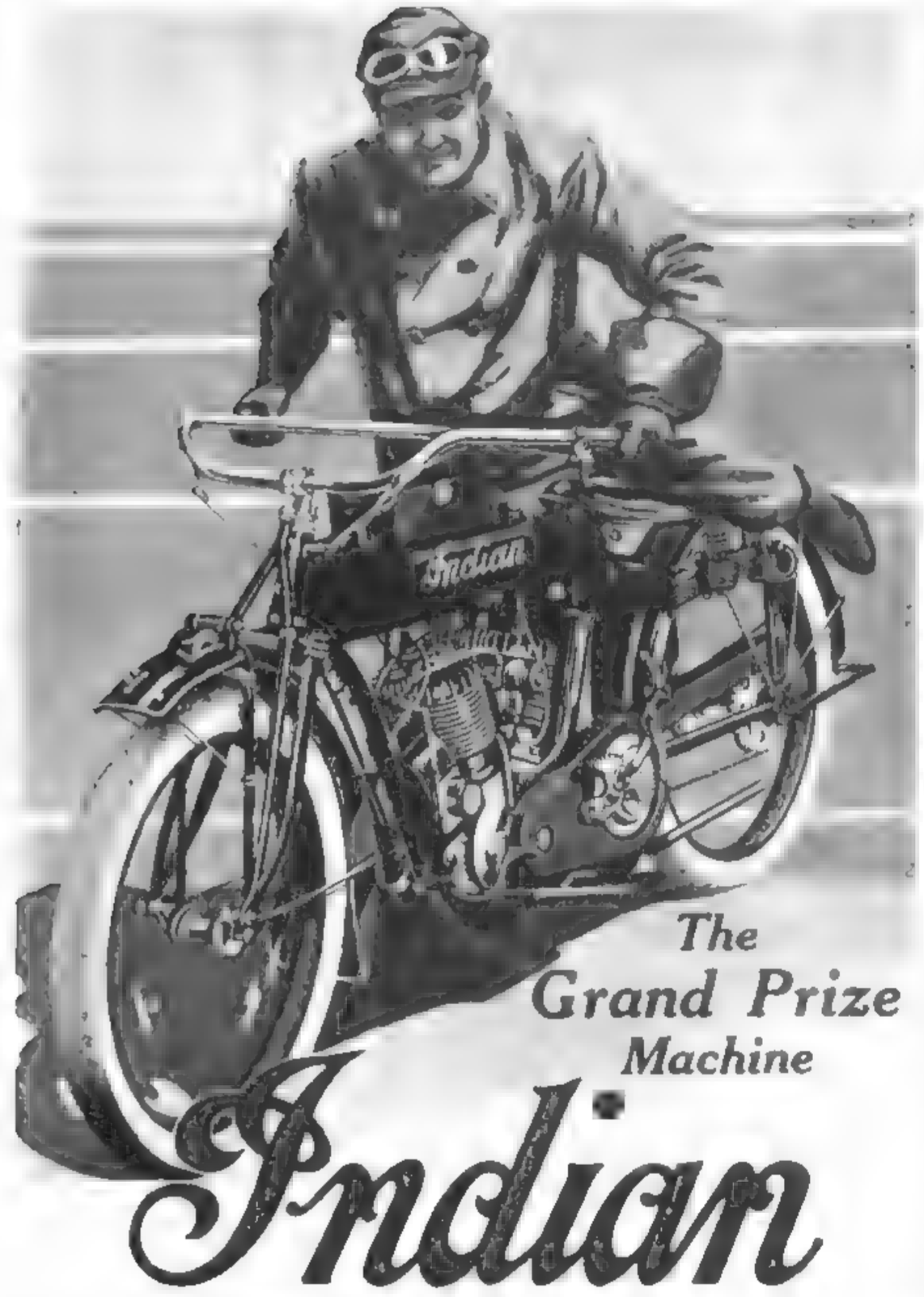

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Two months ago a 1916 Indian with Powerplus Motor covered 1000 miles in 21 hours and 3 minutes—a world's record.

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This year the name Indian means more to the purchaser than ever before because he can have a $275 Big Twin, a $150 Featherweight or a moderate priced Bicycle, all bearing the Indian nameplate.

Look up the Indian Dealer in your city before you buy anything on two wheels.

At the left—1916 Indian Featherweight—2½ horse power, 3 speed Indian Starter—Indian Cantilever Comfort Saddle—$150.

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composed ourselves to rest Tish sat on a stone by the camp fire and rolled cigarettes

At last she came into the tent and wakened us by prodding us with her foot.

"Get all the sleep you can," she said "We'll leave here at dawn to-morrow, and there'll be little rest for any of us to-morrow night"

At daylight next morning she roused us. She was dressed, except that she wore her combing jacket, and her hair was loose round her face.

"Aggie, you make an omelet in a hurry, and Lizzie, you will have to get the horses"

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I said sitting up on the ground. "We've got a man here for that. Besides, I have to set the table"

"Very well," Tish replied, "we can stay here I dare say. Bill's busy at something I've set him to doing."

"Whose fault is it" I demanded "that we are here in 'Greenland's Icy Mountains'? Not mine I'd never heard of the dratted place. And those horses are five miles away by now, most likely."

"Go and get a cup of tea. You'll have a little sense then," said Tish, not unkindly. "And as for what Bill's doing, he's making revolvers. Where's your writing ink?"

I had none! I realized it that moment. I had got it out at the first camp to record in my diary the place, weather, temperature and my own pulse rate, which I had been advised to watch, on account of the effect of altitude on the heart, and had left the bottle sitting on a stone.

When I confessed this to Tish she was unjustly angry and a trifle bitter

"It's what I deserve, most likely, for bringing along two incompetents," was her brief remark. "Without ink we are weaponless."

But she is a creature of resource, and a moment later she emerged from the tent and called to Bill in a cheerful tone.

"No ink, Bill," she said, "but we've got blackberry cordial, and by mixing it with a little soot we may be able to manage"

Aggie demurred loudly, as there are occasions when only a mouthful of the cordial enables her to keep going. But Tish was firm. When I went to the fire I found Bill busily carving wooden revolvers, copying Tish's, which lay before him. He had them done well enough, and could have gone for the horses as easy as not, but he insisted on trimming them up. Mine, which I still have, has a buffalo head carved on the handle, and Aggie's has a wreath of leaves running round the barrel.

In spite of Aggie's wails Tish poured a large part of the blackberry cordial into a biscuit pan, and put in a chip of wood

"It makes it red," she said doubtfully. "I never saw a red revolver, Bill."

"Seems like an awful waste," Bill said. But having now completed the wreath he placed all three weapons—he had made one for himself—in the pan. The last thing I saw, as I started for the horses, was the three of them standing about, looking down at, and Aggie's face was full of misery.

I was gone for a half hour The horses had not wandered far, and having mounted mine, although without a saddle, I coped as well as I could the whoop Bill used to drive them in, and rounded them up. When I returned, driving them before me, the pack was ready, and on Tish's face was a look of intense satisfaction. I soon perceived the reason.

Lying on a stone by the fire were three of the shiniest black revolvers anyone could want. I eyed Tish and she explained.

"Stove polish," she said. "Like a fool I'd forgot it. Gives a true metallic luster, as it says on the box."

Tish is very particular about a stove, and even on our camping trips we keep the portable stove shining and clean.

"Does it come off?"

"Well, more or less," she admitted. "We can keep the box out and renew when necessary. It is a great comfort," she added, "to feel that we are all armed. We shall need weapons."

"In an emergency," I observed rather tartly, "I hope you will not depend on us too much. While I don't know what you intend to do, if it is anything desperate just remember that the only way Aggie or I can do any damage with these things is to thrust them down somebody's throat and strangle him to death."

She ignored my remark, however, and soon we were on our horses and moving along the trail toward the pass.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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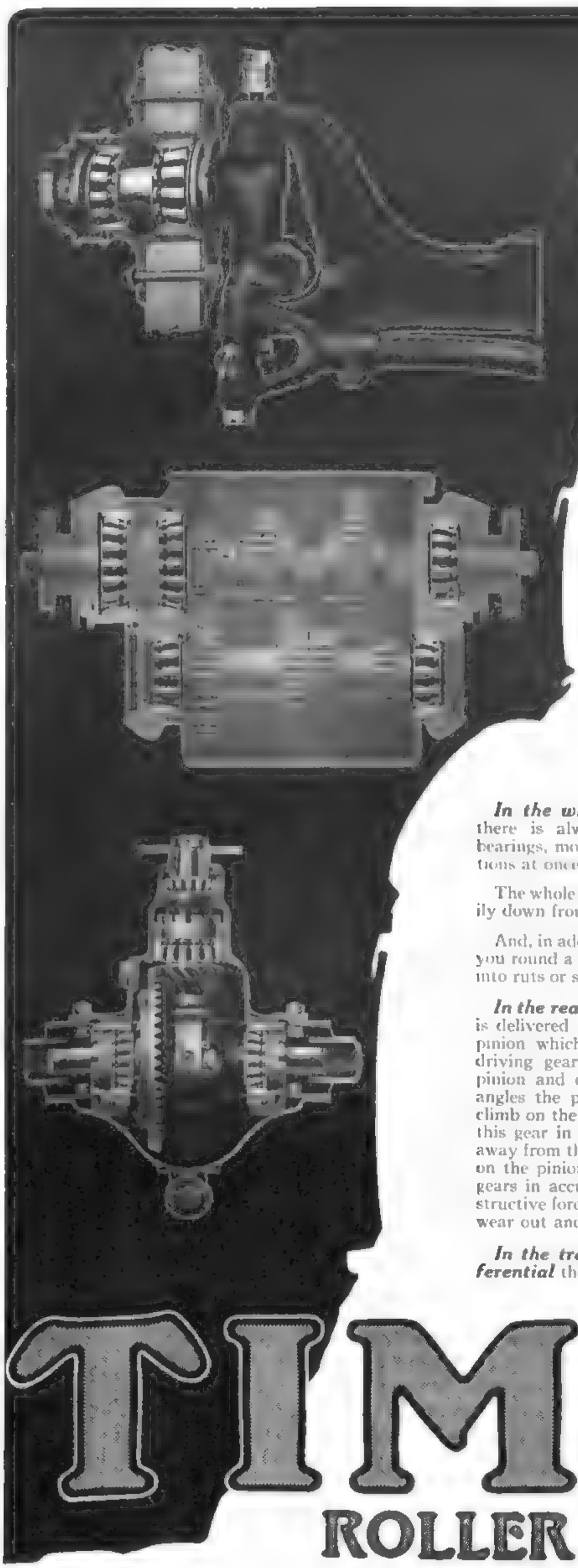

Where?

Any good anti-friction bearing will give satisfactory service at some places in a motor car—such as the clutch, the stem gear of the transmission, the fan shaft of the motor or the steering gear.

The question of real importance to car owners is "What bearings give the best service *at the places where bearings get the heaviest loads and the severest jolts?*"

In the wheel hubs—front and rear there is always terrific pressure on the bearings, most of the time from two directions at once

The whole weight of the car presses steadily down from above.

And, in addition, it presses sidewise when you round a corner or when the wheels fall into ruts or skid on a slippery pavement.

In the rear axle the power of the engine is delivered to the wheels by means of a pinion which meshes with the big bevel driving gear. Because the teeth of the pinion and driving gear operate at right angles the pinion is constantly trying to climb on the teeth of the driving gear, and this gear in turn has a tendency to back away from the pinion. Unless the bearings on the pinion shaft are able to hold these gears in accurate mesh and resist the destructive forces of load and end-thrust they wear out and go to pieces.

In the transmission and at the differential the bearings must also resist the destructive forces of radial load and end-thrust. While the stresses and shocks encountered at these points are not as severe as those that must be met on the axle spindles and pinion shaft it is equally essential — fully as important — to have Timken Bearings at these points. Don't forget that wear comes in time to all bearings, and unless its effects can be eliminated, transmission gears and axle shafts will drop out of true alignment

These hard jobs are the very ones for which Timken Bearings are designed and built. Their conical form and tapered rollers enable them to resist, to the uttermost, the destructive forces that cause wear, and when wear comes its effect can be instantly corrected by a simple adjustment

It is not simply that Timken Bearings are used by so many well-known car builders that is important, but that *they are used at the points of hard service*

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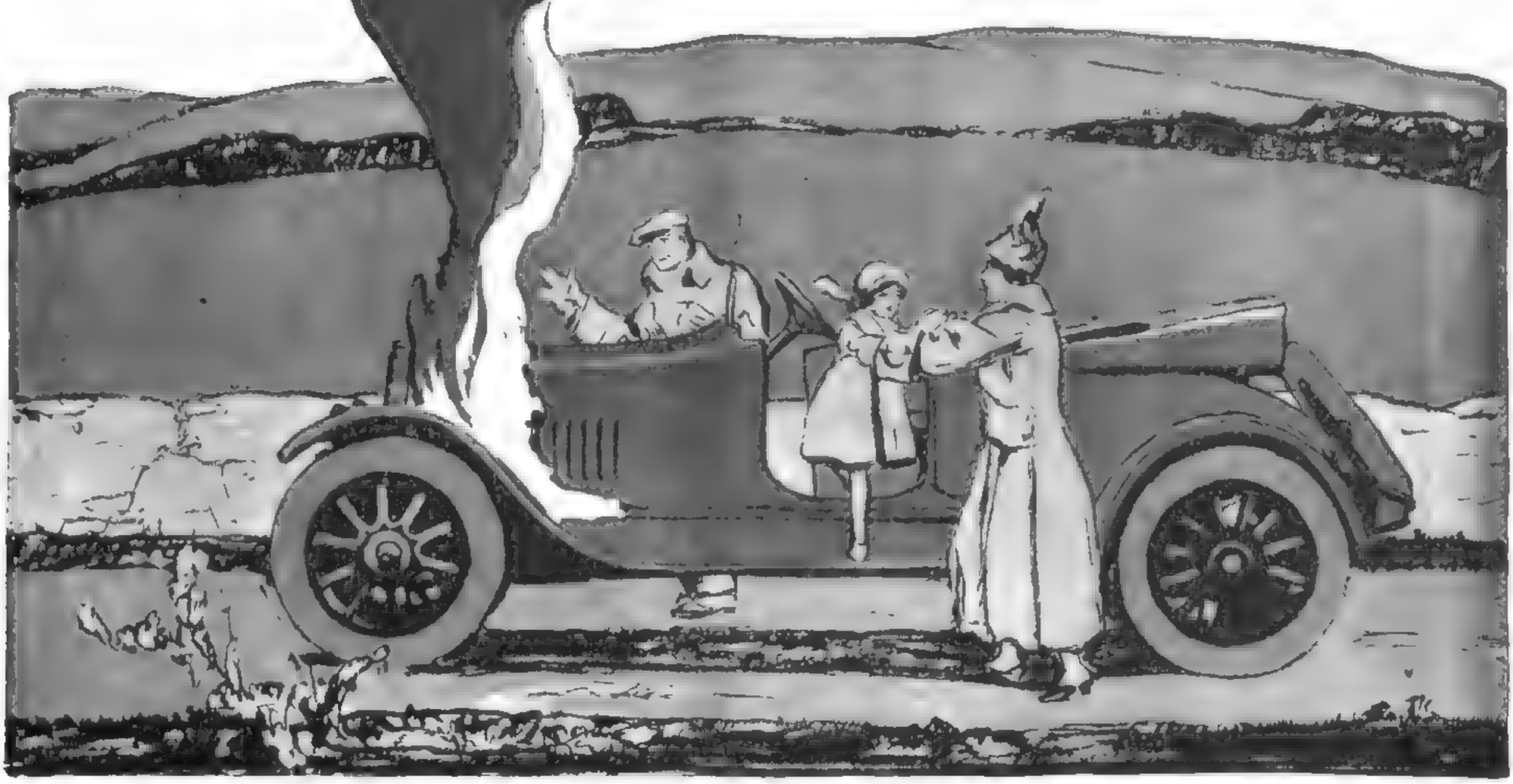

I Forgot Pyrene and Paid the Penalty

The car was purring sweetly through the sunny country-side.

Suddenly I smelt something like paint burning.

Then I saw a flash of fire in front of the windshield.

"Lookee!" cried Mildred, as the slim finger grew into a cloud of smoke and flame.

My wife screamed.

I grabbed the emergency brake and stopped the burning car.

"Jump!" I yelled.

We had hardly reached the ground with the baby when the car was a roar of flame. In no time, it was ruined.

I realized then, with bitter self-reproach, that one Pyrene, costing $7.50, would have saved the day.

Never do I ride in a friend's car now that I don't feel uneasy unless I see a Pyrene under the cowl.

My new car carries a Pyrene and I pocket 15 per cent on my fire insurance premium every year.

To you who motor and are without one—please take the tip of a friend and buy a Pyrene.

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Makers of Complete Fire Protection Equipment

IRELAND UBER ALLES

(Continued from Page 25)

be open; for should the skipper be within at the time they would peradventure scowl at each other, and he is a fool indeed who cannot foretell the future when a thousand generations of natural enemies exchange "the black look." Terence remembered his boy Johnny, a youth who, according to Mrs. Reardon, should never be a marine engineer, but the finest lawyer that ever pouched a fat fee. And there was Mary Agnes and Catherine Betram. Next year they would begin taking piano lessons, and in the fullness of time, no matter how hard the pull, both should go to the state university and acquire the education made to fit their father's head but by force of circumstances denied him. And at the thought Terence looked at his hard black hands and set himself resolutely to face a life sentence of rattling ash hoists, roaring furnaces and the soft sucking sounds of the pistons. Two hundred dollars a month—and the union scale was a hundred and fifty! Ah, no, he dared not trifle with that job. He must, at all hazard, avoid friction with the skipper, for what would Mrs. Reardon say if Cappy Ricks forced him to roll the bones with Mike Murphy—high man out? Mr. Reardon could close his eyes and see Mike Murphy roll out a "stiff," while with trembling hand the Reardon rolled five sixes!

The Narcissus had been out of Pernambuco harbor four days before Mr. Reardon, upon comparing the sun—which all are agreed rises in the east—with the direction in which the ship was headed, and then extracting the cube root of the resultant product and subtracting it from the longitude and latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, decided that there must be something wrong with Mr. Schultz's navigation. So he spoke to Mr. Schultz about it, and was laughingly informed that they were traveling on a great circle. Thereupon Mr. Reardon remembered that at sea a ship traveling on the arc of a great circle, for some mysterious reason repudiates the old geometrical theorem that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. He recalled that vessels plying between San Francisco and Yokohama describe a great circle which brings them well up toward the Aleutian Islands. So he was satisfied with the explanation, this being his first voyage into the South Atlantic anyhow; but he continued to observe the sun each morning, and still the vessel's head held far to the south. A suspicion that all was not as it should be slowly settled in Mr. Reardon's head, and though he said nothing he used his eyes and ears. A dozen times a day, as the ship rolled steadily south, he was tempted to take down the speaking tube and confide his suspicions to the master, confined in his stateroom by reason of deep—but not serious—knife wounds. Each time he was on the point of yielding, however, he remembered that Mike Murphy had called him a renegade—so he refrained.

The installation of the wireless plant and the presence aboard the ship of Herr von Staden had failed to arouse his suspicions the first day out. True, the wireless could not have been connected with the electric-light plant below without Mr. Reardon's knowledge and consent, but when he asked Mr. Schultz about it the latter replied that Cappy Ricks must have changed his mind about installing wireless on the Narcissus, for he had cabled to the agents of the charterers in Pernambuco to have a wireless plant and a competent operator waiting for the vessel upon arrival. It was Mr. Schultz's opinion that the owners had evidently arrived at the conclusion that it was wise to have a wireless plant aboard during war times. Personally, Mr. Schultz approved of the innovation.

So did Terence Reardon, for that matter. He found the new wireless operator a charming fellow, possessed of talents far superior to those of the young men who ordinarily pound the brass at sea. Indeed, after the second day out, Mr. Reardon would have been heartbroken had anything happened to that wireless. For Herr August Carl von Staden sat at the key almost continuously, eavesdropping on the war news, and Mr. Reardon never came to the wireless room that the operator did not have some news of an overwhelming British defeat!

As the voyage proceeded, however, and Mr. Reardon's mind grew a trifle uneasy, reluctantly he began to view Herr von Staden and the wireless with apprehension. He asked the affable operator how much the Marconi company charged the Narcissus for his services and the rental of the wireless plant, and Von Staden, momentarily stumped, replied that the tariff was two hundred dollars a month; whereupon Reardon knew he lied, for the charge is one hundred and forty. The German, realizing instantly that he was not on the target, added: "That is, for a first-grade operator and a plant like this. Of course we furnish cheaper operators and less powerful plants, Mr. Reardon."

"Oh! So that's the way av it?" the chief replied, and immediately went to his stateroom for the purpose of thinking it over. Eventually he came to the conclusion that all was not as it should be, but that, nevertheless, it was no affair of his. He was paid to obey signals given him from the bridge.

"'Tis no business av mine, afther all," he soliloquized. "For why should I be puttin' dogs in windows? He's paid to navigate the ship, an' didn't Cappy Ricks tell me to mind me own business? And yet, there's something wrong in this ship. I feel it in me bones."

He felt it with a force that was almost violent when Mr. Schultz called down through the speaking tube late one afternoon and told him to put her under a dead slow bell. That meant they were practically heaving to, and steamers only heave to at sea in fine weather when they have reached a certain longitude and latitude and plan to keep an appointment. On the instant there was a strong odor of rat in Terence Reardon's engine room, but his "Very well, sir," contained no hint of his surprise and suspicion. He gave his orders to the firemen to bank the fires, and when this had been done he informed his engine-room crew that they might all go on deck for five minutes and get a breath of fresh air. Nothing loath, they scrambled up the steel stairway—and the instant the last man was out of earshot Terence Reardon sprang to the speaking tube to whistle up to the skipper in his room.

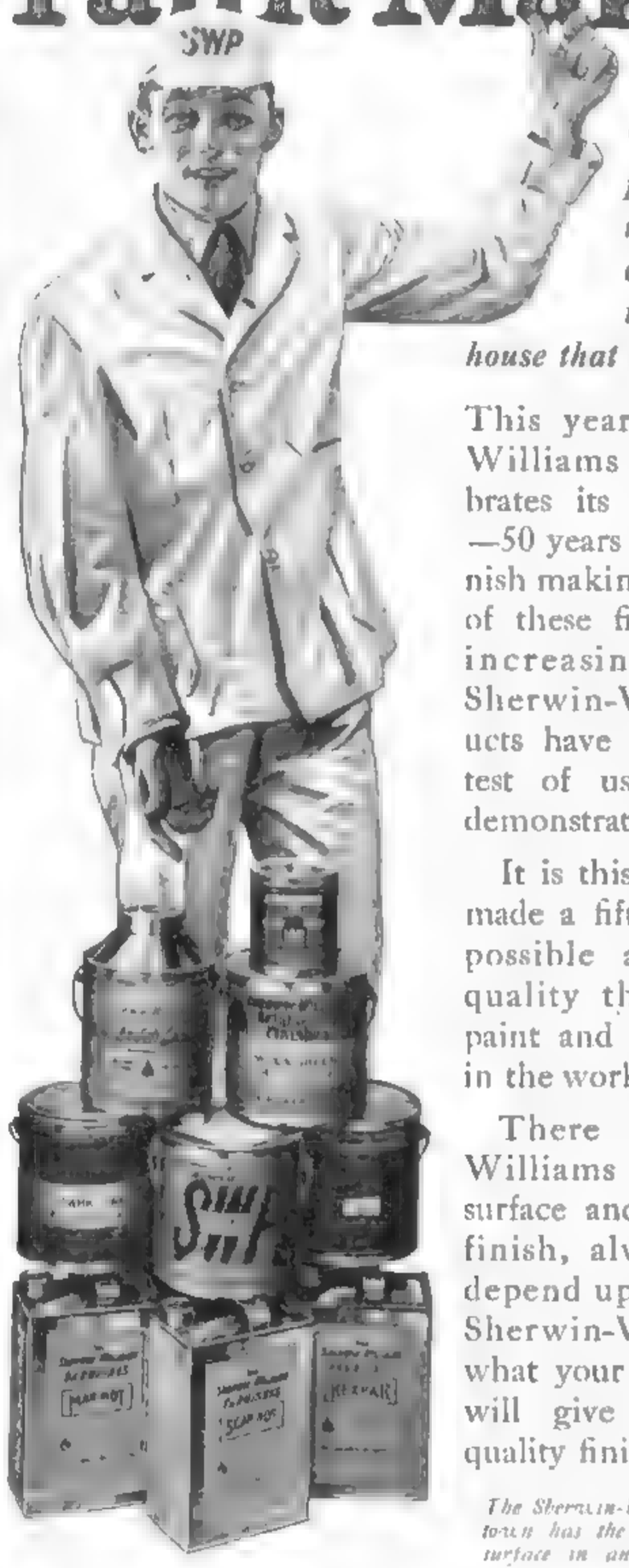
Now undoubtedly the cool and calculating Herr August Carl von Staden had been carefully trained to take into consideration, when planning his strategy, every conceivable contingency that might possibly arise. It is probable that the German secret service never turned out a more finished graduate than Herr von Staden; but the fact remains, nevertheless, that there are certain contingencies over which no human being has control. One of these is Newton's law of gravitation; another, an equally immutable law to the effect that water will seek its own level; a third, the vindictiveness of an outraged Irishman, and a fourth, the very natural tendency of any man, not excepting Mr. Terence Reardon, to be profoundly surprised and intensely curious when certain phenomena, which we shall now proceed to explain, take place in the engine room where he is chief.

Michael J. Murphy, having only the day before again essayed the task of whistling up the engine room, and having, by reason of the ball of cotton waste with which the tube had been plugged by the first assistant engineer, again failed to receive the courtesy of a reply from anyone, had, to put it mildly, been annoyed.

"Very well, my bullies," he soliloquized as he hung up the tube, "you wouldn't speak to me when I wanted to speak to you; so now the first time one of you wants to speak to me I'll hand you a surprise, and I'll hand it to you right in the mouth." And forthwith Michael J. had carefully poured down the speaking tube the contents of the basin in which he had just made his morning ablutions! He longed to do something nasty, and he succeeded admirably.

As we have already remarked, water seeks its own level. It ran down the speaking tube until it encountered the cotton waste plug; whereupon, due to the hydrostatic pressure, the plug gave way and was forced down to the tightly closed mouth of the tube, and the suds backed up behind it. It was pretty warm in the engine room, and most of the water had evaporated by the time Terence Reardon took down the looped tube and opened it for the purpose of putting his lips to the mouthpiece and blowing heartily through it. However, there was about a gill of water left in the tube.

50 Years of Paint Making



"You can come pretty near knowing what to expect of paint by getting a line on the house that makes it."

This year the Sherwin-Williams Company celebrates its Golden Jubilee—50 years of paint and varnish making. In every year of these fifty and in ever increasing quantities, Sherwin-Williams products have been put to the test of use, and use has demonstrated their quality.

It is this quality that has made a fiftieth anniversary possible and upon this quality that the largest paint and varnish business in the world has been built.

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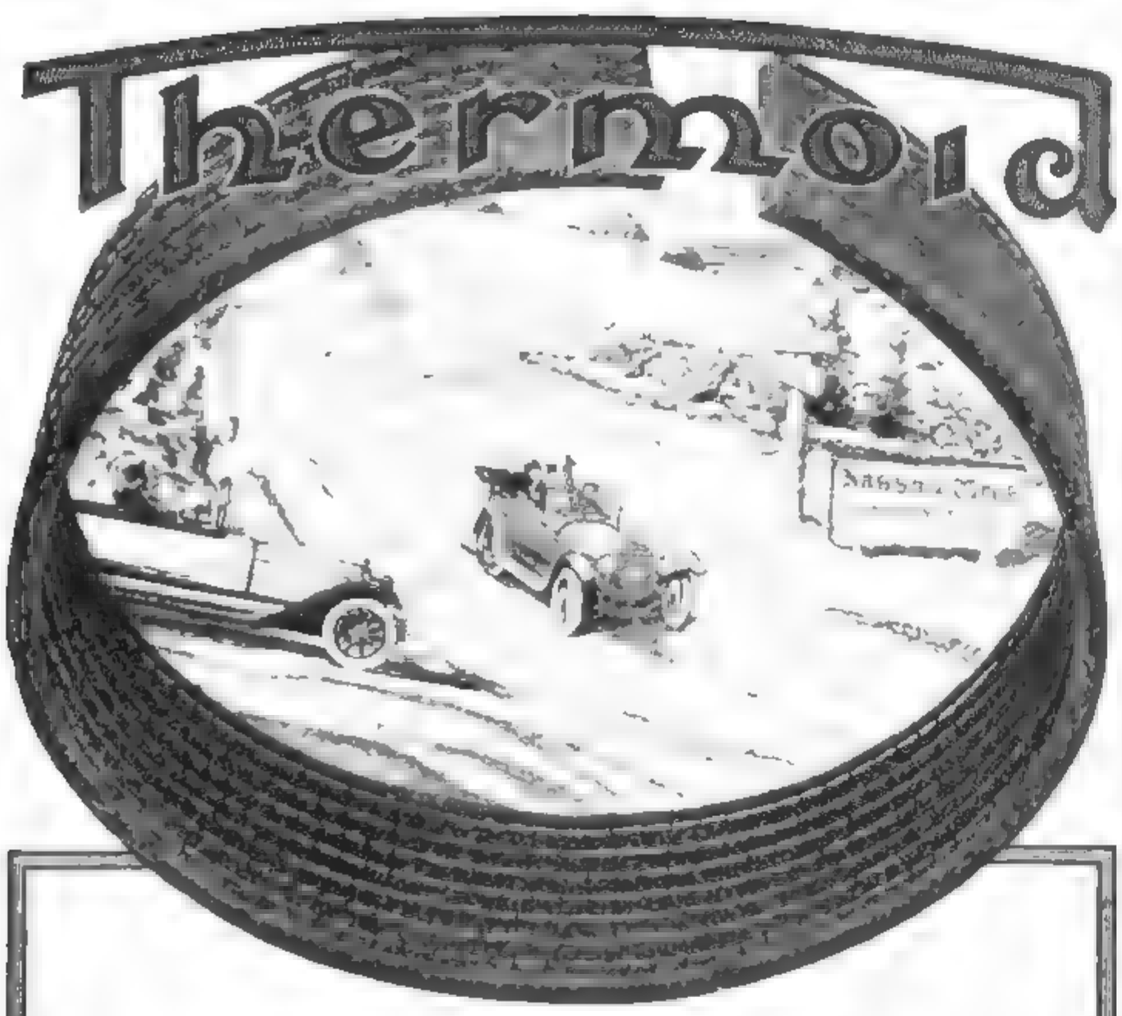


How Much Do You Think About Friction — Friction — When You Buy Brake Lining?

It's too late to think about friction (gripping power) when a train is almost on top of you at some grade crossing and your brakes won't answer the call. Or on many other like occasions when danger stares you in the face. When you take your car to the supply man or garage—that's the time to think about friction and tell him you must have

Thermoid HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED Brake Lining-100%

Thermoid has a *friction* surface that will grip and hold your car—it is friction through and through—from surface to surface. Thermoid is made of best quality long-fibre Canadian Asbestos. It is spun on wire, woven into cloth, thoroughly impregnated with a friction compound, folded, stitched and then hydraulically compressed into one single solid mass. Don't take chances—use Thermoid—the 100% friction brake lining.

***Our Guarantee*—Thermoid will make good or we will.**

Thermoid Rubber Company

TRENTON, N. J.

Makers of Nassau Tires, Thermoid Radiator Hose and Garden Hose, etc.

Now, as everybody knows, water running down a slope of seventy-five or eighty degrees comes rather fast. Consequently Mr. Reardon had no time to dodge.

Why be squeamish? He got a mouthful and was very nauseated for half a minute Also he cursed, we regret to record, and was very, very angry. Carefully he drained the devilish tube, wiped it clean with some fresh waste, and racked his brain for the right thing to say to Michael J. Murphy. Finally he hit upon something he concluded would about fill the bill, so he put his lips to the mouthpiece once more and whistled up the skipper. To his surprise, however, his breath didn't seem to get anywhere; in fact it was directed back in his face rather forcefully; so he investigated and discovered the mouthpiece was only half open. Upon endeavoring to open it fully he sensed an obstruction in back of it, so he unscrewed the mouthpiece and drew forth a ball of dirty, sour-smelling cotton waste.

He gazed a moment in speechless wonder. Then: "I'll whistle that dirrty Tomfool until he answers me in self-defense," he announced to the main motor, and forthwith blew a mighty blast. Almost instantly Michael J. Murphy yelled: "Hello!"

"Murphy," Terence Reardon announced calmly and very distinctly, "you're a contimptible dhrunken ape!"

"Holy Moses! Reardon, is that you?" the astounded Murphy demanded.

"It is—as you'll discover whin you're able to come on deck an' give me the satisfaction I'll demand for the dirrty dab av wather an' cotton waste you put in the tube, knowin' that the firrst time I took it down to shpeak to you, ye blackguard, in the line av djooty—which is the only reason I would shpeak to you—I'd get it full in the mouth. Ye dirrty, lyin', schamin', dhrunken murrderer!"

He paused to let that stream of adjectival opprobrium sink in. Silence. Then:

"I poured the contents of my washbasin in the tube, I'll admit, but I did not plug it with cotton waste. One of your assistants did that, chief, and as for the water, as God is my judge, I didn't intend it for you ——"

"Who else would ye be afther insultin' if it wasn't me? Are ye not friendly wit' me assistants?"

"Forgive me, Reardon, and listen to what I'm going to tell you."

And then the tale was told. When it was done Terence Reardon grunted.

"I knew it!" he said. "I knew it! I felt in me bones there was something wrong aboard this ship. An' so ye were not dhrunk an' disordherly at Pernambuco?"

"The liars! Did they tell you that? Reardon, it's only the mercy of heaven they didn't murder me. I'm lying here, helpless and crippled in my stateroom, with the key turned in the lock. They've stolen my ship from me, and I can tell by the roll of her she's practically hove to under a dead-slow bell this minute. We've reached the rendezvous—we're waiting for the German fleet to deliver the coal; and oh, man, man, if we're caught by a British cruiser we'll lose the ship! They'll confiscate her, chief Wirra! Wirra!" he cried, breaking into the forgotten wail of his childhood. "How can I ever face Matt Peasley and Cappy Ricks after this. Reardon, man, they'll think we stood in with the Germans and let them do it. We're both Irish—they know we're both pro-German ——"

"What's that you said?" Terence demanded sharply. "Me pro-German. Me? I was pro-German—yis—wanst!"

Fell a silence.

Now, for the benefit of the uninitiated, be it known that there is a certain curse employed by the Irish and by no other race on earth. Whenever you hear an Irishman employ it, you know instantly—provided, of course, you are Irish yourself—just what kind of Irish that Irishman is. You cannot mistake it. There is no possible chance. It is only brought forth with the dust of the centuries on it, so to speak, to grace a fitting occasion. Terence Reardon felt that such an occasion was now at hand. As naturally, as inevitably, therefore, as the suds had run down the speaking tube, that curse climbed up it—softly, distinctly, and with a wealth of feeling in back of it:

"God put the curse av Crummle on thim!"

Mr. Reardon, of course, referred to the late Oliver Cromwell. Anyone who has ever read the sorry history of Erin knows what the amiable Oliver did to the Irish. Consequently such a one will have no difficulty in estimating the precise proportions of bad luck Terence Reardon prayed might be the immediate heritage of the crew of the S. S. Narcissus.

Michael J. Murphy blinked rapidly, for all the world as if Mr. Schultz had entered at that moment and struck him a terrific blow on top of the head. A more amazed Irishman than he never threw an ancient egg or a defunct cat at an alleged Celtic comedian with green whiskers. He was absolutely staggered—but not for long. The Irish came back very quickly.

"Shame on you, Terence Reardon!" he declared. "And you with a Masonic ring on your finger."

"Glory be!" cried the delighted Terence. "Sure, are you wan av us?"

"One of you!" Mike Murphy fairly shrieked. "The minute I'm out of this room you'll apologize or fight for thinking I'm a renegade."

"*Naboclish!*" laughed Terence Reardon, slipping into the Gaelic and out again. "The divil a Mason am I! Sure that ring ye saw on me finger that day in the office av the owners belonged to me second assistant in the Arab. He'd lost it in the engine room, an' a mont' afther he'd quit I found it. Not knowin' what ship he was in, 'twas me intintion to take the ring over to the Marine Engineers' Association an' lave it for him wit' the secreth'ry; and to make sure I wouldn't forget it I put it on me finger ——"

"Well, you knew, Terence, that with the likes of me round you'd not be liable to forget it," Mike Murphy laughed.

"As for you, ye divil," Terence continued, "faith, what wit' yer English tweeds an' the fancy cut av thim, an' yer lack av the brogue an' the broad 'a' av you, I thought, begorra, ye were wan av the gentry! God love ye, Michael, but 'tis the likes av you I'm proud to be shipmates wit'."

"But you said you were from Belfast, Terence."

"So I am. I was borrn there, but me parents—the Lord 'a' merrcy on their sowls—moved back to Kerry."

"Terence!"

"What is it, Michael, me poor lad?"

"Do you ever drink on duty? I don't mean with your superiors ——"

The chief chuckled. He knew what Murphy was alluding to.

"I do," he replied, "wit' me equals."

"'Tis a pity, Terence, that man Schultz has the key to my stateroom in his pocket. Now if you could manage to tap that Dutchman on the head with something hard and heavy, take the key out of his pocket and throw him overboard, you could let me out of this purgatory I'm in. Then I wouldn't be surprised if the sight of me and the absence of Mr. Schultz would put a bit of heart in that little cockney steward—and maybe he'd bring us a drink to hearten you for what's ahead of you this night."

"An' what might that be, *avic?*" Terence demanded.

"I want you to steal the ship back from them, Terence."

"Very well, Michael. 'Tis not a small thing ye ask me to do, but the divil a more willin' man could ye find to ask. Have ye figured out the plan av campaign? Sure what wit' the suddenness av it all I'm all in a shweat wit' excitement."

"You may be cold enough before morning, Terry, my boy."

"Bad luck to you, Michael! Dyin' is wan thing I cannot afford to do, although be the same token they tell me auld Ricks has a kind shpot in the heart av him for the widow an' the orphan—particularly av thim that dies in his serrvice! As I say, I cannot afford to get kilt, but in back av that agin I cannot afford to lose the best job I ever had. An' afther all, 'tis a poor man that won't fight for a fine, kind gintleman ——"

"Damn the fine, kind gentleman! It serves him right for letting us get into this fix. He can afford the loss of the ship, but you and I, Terence Reardon, cannot afford the loss of our honor and self-respect. For the sake of the blood that's in us we can't afford to let a lot of Dutchmen steal our ship and cargo."

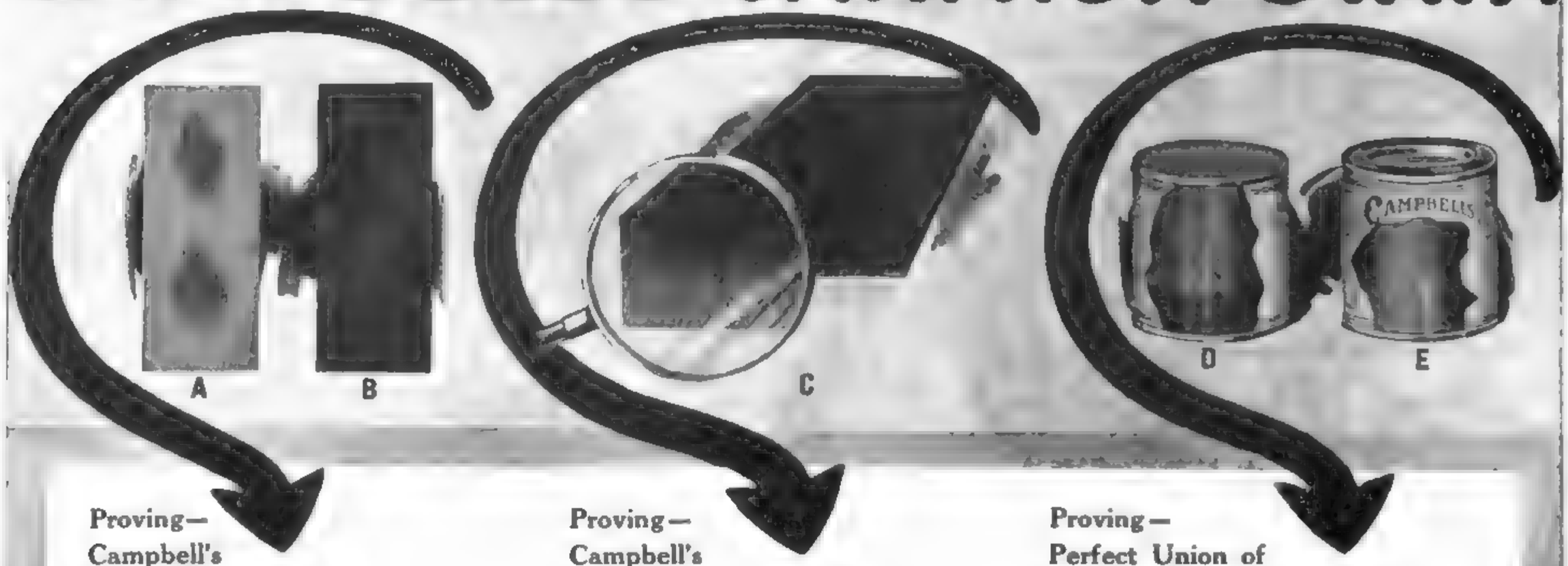
"Whist!" Reardon warned. "Hurry up. Me crew is comin' below agin."

"Make it a point to pass by my stateroom window after dark. You'll find a scrap of paper on the sill. Help yourself to it."

"Faith, I will," Mr. Reardon promised fervently, and the tube closed with a click.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Three reasons why YOU should use CAMPBELL'S VARNISH STAIN



Proving— Campbell's Varnish Stain Dissolves Grease Spots

You've never heard of a varnish stain that would do that before. Illustration A shows a board with two big grease spots. Now see what happens when you use Campbell's Varnish Stain Look at illustration B. This is the same board and shows how Campbell's Varnish Stain *dissolves* grease spots. No laborious rubbing and scrubbing is necessary when you use Campbell's Varnish Stain to make old floors like new. Nothing better for doors, walls, tables, chairs, refrigerators, window sills and the hundred and one other things about a home that need renovating now and then.

Proving— Campbell's Varnish Stain Penetrates Wood Fibre

The drying oil in Campbell's Varnish Stain drags the stain pigment deep in every nook and cranny of the wood fibre as shown in illustration C. With the drying of the oil the stain is firmly imbedded in the wood. You are assured of a permanent color that will not give way to water or wear.

Then the Armor Plate Varnish surface further protects the stain and gives a hard, durable, beautiful transparent finish that requires only the use of a dry mop to remove dust and renew its high lustre.

Proving— Perfect Union of Stain and Varnish Without Sediment

In Campbell's Varnish Stain you get a scientific unification of the varnish and the color—a colored varnish. It is not just a mixture of varnish and stain, but is so unified that the stain is *always* in perfect solution as shown in illustration E. It is clear, even and transparent throughout.

In ordinary varnish you get a stain as shown in illustration D. Here you see a sediment that can never be perfectly mixed with the varnish and oil Result! An uneven, vari-colored job that cannot be satisfactory.

You have been given three reasons why you should use Campbell's Varnish Stain in preference to all others. Don't be satisfied with a substitute about which you cannot be sure. Ask your dealer for Campbell's Varnish Stain—in the yellow can, with the famous picture of the camel on it

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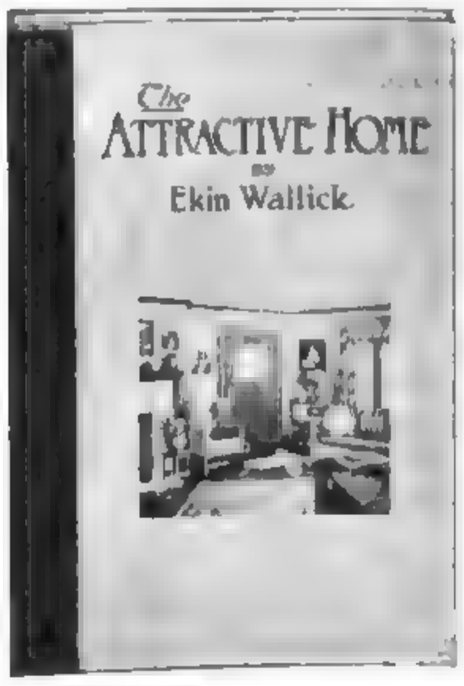

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THERE ARE 13 COLORS—Make your selection. The colors are: Natural wood color, light oak, dark oak, walnut, cherry, mahogany, green, rosewood, white enamel, flat black, gloss black, piazza green and piazza red.

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I send 40 cents in stamps. Mail me Mr. Wallick's Dollar Book; also ½ pint can of Campbell's Varnish Stain.

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Right here you save money, for other brands, marketed the old way, sell at from $3 to $5 per tire.

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And another big saving comes in the extra service of Blue Streaks, which makes them cost still less in the end.

You should try Blue Streaks if your bicycle needs new tires this spring, or when you buy a tire during the summer.

You will know them by the handsome Blue Streak on each side of the tread.

Buy them at $2.50 each for the non-skid, from the best bicycle and hardware dealers everywhere, and you will see that no longer is it necessary to pay more for the best bicycle tires.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Bicycle Tires

A RANK QUITTER

Continued from Page 18

That put an end to the rally. As soon as we got outside Bill was mobbed by eager ladies and gents who wanted to know what he intended to do about the Anderson case. There had been an amazing switch in public sentiment. Those who had clamored loudest for the Swede's blood now called attention to the manly, straightforward tone of his apology. They seemed to think because he hadn't asked for reinstatement that he was entitled to it. They even quoted Scripture to the effect that forgiveness was a lovely thing; and Bill—bless every soft bone in his head!—listened to it all, looked almost wise, and said absolutely nothing.

Seeing that they couldn't do anything with him, student delegations started out to find Anderson and give him the right hand of fellowship—and that was where they ran into another severe jolt. The Swede had disappeared.

That night I got a telegram from him, filed at his home town. He had crammed a lot into ten words:

"Played last card. Thought Bill would answer me. No use!"

When I showed this to our heroic leader he swallowed hard.

"Well," said he, "why did he duck out? Why didn't he wait?"

"But, Bill, you can wire him to come back."

Do you think he considered it? Not for a second. Perish the thought! I suppose when a man honestly believes that he is burning himself at the stake for a principle he hates to have a sudden wind spring up and put out the fire.

III

SATURDAY morning the special trains began to arrive from the other colleges, and our campus was soon crawling with pesty outlanders offering as much as five to one against our chances to win. It was tough not to be able to call them; it was tougher still to feel that the odds were not long enough.

At one o'clock I attended a lodge of sorrow in the training quarters. Captain Bill was on the rubbing table, getting limbered up for the hundred and howling about the poor sportsmanship of the rival coaches.

"They've put in a lot of bums just to split the century two ways!" he raved. "I'll have to step in ten-two to qualify for the final, and they think the extra heat will pull my cork for the relay! We can't double up in the hurdles, either—those are cut up too. It's a mercy they haven't enough men to make the 220 a heat proposition! That would cook the noble old goose for fair!"

Well, at that, those coaches were within their rights. If they could wear out our stars by making them run heats against second-string tramps it would cut into our firsts without hurting them any. They knew we didn't have enough lanes on our track to accommodate their entire student bodies!

Pinkie Hollister, our best and only bet in the mile, also had his troubles.

"It's bad enough to run a mile against the two best men in the state," said he, "without having to climb over and crawl under a mob of stiffs only put there to get in your way! I'm going to grab that pole and hang on to it, no matter who they put in for a stalk horse! This won't be any mile run. It'll be a mile dash, so far as I'm concerned."

Captain Bill got off the table and made a speech, pleading for the old fighting spirit that had won in the past, the pep, the go-get-'em stuff; but he was pumping a dry well. Three lickings had taken a lot out of the boys, mentally and physically.

Right in the middle of the speech the door banged open and Oscar Anderson walked in. He went straight up to Bill.

"I thought I could stay away," said he; "but I can't. I had to come back. You need me, Cap. Don't you want me?"

Bill's Adam's apple began to perform, but he couldn't say anything. The rest of the athletes turned into statues, but they were all looking hungrily at Bill and not at Anderson, which was a good sign. They were loyal to their captain, all right enough, and not one of 'em would have whispered a word to influence him; but a lot of silent prayers were being offered up in that room for the return of Bill's reason. The poor old skinless conscience was in the last ditch, fighting hard. The Swede must have felt that he wasn't alone, and took courage to go on.

"I ain't asking you to be friendly with me, Cap. You don't have to be. I'm a dog, and you can go on making me feel like one; but that ain't the question at all. For pity's sake, don't ask these men here to double up and pack my share of the load—with all these heats and things! Let me get out there and help, won't you? Do it, Bill, and to-night I'll quit the college, or anything else you say. Every man on this team can lick me and I won't even put up my hands! Let me go out there and win my points! Please, Cap?"

Right there was where I had an inspiration. I was afraid that Bill might pull another brain storm and play the pale-martyr string to a finish.

"Put it to a team vote, Bill!" said I.

"Yes; a team vote!"

"That's the stuff!"

"Good idea, Cap!"

The boys all looked up, [illegible] for an instant the wavelets on the shore went up.

"Everybody in favor of letting Anderson compete say Aye!"

Well, a yell went up that could have been heard a mile, and every man jumped in the air when he voted. It nearly took Bill's breath away, but he did the right thing. He reached out and grabbed Oscar's hand, and shook it.

"First call for the mile and the hammer!" It was the clerk of the course, with his head in at the door.

"Coming up!" yelled Bill. "Climb into your war togs, Swede! If it's all right with the gang it's all right with me. Will we trim these birds to-day, fellows?"

From every corner of the room the noble warriors answered the question. It sounded like a kennel of bull terriers all yapping at once. The old fighting spirit had come back into our midst.

"Trim 'em? We'll pick 'em clean!"

"Nothing to it!"

"Won't the University weight men be sick!"

"Go get 'em, you Oscar!"

"Yatta hoy, Swede!"

Pinkie Hollister rolled off the rubbing table and hugged Anderson.

"You heave the old pill clear out of the county," said he, "and watch me toss dust up the noses of these milers!"

Well, I suppose Anderson would have made a fool of himself if there had been time for it. He took a dive for his locker, shedding his clothes on the way, and stuck his head inside it so we couldn't see that he was crying. As for old Dan, he had gone for the Swede's suit and spikes as soon as the vote was taken. Dave Moore, who had been out on the field wrangling with the officials, came in just as Anderson was peeling off his undershirt, and slapped the Swede on the bare back so hard that it sounded like a pistol shot.

"Welcome to our city!" said he. "Now we've got a track team!"

I do not intend to lead you, step by step and hurdle by hurdle, through all the events of that meet. Even now, after these years, it makes me nervous to recall how the tide of battle ebbed and flowed that day—now with us, now against us; but I may point out a few wavelets on the shore as we go along.

I'll even allow you to do your own imagining about the wild sensation created by Oscar Anderson's appearance in his track suit, and the ungodly uproar in our rooting section, mixed in with the sad minor strain of the dough-boys who had passed up that 5-to-1 stuff—they accused me afterward of knowing all about it and throwing them down.

Picture an acre of mourners trying to steel themselves to enjoy the obsequies, and their feelings when they saw the dear departed coming back to life with a whoop and a yell. Picture a rooting section condemned to suffer acute anguish, miserable in anticipation of agony to come, and the electric effect of an unexpected reprieve. From the brass band in front to the back row of bleachers they rose without summons or call—rose with a yell and blasted into the old fighting song. If the Swede had any doubts as to the way the student body would receive him they were swept away in a mighty ovation that fairly rattled the boards on the other side of the field.

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6—CLUBS: The illumination should be [illegible] restful agreeable in color beautiful [illegible] with the surroundings and entirely [illegible]

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9—THEATRES Good light is subtle soft [illegible] It is beautiful in harmony [illegible] surroundings, and creates a receptive attitude in the minds of the audience

10—HOSPITALS The light should be ample [illegible] contribute to the comfort [illegible] the patients Good light is needed [illegible]

11—CHURCHES The light should be subtle soft and agreeable Harsh or brilliant spots, which [illegible] the eye and attention should be avoided.

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We started out well, even though the first five points went to the Huns. Pinkie stepped the fastest mile of his young life. [illegible] three points we had dared to hope for in the mile.

When the Swede stepped into the ring for his first throw in the preliminary round of the hammer he got the long locomotive cheer, with "Anderson! Anderson! Ander-son!" tacked on the end of it, which affected him to such an extent that he fouled out of the circle on his second turn. The next time up, he got in his triple-turn and heaved the pill something like 168 feet, breaking his own Conference record [illegible] feet and 10 inches.

"And that little thing [illegible] attended to!" [illegible] shout at that one for [illegible] the Swede under ordinary conditions; what chance had they against him when he was trying to iron a dent out of his armor and wipe his escutcheon clean? That new record was the Swede's little way of notifying the bleachers that he was considerably in earnest.

Captain Bill saved himself a little in the first heat of the hundred, finishing second in a ten-two canter; but when the gun cracked in the final the old boy got off to the prettiest start of his life and stepped the distance in ten flat, which was more than enough to cremate the opposition.

This put us well in the lead, with a total of thirteen points. I might have known that the hoodoo number meant something sinister. From then on we began to have a lot of luck—and it was all bad.

Item. Ken Mitchell went wrong in the high jump. He broke under the nervous strain which had been piling up for weeks; his "form" was shattered and he didn't even qualify for the finals.

Item. Joe Young, the only pole vaulter we had who could have done anything in such company, broke his cane short off in the middle, and in trying to avoid being impaled hit his head on the side of the pit and was knocked cold as a wedge. That settled him.

Item. Rags Bagby, running with Bill in the 440, and trying to place himself third, was spiked by some fumble-footed fool of a Hun and ran the last two hundred yards with a jet of blood spurting out of his right heel. Captain Bill won the race and led from gun to tape, but there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth when Bagby was carried off the field. He was our third-lap man in the relay—the one we depended on to send Bill away with a winning [illegible] To cripple him was the same as losing the event.

"Shut up, calamity howlers!" said Rags when they began to mourn over him in the quarters. "The doc can plug it up somehow, and if he can't I'll run my lap anyway. What's a little blood?"

Item. We were shut out completely in the two-mile and the 880, the University winning both events. We hadn't counted on much in the two-mile, but we thought Dutch Hauser had a chance to win the 880. Maybe he would have done it if he hadn't got in a jam on the second turn of the first lap. As he was pawing his way through the herd somebody gave him a quick hard nudge under the elbow, which is fine work if one of the inspectors doesn't catch you at it. This threw Dutch all out of his stride, and, as he staggered, the man behind him sliced the calf of his right leg open in two places. Poor Dutch didn't even finish and was carried away raving. It was a Hun who gave Dutch the nudge, and I recall that he wanted to kill all the Huns but six, and leave those for Rags Bagby.

Now for the bright side of the picture. While these things were happening Bill and the Swede were having a perfectly lovely little track meet all of their own. Between them they whipsawed the Huns completely out of a chance for first or second place, leaving us but a single opponent—the University. As for Edmonton and K. U., they had their names on the scoreboard, together with the crumbs that fell from the first table.

Good old Bill took his three copyrighted events as usual, winding up with the 220. Of course he had to draw the outside lane—the worst one on the track and soft for the first hundred yards. This cut into Bill's long stride, and when he got on the hard going he was in fifth place, but from there on he certainly set his spikes down fast and far apart, and got up in time to win by a nose. It was a terrific finish and a tight fit; but, as Bill said when he got his breath again, it was just as nutritious to win by a snort as by seven parasangs, provided the judges saw the snort first.

But the Swede was the busy little bee, loping miles across the field to get from one event into another. There was always something doing with him. He ran his heat in the high hurdles, and piled a lightning-fast final on top of that, winning with open yards behind him. He won the shot-put on his third heave in the qualifying round, giving the enemy another mark to shoot at for a few semesters. Then he galloped over in time to start in the second heat of the low [illegible], where he finished third and qualified for the final.

At this point he went to the quarters and had his legs shampooed, it being the first chance he had to leave the field. Old Dan worked on him tenderly, and sent him out for the final carrying with him an Irish blessing and a strong smell of wintergreen oil. The score was close enough to be interesting, and we hoped and prayed that Anderson could at least run second to Grasshopper Briggs, the University's crack low hurdler.

Imagine, then, the bedlam that broke loose when the Swede set such a terrific pace that he ran Briggs almost off his feet. They were side by side coming to the ninth hurdle, and the Grasshopper, evidently rattled by this unexpected burst of speed on the part of a man weighing two hundred pounds, started his finishing drive too soon. He bungled his take-off and hit the hur[illegible]—and after that it was Anderson's race. Five points where we expected three!

This was where our rooting section turned Comanche in earnest, omitting only the scalping. Old grads smashed their hats and threw the wrecks away. Our dignified Prexy grew so agitated that he slipped down from his seat and found himself straddling the neck of a total stranger, who bucked him off into the crowd. Yes, it was quite a celebration; but the University section didn't assist. Single-handed, Oscar Anderson had won twenty points—which is quite a wiping of the escutcheon in any man's country. After that low-hurdle race he could have been elected to any office in the gift of a deliriously grateful constituency.

But all these things, momentous as they seemed at the time, were but the ripples on the shore. The real tidal wave came at the end of a wonderful afternoon, with the sun dipping toward the horizon and the rooting sections chirping hoarsely. But two events remained for decision—the broad jump and the relay. The score was 39 for us and 37 for the University. The Huns were hopelessly licked, far down in third place.

What with Bagby's accident and Captain Bill's busy afternoon on the cinders, we had small hope of winning the relay from the comparatively fresh University quartet; but by substituting Benny Welch for Bagby and asking the remaining men to run every jump of the way, we felt sure of second place; and that would be enough. Our broad jumper, Brick Harrigan, was figured a certainty in his event, as he was the holder of the state record and a consistent performer. This would give us a total of 47 points. Conceding the relay to the University, and second and third in the broad jump, they would finish a point behind us with 46. Their star jumpers, McKittrick and Owens, ranked next to Harrigan in class and consistency, and the University experts had already boasted a sure four points in the event.

Rags Bagby came limping out with the relay men, arguing and expostulating with Captain Bill, who looked white round the gills and very much drawn, but his eyes were the same old eyes, blazing with a high and holy zeal. Anderson tailed along with them, patting the men on the back and lending moral support. Rags did his best to hide the limp, but Dave Moore spotted the effort and examined his heel. Then he asked Rags what he was doing on the track.

"What do you think I'm doing? Selling sewing machines?" Rags bristled like an Airedale pup. "I'm going in the relay!"

"On that leg? You won't get round the first turn with it!"

"Oh, yes, I will, coach! Sure, I will!"

(Continued on Page 77

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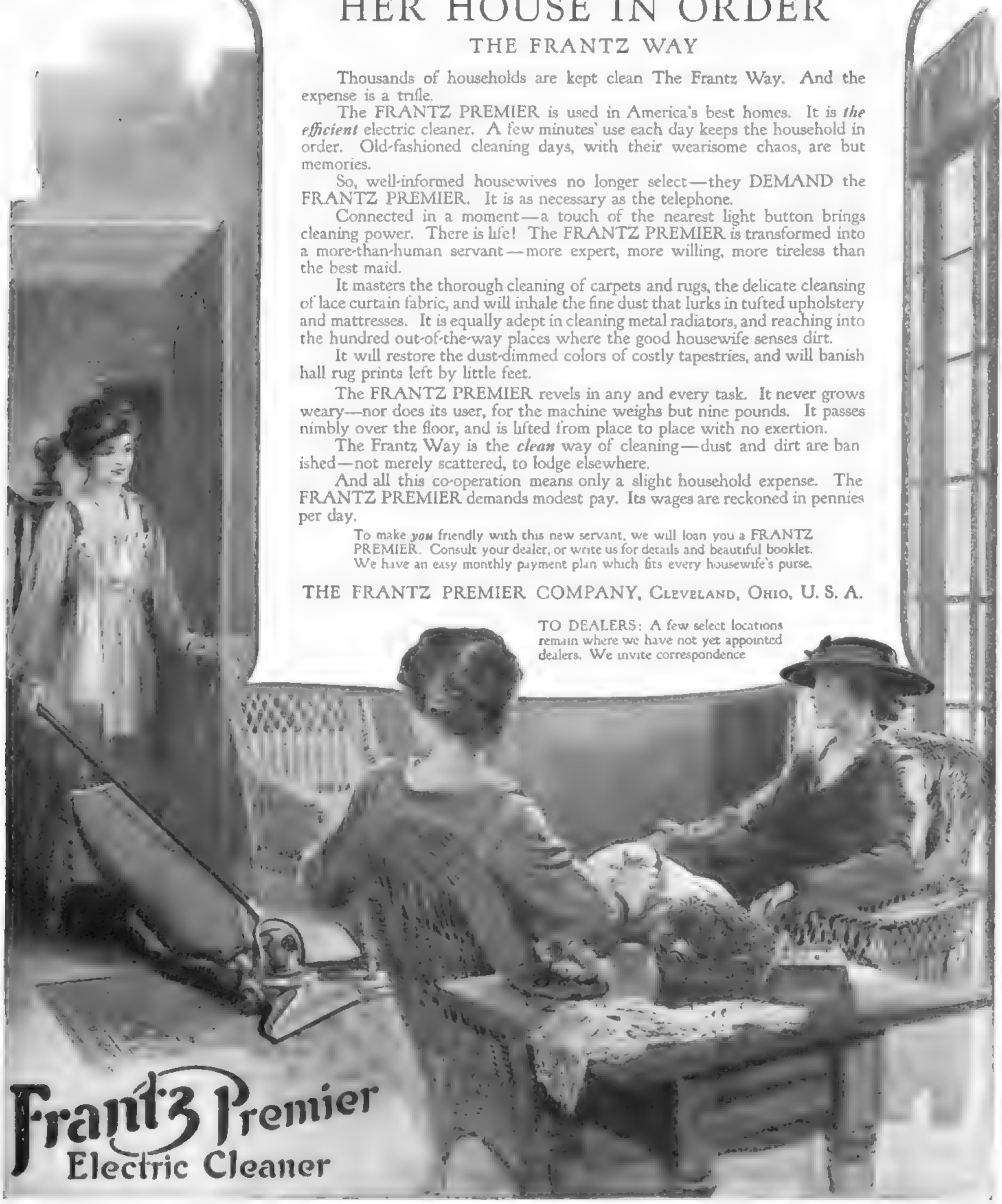

(Continued from Page 74)

"Say!" Anderson butted into the conversation. "Let me run his lap, Dave! It'll murder Rags to do a quarter on that pin!"

"You!" barked the coach. "You never ran a quarter in your life!"

"I've run a lot of quarters round here the last month. Ask Dan if I haven't. Gimme a crack at it and I'll show you something!"

Rags broke out with a statement that he could run the circle in fifty flat, and knock the head off of any man who tried to stop him. He ripped and roared and made such a fuss about it that Dave told him to take a short sprint down the track and back again. Rags started out all right, but he hadn't gone thirty yards before the leg crumpled up and let him down on the cinders. They carried him into the training quarters and laid him down with the other cripples, bawling as if his heart would break. Don't think for a minute that it was the pain. It was sheer, helpless rage—the same thing that makes a man weep when they take him out of a football game.

"Now," said the Swede, "you've got to let me run. If I can't beat Benny Welch going a quarter I'll eat him!"

"Let him go, Dave," said Bill, standing there with his arm round the Swede's neck. "Give him the lap next to me and he'll run it on his nerve!"

"All right, boys. Have it your own way. . . . There goes Harrigan's first jump!"

We all turned to watch Brick, who was tearing down the runway to the take-off. A few yards before he got to the board one of the wooden-headed judges stepped out in front of him. Brick had to swerve sharply to the right to avoid crashing into the official, his heel spike caught on the edge of the take-off board, and the whole force of Brick's catapult rush came with a snap on that twisted ankle! Down he went in the dirt, rolling over and over in an agony of pain. No need to ask if he was badly hurt; no need to look at the ankle more than once. It was not only dislocated but every tendon and ligament was jerked out of place—five points gone and with them our chance for winning the meet!

Captain Bill straightened up and let out the only blast of real, high-grade profanity I ever heard him use, most of which was addressed to the wooden-headed judge, who was pottering round, trying to say how sorry he was.

"And you'd better get off this field," Bill wound up, "or to-morrow you'll be wearing a nice, new black suit that you didn't pick out!"

On top of this outburst came one of the wonderful flashes that made Bill a great man and an inspirational leader, even if his judgment was sometimes rotten.

"Come on, fellows!" said he. "This makes us win the relay!"

Of course it wasn't going to do us any great amount of good to win it, because a licking is a licking; but that didn't make any difference to Bill. I believe I mentioned that he was the sort to lead a forlorn hope—the forlorner it was the better. All we could do was to pray that McKittrick and Owens might go wrong, or some dark-horse Hun go crazy and beat 'em both. For me and for the student body the whole blessed meet had gone pop with Brick's tendons, and they wrapped him up in the same blanket with Rags and left 'em hugging each other and howling like a pair of fresh, red twins.

The first two laps of the relay found the University man ten yards in front, but the Swede got away in second place, with a Hun at his heels. Anderson had a ten-foot stride, due to his hurdling, and he used every inch of it, stretching out like a giant. Because of his weight, because he wasn't used to the quarter—the toughest race on the docket—and because of the few little jobs of work he had been doing that afternoon, the big fellow was soon in distress; but only an expert would have known it.

Twice the Hun tried to pass him, and twice the Swede put on steam and spurted out of danger. He spurted that Hun sick, blind and dizzy, and on the back stretch he ran away from him and began to creep up on the University man. Round the turn he came and straightened up for his last hundred yards. Every stride must have been pure torture to a man so tired, but inch by inch he was closing that gap. His eyes were dilated and showed red where they should have been white, his lips were blue, and his chin caked with salty foam; but his heart kept driving those powerful legs straight to the point where Captain Bill was crouched and waiting, one hand held behind him for the touch

I think we were all afraid of a collapse in the last fifty yards. I know Dan was—but the Swede finished like a whirlwind and sent Bill on his way only four yards behind the University's last-lap man. Then, having done all that mortal could do, Anderson folded up like a concertina and fell in a heap, absolutely out.

And Bill? If you can't guess what Bill would have done under such inspiring conditions the fault is mine, for I haven't succeeded in conveying an adequate understanding of his character. He sailed after that scuttling University gent like a long, lean cyclone in short white pants. I was helping Dan work over the Swede, but I snatched a moving picture of our beloved leader now and then; and take my word for it, the projecting machine was grinding in record time.

Bill caught his man on the first turn, pawed a few scornful cinders in his face, and passed out of range. He flickered down the back stretch all alone and growing lonelier with every jump. There wasn't the slightest need for such a murderous pace: the University man was already cooked, but Bill didn't know it—didn't know anything except that he was out there running all he knew how. Truly, brains are not located in the legs; and truly again, a man with Bill's legs could manage to win races on a teaspoonful of gray matter.

He drifted round the upper turn like a leaf in a gale and came tearing down to us a mere couple of box-car lengths ahead of the University crack. Everybody yelled at him and tried to flag him down, but it wasn't any use. He took the tape away and started to fall, all in one motion. Old Dan jumped to catch him and they went to the grit together, snarled up like a pair of freshman football recruits at tackling practice. . . . That last quarter was run in forty-nine and two-fifths seconds, on top of a full day's work. Let it stand as a record.

The next thing I knew the Swede was on his knees beside Bill, trying to kiss him, and yelling into his ear:

"We ain't licked yet, Cap! I'm going to take Brick's place in the broad jump."

"Crazy!" said Dave Moore, throwing up both hands. "Crazy as a coot!"

Well, no wonder. It was sheer lunacy for a man to think of going into the broad jump after running such an exhausting race.

"But it's my duty!" said the Swede stubbornly.

"Aw, duty be damned!" growled Dan. "It's more than your duty ye've done this day. Haven't we got enough cripples over beyond?"

"I want to show you how far a quitter can go," said Oscar over his shoulder. "Come along, Dan, and rub my legs a bit."

"Has he got a chance?" asked Dave.

"After what I've seen to-day," answered Dan, "I'd say he'd have a chance doin' anything."

"Has he jumped any lately?"

"He's done a bit of everything the last month—a bit of everything." And Dan followed the Swede, muttering to himself

By this time Bill was beginning to show signs of life, but he nearly passed out again when Dave told him that the Swede was entering for the broad jump. He refused to believe it until he saw Anderson reporting to the clerk of the course.

"You don't mean that!" said the clerk. "You're excited off your nut!"

The Swede certainly looked the part. His eyes were bloodshot and wild—altogether he was the picture of a wreck. He insisted, and the clerk of the course notified the referee, who had seen so many miracles that afternoon that he was past shock of any sort. Even the rival rooting sections gave the Swede a cheer when his name was announced as a competitor in the broad jump. It was a tribute to his gameness if nothing else.

Four men were to qualify for the final. Dan worked on Anderson's legs till the last possible minute and then sent him down the runway with a prayer. It must have been heard, for the Swede planted his heels an even twenty feet from the take-off board—and just barely scraped into the final. This left four men to jump for the points—and, incidentally, the Conference championship—McKittrick and Owens of the University, Belcher of K. U., and Anderson. All three of them had beaten the Swede's jump in the qualifying round, but he was in the final and that was something.

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The score at this time stood 44 to 40 in our favor, but only until McKittrick took his next jump in the final, tearing off twenty-three feet and three inches—a mighty hop that would have cut out Harrigan's work for him, to say nothing of the lesser lights. A terrific bellow went up from the University section when this performance was announced. They knew, and so did we, that it was a certain first place, putting them one point ahead of us, with Owens yet to be heard from.

Belcher then jumped twenty-one feet and ten inches, and Owens followed him with an effort of twenty-two feet and one inch. It was up to Anderson, but he passed when his name was called, Old Dan advising him to rest until the last minute and stake everything on one attempt.

Belcher jumped again and picked up an inch or two, but Owens could not better his mark. Once more Anderson passed his turn. He was lying on a blanket at the far end of the runway and Dan was rubbing his legs. I went over to the Swede.

"Listen now!" whispered Dan to me. "You go down there to the pit and take the rake away from that assistant of yours. Tell him he ain't rakin' the dirt smooth enough—tell him anything, but get the rake! Make a bluff at smoothin' the surface all nice; and just before Anderson starts move up alongside the near edge of the pit and stand the rake on end. Ye'll have a handkerchief in the hand that holds the rake. Let it hang down the handle, lad, markin' the tallness of a high hurdle—d'ye mind?—Something to catch his eye as he comes down there."

"That's it, Stuffy!" grunted the Swede. "I'm going to take a running broad jump over a high hurdle—an imaginary one. It's make or break—and don't hold that wipe too low!"

By this time Belcher had taken his last try, dropping away back. Owens did not quite succeed in equaling his first jump; and I bustled in and grabbed the rake, howling for more lime on the take-off board.

"Anderson up!" called the judge who was checking the jumps.

The Swede got slowly to his feet and stretched his legs. The bleachers rose with him, but not to stretch. Relaxation would come later—after that jump—when the meet would be over. The situation was too tense for cheering; the championship was staked on a single hop. Our people waited with their fists clenched, expecting nothing, hoping everything. There was just one chance in the world for us to win now, if Anderson could beat Owens' mark of twenty-two feet and one inch, the three points would give us the meet by a score of 47 to 46. The leader of the University band showed what he thought of our chances by forming his men at the end of the bleachers, ready to lead the serpentine on the field. They might at least have waited for the Swede to take his jump.

Nobody noticed me as I took my position level with the edge of the pit. Nobody noticed me as I mopped my fevered brow and then carelessly dangled the handkerchief down the rake handle. I guessed as near three feet and six inches as I could, and moved the handkerchief six inches higher—for luck. It wasn't strictly according to Hoyle, but the situation was a desperate one and a fool judge had already robbed us of a chance in the event.

Anderson was getting on his mark, but he was not looking down the runway. His eyes were fixed on the University band boys and his face cracked in a weary snarl. Dan shook hands with him, patted him on the back and stepped aside.

For an instant the Swede crouched, then flashed into his full stride and came thundering down to the take-off. He hit the board like a sixteen-inch shell, gathered every ounce for a last mighty effort, and hurled himself into the spring. Up, up, up he went, until he seemed to float in the air, easily clearing the handkerchief. Then his legs, which had been doubled under him, shot out, and as his heels bit into the soft dirt he heaved his body forward and went sprawling on his face.

It was a tremendous hop—that much could be seen at a glance—but was it enough to win? Two judges were busy with the tape, stretching it from the edge of the heelmarks to the take-off board, the other officials and contestants crowding them as close as they dared. Anderson lifted himself on his elbows and craned his neck behind him.

"Well, what is she?" he asked.

The judge at the take-off bent lower and the tape ceased quivering and grew taut.

"Twenty-two feet four inches!" he chanted, his voice breaking with excitement. "I'm damned if he didn't do it!"

What happened then? Ask the University rooters, suddenly paralyzed in their tracks. Ask any of the lunatics in our section. Ask of the winds that far round with fragments strewed the sea. Ask anyone who could count his reason. As for me, I went completely out of my head. The last thing I remember distinctly was being mixed up with Bill and the remainder of the team in a squirming, yelling heap in the jumping pit. From somewhere beneath us came muffled roars. The Swede was requesting the University band boys to draw in their horns and go home.

Three-quarters of an hour later a hoarse and happy crowd waited outside the training quarters after a serpentine parade the like of which no old grad could recall. The door opened and Bill Wilkerson stood on the steps, hushing a cheer with a hand.

"Fellows," said he huskily, "I can't talk to you to-night. I wish I could find words to express my feelings. I am too full for utterance. We won to-day because the man we called a quitter didn't know when to quit. He wanted to pay a debt, and he has made us all his debtors. As long as we live we can never forget how he snatched victory from defeat; how he—how he ——"

"Yes," came a voice out of the dark; "we feel the same way about it, Bill! Chop the oratory and bring out the Swede!"

"Aw, now you've spoiled it!" yelled Bill. "I had an announcement to make. Why didn't you let me lead up to it? There's been an election inside, with only one candidate. Everybody take a long breath and give the new team boss a cheer. . . . Cap Anderson, come out! A few friends want to see you."

And the Swede came out.

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DO YOU WANT TO FIX PRICES?

(Continued from Page 19)

"I haven't much time now," was the reply—"catching a train."

"Well, then," said the other in a whisper, "this talk about organizing the industry is all right, but what I want you to tell me is: How are we going to get together to fix up our prices?"

In the minds of many business men who come to Washington that seems to be the main question. Everybody is eager to keep within the law, but price fixing in some legal form is regarded as the magic cure-all for every business ill. The big fellows are anxious to find a way to fix prices, with the sanction of the Government, to relieve themselves of blind competition from the little fellows. The little fellows think that price fixing is their only salvation from the big fellows.

Mr. Hurley became interested in this state of mind and set to work to find an answer to the general question. He took up the statements of American corporations, made to Uncle Sam under the corporation-tax law, to find out what could be learned about profits. There are two hundred and fifty thousand manufacturing and trading corporations in the United States. More than one hundred thousand of them report no net income whatever. That is rather astonishing and suggests that perhaps these corporations are evading the Federal tax by some shift of bookkeeping; but most of these profitless corporations are small. This is shown in their figures of capital stock and yearly sales. Some are not intended to make profits, being in the nature of formal corporate organizations of business. Others represent business in which the real profits are paid out to officers in the form of salaries. Ninety thousand other corporations report net income of less than five thousand dollars a year. Only sixty thousand manufacturing and mercantile corporations in the country make five hundred dollars a year or more in net income.

As a practical business man, Mr. Hurley has long known that profits are shrinking. He entered the ground floor of a new industry himself, when margins were ample, and has seen that industry grow, perfect its products, develop competition and whittle down profits. These figures simply proved his general knowledge of conditions, showing that profits are smaller than is popularly supposed, and that in the business life of this country a vast percentage of the concerns are small, struggling, and to a great extent unsuccessful.

Lack of Cost-Keeping Knowledge

Figures of the yearly sales made by the sixty thousand most successful corporations bring further proof. If a business man were asked offhand as to the number of corporations in this country doing a yearly business of five million dollars and upward, he might guess there were five thousand. That would be too large. Half of that number would be too large. If he were conservative and guessed only one thousand, that would still be too large. If he put it at only five hundred he would still be high, for according to the corporations' tax returns there are only four hundred and sixty-two such corporations. Only forty-five hundred do a yearly business of between one and five million dollars. Those doing from half a million to one million dollars number five thousand; those from one-quarter of a million to one-half, ten thousand; from one hundred thousand to one-quarter of a million, twenty thousand; less than one hundred thousand dollars, twenty thousand.

Out of his intimate knowledge of American business Mr. Hurley interprets these figures in a striking way. The typical American factory of to-day, he says, is owned and run by a man who worked at the bench or lathe yesterday. The mechanic of yesterday is the manufacturer of to-day, just as the mechanic of to-day will be the manufacturer of to-morrow. These men have come up as he himself came up from the locomotive cab. They were the thinking, saving, ambitious mechanics of their day. They looked round and saw opportunities growing out of the work they were doing and embarked in some line of business where products were new and profits ample.

They made mistakes. They took risks. They ran things in a rough-and-ready way. They were not very much concerned with theory and system. Their bookkeeping was crude; if they did any at all it was probably handed over to an uncle or a father-in-law who knew little of constructive accounting. They hated red tape, were not acquainted with bank or credit routine, and went ahead in a practical, individualistic fashion, trusting to the wide margin of profit in their new industry to take care of them—which it did.

There was something characteristically American in that phase of our manufacturing life. It took a broad sweep, with fine carelessness, and out of it grew energy, originality, volume.

But, as business developed and demand was met and competition sprang up, the margin of profit shrunk until finally it became just comfortable bank interest. By that time there had been a great change in the industry. If it was one in which fifty different concerns had started, perhaps ten of them would have been eliminated by competition and mistakes, thirty-eight would be struggling in a hit-and-miss way, with evershrinking profits, while the remaining two would have had the foresight to systematize the business and adapt themselves to the new situation.

Price Cutting Based on Ignorance

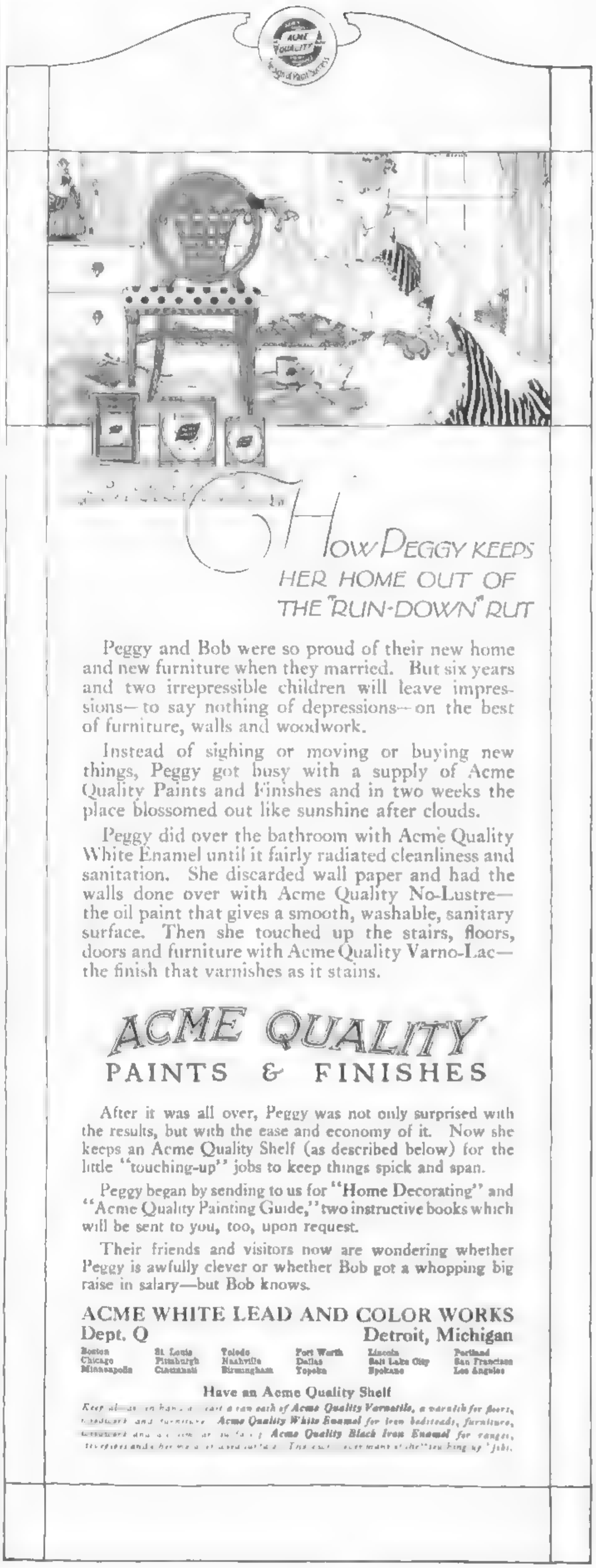
These two concerns, with scientific cost-keeping, financing and organization, would be making money and growing at such a rate as to be regarded as trusts. They came under the suspicion of the Government, which assumed that their success must be based on some secret price agreement; and the thirty-eight struggling concerns in the same industry, feeling greater pressure every year, would probably urge Government lawyers to make the prosecution drastic.

This is Mr. Hurley's understanding of what has been the matter, and he makes it clearer by another comparison:

There are two successful manufacturers in the same industry—making machine tools, say. One of them has a salesman who is a very able fellow in his particular work, but who pays little attention to other phases of the business. This salesman is constantly pleading for lower prices to meet competition, and most of his thought centers on the difference between what products cost and what they finally sell for. In many lines it is necessary to get three times the bare factory cost for a commodity. The tool that was made for fifteen dollars, absolute factory cost, will be sold for forty-five dollars. There are overhead and selling expenses to justify this charge. It is a standard way of figuring on millions of dollars' worth of specialties. But the salesman does not pay much attention to overhead and sales costs. He assumes that the boss is making unreasonable profits and that there must be a great deal of money in that line of business.

This salesman gets together ten thousand dollars and starts a factory to compete. His capital is chiefly borrowed money and his attention is devoted largely to the selling end. He cuts prices from the first and forces the two other manufacturers to meet his blind competition. For a year or two there is merry war and then his money is gone. But he goes to a bank. It is a bank that carries the accounts of his two competitors. When he asks for a loan the banker, judging by the success of his two big depositors in that line of business, not only grants a loan to help this ex-salesman continue his career of price demoralization, but in effect lends him the money carried on deposit by the other machine-tool makers. After that the price-cutter's career may be long or short; but it usually ends in bankruptcy and loss, because his business has never been properly organized or managed.

The remedy for these American business troubles, Mr. Hurley contends, is not to be found in price control, but in standard systems of bookkeeping and cost accounting for each industry, and in such standardization of statements about business presented to banks that the banker and business man can talk the same language, and the business man get the credit and loans he is really entitled to, which he does not get to-day. Price cutting is nearly always done in pure ignorance of costs. Ignorance of costs is based on poor cost accounting. If all the concerns in a given industry can be



HOW PEGGY KEEPS HER HOME OUT OF THE "RUN-DOWN" RUT

Peggy and Bob were so proud of their new home and new furniture when they married. But six years and two irrepressible children will leave impressions—to say nothing of depressions—on the best of furniture, walls and woodwork.

Instead of sighing or moving or buying new things, Peggy got busy with a supply of Acme Quality Paints and Finishes and in two weeks the place blossomed out like sunshine after clouds.

Peggy did over the bathroom with Acme Quality White Enamel until it fairly radiated cleanliness and sanitation. She discarded wall paper and had the walls done over with Acme Quality No-Lustre—the oil paint that gives a smooth, washable, sanitary surface. Then she touched up the stairs, floors, doors and furniture with Acme Quality Varno-Lac—the finish that varnishes as it stains.

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES

After it was all over, Peggy was not only surprised with the results, but with the ease and economy of it. Now she keeps an Acme Quality Shelf (as described below) for the little "touching-up" jobs to keep things spick and span.

Peggy began by sending to us for "Home Decorating" and "Acme Quality Painting Guide," two instructive books which will be sent to you, too, upon request.

Their friends and visitors now are wondering whether Peggy is awfully clever or whether Bob got a whopping big raise in salary—but Bob knows.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
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Boston	St. Louis	Toledo	Fort Worth	Lincoln	Portland
Chicago	Pittsburgh	Nashville	Dallas	Salt Lake City	San Francisco
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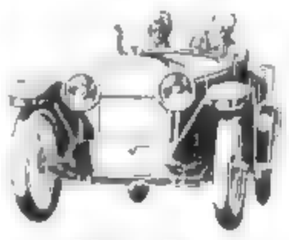
Have an Acme Quality Shelf

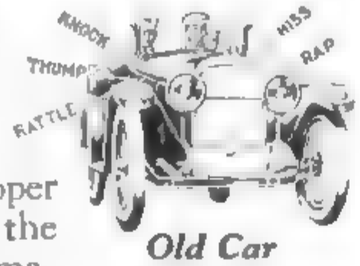
Keep always on hand a part a can each of ***Acme Quality Varnotile****, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture;* ***Acme Quality White Enamel*** *for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all interior use;* ***Acme Quality Black Iron Enamel*** *for ranges, stovepipes and for use on all exposed surfaces. This shelf will meet all the "touching up" jobs.*

Protect Your New Car



New Car
1. Silent motor
2. Full power
3. Infrequent repairs

About 900,000 cars will be bought this year. Thousands of those new cars will age through lack of proper attention. Between the new car and the prematurely old car there are three main differences:



Old Car
1. Noisy motor
2. Weakened power
3. Frequent repairs

Let us look at the symptoms of premature old age:

(1) In a new motor, only one thing brings on **noise**. That is *abuse*. Too often **noise** is the motor's complaint against improper lubrication.

(2) The most serious causes of **permanently weakened power** are scored cylinders, worn bearings and piston rings. These troubles are brought on by incorrect lubrication.

(3) During the first year, engine **repairs** usually are infrequent—even with incorrect oil. But with incorrect lubrication the second year brings the reckoning. The metal worn out by friction is gone forever. The results of wear now show up plainly. The worn motor never "comes back."

An investigation among New York repair shops showed that over 50% of all motor troubles brought to them are caused by incorrect lubrication.

The one main factor in keeping your new car new is correct lubrication.

You selected a car that suits you. Now select the oil that suits your car. You will find the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for *your* car specified in the Chart of Recommendations, at the right.

For several years this Chart, which represents our professional advice, has been a standard guide to correct automobile lubrication. If your car is not listed in this partial Chart, a copy of our Complete Lubricating Chart will be sent on request.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is necessary only that the original packages, bearing the seal and trade-mark on the container. For information or any address any inquiry to our nearest office

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches: Detroit, New York, Indianapolis, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the [illegible] should be used. For example, [illegible]

MODEL OF	1916		1915		1914		1913		1912	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	..					
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Auburn (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Autocar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Avery	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
"(Mod. 5 & C 1 Ton)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Briscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	Arc	Arc						
Case	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc								
[illegible]	A	A								
[illegible]	Ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	A	A	A		
[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	A	A	A	A						
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	B	A	B	A	B	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dodge	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	B						
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	Ar	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]	Ar	[illegible]	Ar	
[illegible]	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
[illegible]	F	F	F	F	E	F	[illegible]	[illegible]	F	F
[illegible]	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	Ar	A	A
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hudson	Ar	[illegible]	Ar	[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]	A	Ar	A	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]								
[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	Ar	A	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]			B	A	B	A	B	A		
[illegible]	A	A	[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A		
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Jackson	[illegible]	[illegible]	Ar	[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]	A	Ar	A	[illegible]
[illegible]	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]				
Jeffery	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	Ar	A	A				
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	Ar						
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	A	Ar	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Ar	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]			A	[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	[illegible]
[illegible]	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	Ar						
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	Arc				
Kissel Kar	A	[illegible]	A	A	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	[illegible]
[illegible] Model 48	A	A	A	A	A	A				
[illegible] Model 35	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
[illegible]	E	F	F	F	E	F	Ar	Ar	Arc	[illegible]
[illegible]	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	A	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]
[illegible]	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]	A	Ar	A	[illegible]
[illegible]	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	[illegible]
[illegible]	Ar	[illegible]	Ar	Ar	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]
[illegible]			[illegible]	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	[illegible]
[illegible]			Ar	[illegible]						
[illegible]	A	A								
Marmon	A	[illegible]	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	[illegible]
[illegible] Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A				
[illegible]			[illegible]	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	Ar	Ar	Arc	[illegible]
[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]				
National	A	[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	A								
[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]	Ar	Ar	[illegible]	Ar	[illegible]	Arc	A	[illegible]
[illegible]	A	A								
Oldsmobile	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	Ar	[illegible]	Arc	A	[illegible]
8 cyl	A	A								
Overland	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	Ar	Ar	[illegible]	Ar	Arc	Arc	[illegible]
Paterson			[illegible]	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Ar	Arc
12	A	A								
" Cont	A	A	A	A						
Paige			A	A	A	A	A	E	A	E
" 6-46	Ar	Ar	A	[illegible]						
" 6-36 & 38	A	Ar	A	A						
Pathfinder	Arc	Arc	A	[illegible]	Ar	Ar	A	Arc		
" 4 cyl	A	A								
Peerless	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar
" 4 cyl	A	A								
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc	A	A	A
" Cont	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Premier	A	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	[illegible]
Regal	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	Ar	Arc	A	Arc	Ar
" 6 cyl	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]						
Renault	A	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	Ar
Richmond	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	Arc	Ar		
Saxon	F	F	E	F	E	F				
Scripps-Booth	Arc	A	Ar	Ar	Arc	[illegible]	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar
" 4 cyl	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
" 8 cyl	B	A								
Stevens Duryea	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	Ar	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar
[illegible]baker	A	Arc	[illegible]	[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Ar	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]			A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
" 6 cyl	Ar	Ar	A	[illegible]	Ar	[illegible]				
White	A	[illegible]	A	[illegible]	A	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc
" Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A				
[illegible]	A	A	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arc	A	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc

For Electric Vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A for motor and running [illegible]. For open cars and detachable use Gargoyle Mobiloil C."

led to organize a trade association and work out some standard scheme of cost accounting to be followed by every one of them, all will soon have such clear knowledge of what their goods cost that price competition will cease. This is the only scientific way to regulate prices. Trying to fix prices without knowledge of costs has been as blind a procedure as price cutting, and, whether it can be done lawfully or otherwise, is not a remedy for the troubles from which much of our business suffers.

In the matter of bank credits Mr. Hurley says that the small manufacturer and merchant do not get the loans they are entitled to because they are unable to make statements to the bank which will show their true assets and liabilities.

To illustrate this, he turns again to Uncle Sam's corporation-tax reports and reveals a strange shortcoming.

Every manufacturing corporation, in order to conserve its capital, must make adequate provision for the depreciation of its plant, due to wear and tear, obsolescence, and so on. But many thousands of the corporations reporting to Uncle Sam write off no depreciation and in the general totals this item is ridiculously small.

There is one industry in particular that is just now suffering from depression. Thirty of the largest concerns in this industry report capital of nine million dollars, bonded debt of three and a half millions, gross annual sales of eight and a half millions, and net income of only three hundred thousand dollars. The amount of depreciation charged off is less than seventy thousand dollars. That is under one per cent on the plant investment. It is ridiculously small, and at the same time representative of American business.

What is the reason for such a showing? Simply lack of proper accounting. The manufacturer in a given line finds it necessary to bring out a new machine every year to stimulate sales. To make that machine he buys special jigs and tools, which will be useless when he brings out another model next year. These jigs and tools properly belong to cost of production, but are charged to capital investment and carried as assets long after they have been scrapped.

Again, the manufacturer with inadequate cost and accounting methods hires an accountant to come in once a year and prepare an annual statement. The accountant walks into the manufacturer's office and asks:

"How about the depreciation on your plant?"

"Depreciation?" echoes the manufacturer, who has been dreading this question and does not want the reduction in his showing of assets that correct deduction of this item would bring. "Nothing at all! Why, all my buildings were new five years ago. They're as good to-day as when they were built."

How Lax Accounting Limits Credit

If the accountant presses him on the point he pleads that he is busy, has no time to talk, will think it over and take it up again. The public accountant is shrewd and, though he wants to hold his clients, he generally adheres to conservative accounting principles. Nevertheless, he is not always successful in his effort to provide adequately for depreciation. He certifies his statement and comforts himself with the thought that everybody is doing the same thing. At the bank these inflated assets may form the basis for a loan, and the banker figures that many statements are made on the same basis. So does the commercial rating agency. So does everybody in the United States to a certain extent. All the big boys of business are in the apple orchard together, with the same suspicious bulges in their pockets; so nobody peaches.

In Uncle Sam's corporation-tax reports, however, this shutting of everybody's eyes to the fact that the boys are in the apple orchard gives an interesting paradox; for, because our business men have not yet learned to write off the shrinkage on buildings, machinery, and other items chargeable to depreciation, and because it has been expedient to carry it as capital investment, they are apt to pay more corporation tax than is really due.

When the business man who keeps vague accounts and costs records goes to his bank for a loan he is unable to lay before the banker a statement that entitles him to credit in keeping with his real borrowing capacity. It is true that he gets money from the bank when he needs it and without showing a statement; but he gets very little. Most loans of that sort are of three or four hundred dollars. They amount to just about a generous overdraft on his checking account.

If the business man could go to the banker with a trustworthy balance sheet, showing the state of his business in terms that bankers understand, he could probably borrow thousands of dollars where he now gets hundreds. This would give him larger capital to expand his business. More than that, when people who sell him goods write to his bank for a rating, the bank could tell definitely how much credit he was entitled to; and it would be liberal.

The remedy for all the evils that underlie price fixing is to bring business men together in organizations in every industry and trade, and have them work out standard cost systems for their respective lines. No general system of costkeeping will fit all lines of business. Nor will a standard form of bank statement fit all lines.

The Federal Trade Commission does not plan to use any compulsion in introducing standard cost systems; in fact, it has no direct power. But it has already gone the length of organizing a force of cost experts and accountants, and is ready to advise the individual business man or business associations, helping them work out a standard cost system and passing on such systems when they have been shaped up.

Better Methods Coming In

This branch of the Federal Trade Commission's activities belongs peculiarly to Mr. Hurley. He saw the troubles that lay at the bottom of price fixing and worked out the remedies. He has been going ahead largely on his own steam, but the commission is back of him. Of course everybody is in accord in the matter, but Mr. Hurley has been working alone at the job of rousing the American business men, going about the country and addressing manufacturers' and merchants' associations, waking people up to what is really wrong.

By and by, Mr. Hurley foresees, he will need some power from Congress. After all the speech making and advertising is finished, and business associations really begin to put their industries in order, it will be necessary to enlarge this work and back it up with money. Power and money must come from Congress. Going before Congress means that you must get in line with politics to some extent. Mr. Hurley is getting in line already. He has combined politics, as understood by the man in Washington representing a constituency, with a crackajack correspondence and follow-up system, as understood in the business world.

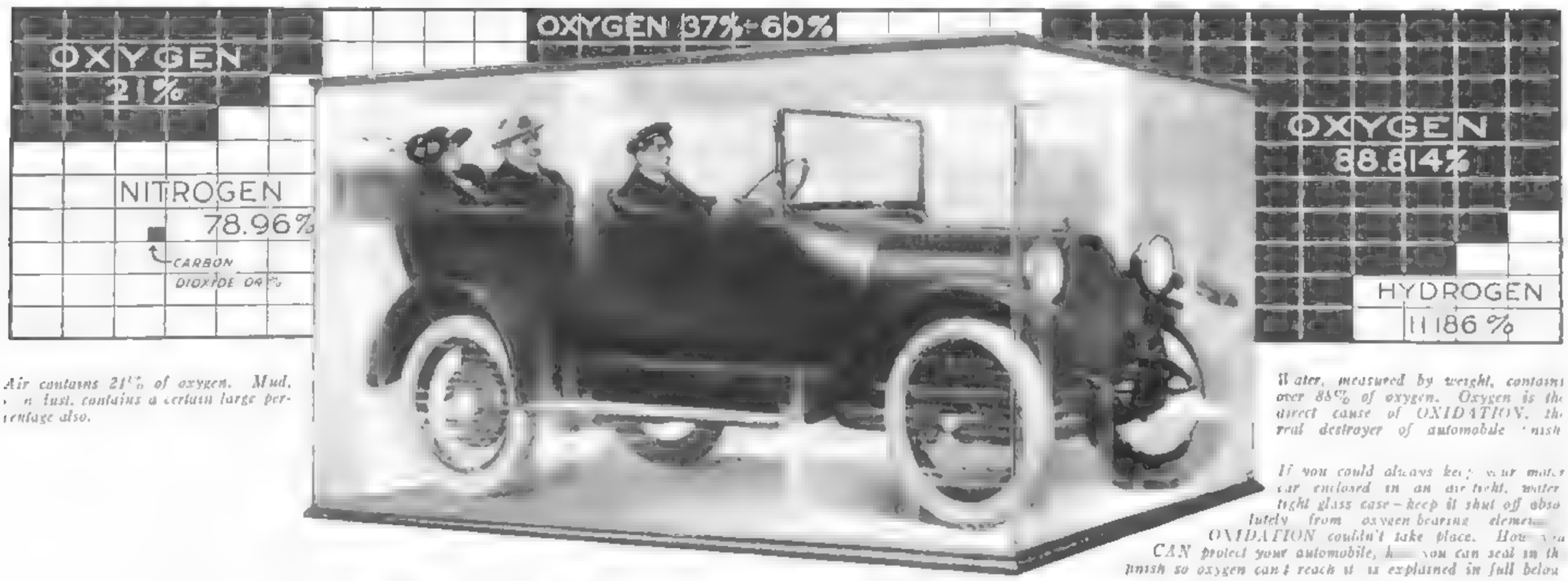
First, he asked all the senators and representatives for names of prominent business concerns in their districts, and got thousands of them—names of men in every business under the sun, from the big woolen-mill executive of the Atlantic seaboard to the small grocery jobber of the South.

Then he wrote each of these thousands of business men a personal letter, sending him a statement of the whole trouble behind price fixing, as he saw it, and pointing out the way to cure that trouble. Business men were asked for comments and suggestions. They sent them in thousands.

Every one of these letters has been answered individually. No formal Washington phrases have been used, but each has been taken up on its merits, and further information sought where it was needed.

The big job now, Mr. Hurley thinks, is to waken American business to the need for better organization and systems. Against the loose methods left over from our period of industrial expansion, when profits were large, we now have slender profits, plus the competition of the exact German, the painstaking Englishman, the skillful Frenchman. Presently the war will be over and those nations back on the job. We shall be trying to hold our newly won foreign markets and hold our own in domestic trade in many lines. Only scientific accounting and costkeeping will enable us to meet competitors at home or abroad.

When American business wakes up to the need of these improvements it has the brains and energy to carry them out. Accurate records and cost figures in each industry will enable the business man to detect and eliminate all the price cutting that has been blind and wasteful. Then there is bound to come the only form of price fixing that is right—the fixing of prices by each concern at a level which shows sure profits, based on absolute knowledge of what everything costs.



Air contains 21% of oxygen. Mud, . . . dust, contains a certain large percentage also.

Water, measured by weight, contains over 88% of oxygen. Oxygen is the direct cause of OXIDATION, the real destroyer of automobile finish

If you could always keep your motor car enclosed in an air-tight, water-tight glass case—keep it shut off absolutely from oxygen bearing elements OXIDATION couldn't take place. How you CAN protect your automobile, how you can seal in the finish so oxygen can't reach it as explained in full below

OXIDATION

-the great destroyer of automobile finish

The real cause of loss of lustre, cracking, crazing and peeling of painted or enameled car surfaces—and the scientific method of preventing it:

HAVE you been accepting rapid deterioration of the finish of your motor car as a matter of course—as a normal process of wear you must expect and become resigned to?

This is a mistaken idea. Loss of lustre, crazing, cracking and peeling on painted or enameled car surfaces are *not* the result of simple conditions of wear and usage.

There is a specific cause for this rapid impairment, and that cause may be summed up in a single word—*oxidation!*

Prevent oxidation, and you will have found the secret of long life to automobile finish the way to preserve indefinitely the original beauty of the new car, and to check further deterioration of the old.

The following story of what oxidation is, how it destroys, and how you *can* prevent it, is one of the most important that you as a car owner have ever had the opportunity of reading.

What is oxidation?

The ingredients of paint, for the sake of simplicity, may be classed as "moist" and "dry." Linseed and other oils are the "moist" ingredients; lead, pigment and other solids are the "dry" ingredients.

When any painted or enameled car surface comes in contact with *oxygen*, there begins immediately a certain chemical change known to science as *oxidation*.

Oxygen absorbs, or dries out, the "moist" ingredients in the paint. The process progresses gradually, but *surely*, until eventually the film of paint becomes exceedingly dry, brittle, and inelastic.

The first indication of this is seen in that condition with which every car owner is familiar—loss of lustre. Superficial oxidation deadens, or tarnishes, the smooth, delicate, glossy surface. The action progresses slowly, until finally actual disintegration of the paint film sets in.

Expansion and contraction (due to changes in temperature); constant vibration of the engine; and accidental jars and jolts are more than the brittle coating of paint or enamel can resist—and it eventually cracks, checks and crazes.

Oxygen—the omnipresent!

If you could avoid exposure of your car to oxygen, this process of oxidation which ruins your car's finish couldn't take place.

But—Oxygen is everywhere. Air contains 21% of it; water, measured by weight, over 88%; mud, even dust, a certain large proportion.

Consider then, in the light of this, the tremendous "oxygen exposure" the automobile is subjected to!

Air is always in contact with it; heavy rain often beats down upon it for hours; not to mention many washings; splashing mud frequently spatters it; biting blasts of dust attack it almost daily.

Oxygen is omnipresent; it wages a never-ending siege of destruction.

What is the remedy?

The answer is obvious: *You must prevent oxygen from coming in contact with the finish on your car.*

You must *protect* the body, hood and fenders, must in some way cover them with a "suit or armor" that is air-tight, water-tight, impenetrable to oxygen.

"But how?" you say. "I have used various preparations on my car for cleaning and polishing, but I haven't noticed in them any particular protective qualities."

That is natural. Ordinary polishes never were intended for the automobile, never were made to combat the destructive effects of oxygen.

Only with a special preparation, a preparation compounded scientifically for this particular purpose, can you hope to resist oxidation successfully.

The problem solved!

To the car owners of America, to you, such a preparation is now announced—OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES!

A preparation that furnishes scientific protection against oxidation, against the most severe and persistent attacks of air, water, mud, dust.

Over the body, hood and fenders of the car OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES imparts a thin, transparent wax film as smooth and hard as glass. This film is air-tight, water-tight, mud-proof and impervious to the hardest blasts of gritty dust.

In short, a protective shield through which oxygen-bearing elements cannot penetrate. In addition, it is a non-conductor, thus minimizing the effects of expansion and contraction.

No longer need you stand by helplessly and watch your motor car suffer rapid deterioration of finish. Here at last, in OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES, is real "beauty insurance" for the motorist!

A real automobile polish

To prevent oxidation is not the only function of OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES. Without its protective action, it would still be a wonderful preparation for the automobile.

As a polish, it is matchless! To the dullest surface it imparts a super-lustre, a mirror-like finish of great brilliancy.

A little brisk rubbing with a soft cloth, and in a jiffy the trick is turned! The wax film is so smooth and hard that spatterings of mud and dirt rub off with magic ease. After a run through rain and mud, a dry "rub down" is usually all that is necessary to get a clean, bright finish. Thus only occasional washings are required on the average. One washing to every four or five necessary now. Moreover, OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES *CANNOT COLLECT DUST*—and what that means in appearance and saved labor needs no elaboration.

The greatest saving

By preserving the original finish of your car, OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES means much to you in dollars and cents. A large percentage of the market value of the automobile is figured on *appearance*, and appearance in large part means *finish*.

Nothing can equal for beauty the finish your car has when new. Once it is lost, it is lost irreparably. It cannot be restored, even by the most skilful repainting and revarnishing. It is priceless.

And, entirely aside from this very practical consideration, think what pride you will take in a car that always "looks like new." There *is* satisfaction in that!

Mail coupon below—

Get Prof. Pratt's book on automobile finish—and large sample can

David S. Pratt, Ph.D., Head of Department of Organic, Sanitary and Micro-Chemistry, School of Chemistry, University of Pittsburg, has written a scientific treatise on automobile finish—a full, authoritative explanation of oxidation, the causes producing it, and how you can check it with OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES. On receipt of 10c in stamps or coin to cover cost of packing and postage, we will send you this book, together with a sample of the wax—enough for the largest car. WRITE TODAY, mentioning the dealer from whom you buy your automobile supplies.

The A. S. Boyle Co.
1951 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, O

S.E.P.

THE A. S. BOYLE CO.,
1951 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—Please send me Prof. Pratt's book on automobile finish, together with a sample of OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES. I am enclosing 10c in stamps (or coin) to cover cost of packing and postage.

Name____

Address____

City____ State____

I buy my auto supplies from____

Old English Wax for Automobiles

PROTECTS
PRESERVES
POLISHES

Copyright, 1916 by The A. S. Boyle Co., Cincinnati, O.

Oakland

eights sixes fours

Motoring luxury at sensible cost—for car and upkeep

Oakland "Six" at $795 has brought the supreme satisfactions of motoring within the reach of modest pocketbooks.

Time was—and not long ago when men paid $2500 or more to secure the 6-cylinder power and smoothness, the streamline beauty, the full electric equipment, and even a *few* of the refinements which Oakland "Six" now offers.

And you can afford to *maintain* an Oakland "Six." Tire wear is light—the "Six" weighs but 2100 pounds. Gasoline bills are small—owners make 20 to 25 miles per gallon. Repair costs are low—depreciation is little. It is indeed a sensible "Six."

Oakland "Eight" $1585. A car for those who want the maximum in pull and speed, in passenger capacity and size. Its long French type yacht-line body with double cowl effect, its slanting wind shield, its V-type radiator—all give it an exclusive style and distinction.

Oakland "Four" $1050. Generous size, ample power, and amazing simplicity make this a splendid value for those who prefer a "Four."

OAKLAND MOTOR COMPANY, Pontiac, Mich.

Oakland Six $795

"Sturdy as the Oak"

OBVIOUS ADAMS

(Continued from Page 22)

"How'd you like to go out and talk to these people, Adams?" asked Mr. Oswald with a quizzical smile, handing him the letter. He liked to try out new combinations of men and jobs.

"Oh, I'd like to," said Adams, his face lighting up with pleasure at the thought of such a mission.

"Then go, and good luck to you," said the chief, and he turned and plunged into the last-minute details of departure.

Adams went the next morning. The paper-mill president asked him if he thought bond paper could be advertised successfully. Adams replied that he couldn't tell until he knew more about the mill and the product. He had to have the facts. He was given a guide, and for the next two days he fairly wallowed in paper. He found that this mill's paper was made of selected white rags; that the purest filtered water was used in the making; that it was dried in a clean loft; and, most surprising of all, it was gone over sheet by sheet and inspected by hand. These things weren't known in those days, and Adams saw great possibilities for advertising.

The third day he spent in his hotel room laying out some tentative advertisements. These he took with him late in the afternoon and went to call on the president. The president looked them over and grunted. Plainly he was disappointed. Adams' heart sank; he was going to fail on his first selling trip. But not without a fight.

The president rocked back and forth in his chair for a few minutes. "Young man," he said finally, "every good bond paper is made of carefully selected rags"—quoting from the advertisement in his hand; "every good bond paper is made with pure filtered water; every good bond paper is loft-dried; all good papers are hand inspected. I didn't need to get an advertising man from New York to tell me that. What I wanted was some original ideas. Every one knows these things about bond paper."

"Why, is that so?" said Adams. "I never knew that! Our agency controls the purchase of many thousands of dollars' worth of bond papers every year, yet I venture to say that not a single man in our organization knows much about paper making, excepting that good paper is made of rags. You see, Mr. Merritt, we aren't any of us paper makers, and no one has ever told us these things. I know there is nothing clever about these advertisements. They are just simple statements of fact. But I honestly believe that the telling of them in a simple, straightforward way as qualities of your paper, month after month, would in a comparatively short time make people begin to think of yours as something above the ordinary among papers. You would be two or three years at least ahead of your competitors, and by the time they got round to advertising, your paper would already be intrenched in the public mind. It would be almost a synonym for the best in bond paper."

Mr. Merritt was evidently impressed by the logic of Adams' argument, yet he hesitated.

"But we should be the laughingstock of all the paper makers in the country if they saw us come out and talk that way about our paper when all of the good ones make their paper that way."

Adams bent forward and looked Mr. Merritt squarely in the eyes. "Mr. Merritt, to whom are you advertising: paper makers or paper users?"

"I get your point," said the president. "You are right. I begin to see that advertising is not white magic, but, like everything else, just plain common sense."

And Adams went back to New York with a contract for a year's campaign, to be conducted as the Oswald Agency saw fit. The paper campaign was a success from the start. Yet, when it was analyzed, Adams had done nothing but the obvious. In due time Mr. Oswald over in Europe heard of Adams' success in securing the account, and in due time came a little note of congratulation from the president, and the thing that puzzled Adams was that the envelope was addressed to "Obvious Adams." That name "Obvious" spread all through the organization, and it stuck. Then the bond-paper campaign came into prominence, and with it Adams, and with him the new name. To-day he is known among advertising men from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and it is doubtful if more than a score of them know his real name, for he always signs himself just "O. B. Adams."

Nearly every magazine you pick up shows the influence of his obviousness. In advertising Monarch Hats, for instance, they had always been shown on full-length figures of men, making the hats very small and inconspicuous. "Let's show the hat, not the man," said Adams one day as he looked at one of the large original photographs in the art department. "If men could see such a picture as this they would buy that hat. We lose too much when we reduce the pictures to such a small size." Whereupon he grabbed a pair of shears and sliced that perfectly good picture on all sides until there was nothing left but a hat, a smiling face and a suggestion of a collar and necktie. "Now," laying it onto a magazine page, which it nearly filled, "run that and put your copy in that bare left-hand corner." Nowadays you often open a magazine and find a face almost as large as your own smiling out at you—and you see it too! So, you see, Adams was really the Griffith of the advertising business, with his "close-ups." Both of them merely did the obvious thing.

Adams also discovered that advertisements did not always have to shriek out their message in two-inch type. He proved that people would read a four-page advertising story, set solid in small type, if it were made interesting and dramatic like any other good story. Quite an obvious way to tell about your business, too, when you come to think of it.

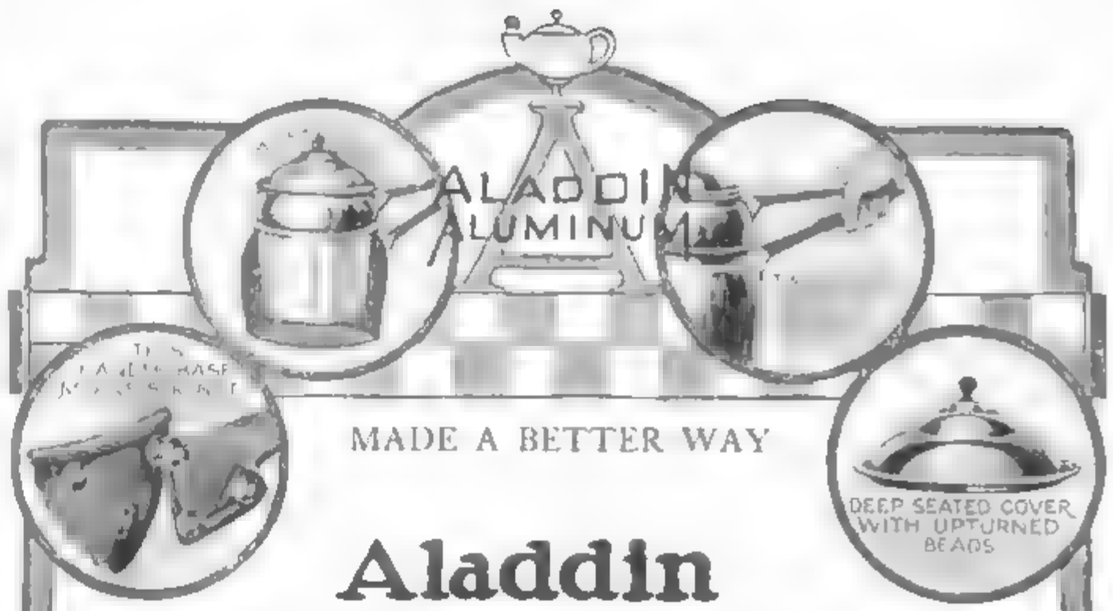
You may be surprised to learn that Adams is not a particularly interesting man to meet—rather boresome, in fact. He has none of the attributes commonly ascribed to genius; he is not temperamental. Since those early days he has been through many hard-fought campaigns, counseling here, directing there, holding back occasionally, making mistakes now and then but never the same one twice. He has nursed numberless sick businesses back to health and rosy bank accounts through his skill in merchandising. He has helped businesses to grow from loft rooms to great plants covering acres. He has altered a nation's breakfast habits. He has transformed trade names into dictionary nouns. But, for all his experience and reputation, he is rather uninteresting to meet—that is, unless you should catch him some evening in his home as I did, and he should sit in the comfortable living room in front of the fireplace puffing contentedly on a good cigar and soliloquizing.

It was in response to my question: "How did you come to acquire the name 'Obvious?'" that he told me some of the incidents I have just related.

"I wasn't born 'Obvious,'" he chuckled. "I had 'Obvious' thrust upon me in the old days by Mr. Oswald. I never stopped to think in those days whether a thing was obvious or not. I just did what occurred to me naturally after I had thought things over. There is no credit coming to me. I couldn't help it."

"Well," I pressed, "why don't more business men do the obvious then? The men in your office say that they often spend hours trying to figure out what you are going to propose after they have decided what they think is the obvious thing to be done. And yet you fool them repeatedly."

Adams smiled. "Well," he said, "since I had that name wished upon me I have given considerable thought to that very question, and I have decided that picking out the obvious thing presupposes analysis, and analysis presupposes thinking, and I guess Professor Zueblin is right when he says that thinking is the hardest work many people ever have to do, and they don't like to do any more of it than they can help. They look for a royal road through some short cut in the form of a clever scheme or stunt, which they call the obvious thing to do; but calling it doesn't make it so. They don't gather all the facts and then analyze them before deciding what really is the obvious thing, and thereby they overlook the first and most obvious of all business principles. Nearly always that is the difference between the small business man and the big, successful one. Many small business men have an aggravated case of business astigmatism which could be cured if they would do the obvious thing of calling in some business specialist to correct their vision and give them a true view



MADE A BETTER WAY

Aladdin Aluminum

FEATURES like these are uncommon. But in Aladdin ware nothing is commonplace—even the metal itself is harder, more dense, more durable.

It's features like these, though, that you'll appreciate the very first time you see Aladdin—and more and more the longer you use it.

Handles that fit the hand, and are always cool—handles that don't come off—hold-fast knobs with rivets sunk flush to escape dirt (*and* dish cloths).

Seamless rounded corners—big, tight-fitting beads—and scores of other features that spell *cleanability*, strength and service.

All these are the result of years of patient thought and practice in design—of earnest purpose to elevate the standards by which all kitchenware is judged.

Take, for example, but three features of the Aladdin Double Boiler.

Two Handles That Fit One Hand

One hand may grasp both handles—one hand lifts cooker and reservoir together.

"Double" Water Space

Extra water space means faster cooking, less stirring, less watching, fewer overheated reservoirs.

The Big Wide Handle Base

Reinforced, base—specially constructed rivets that can't pull loose—the bridged handle. These features spell strength.

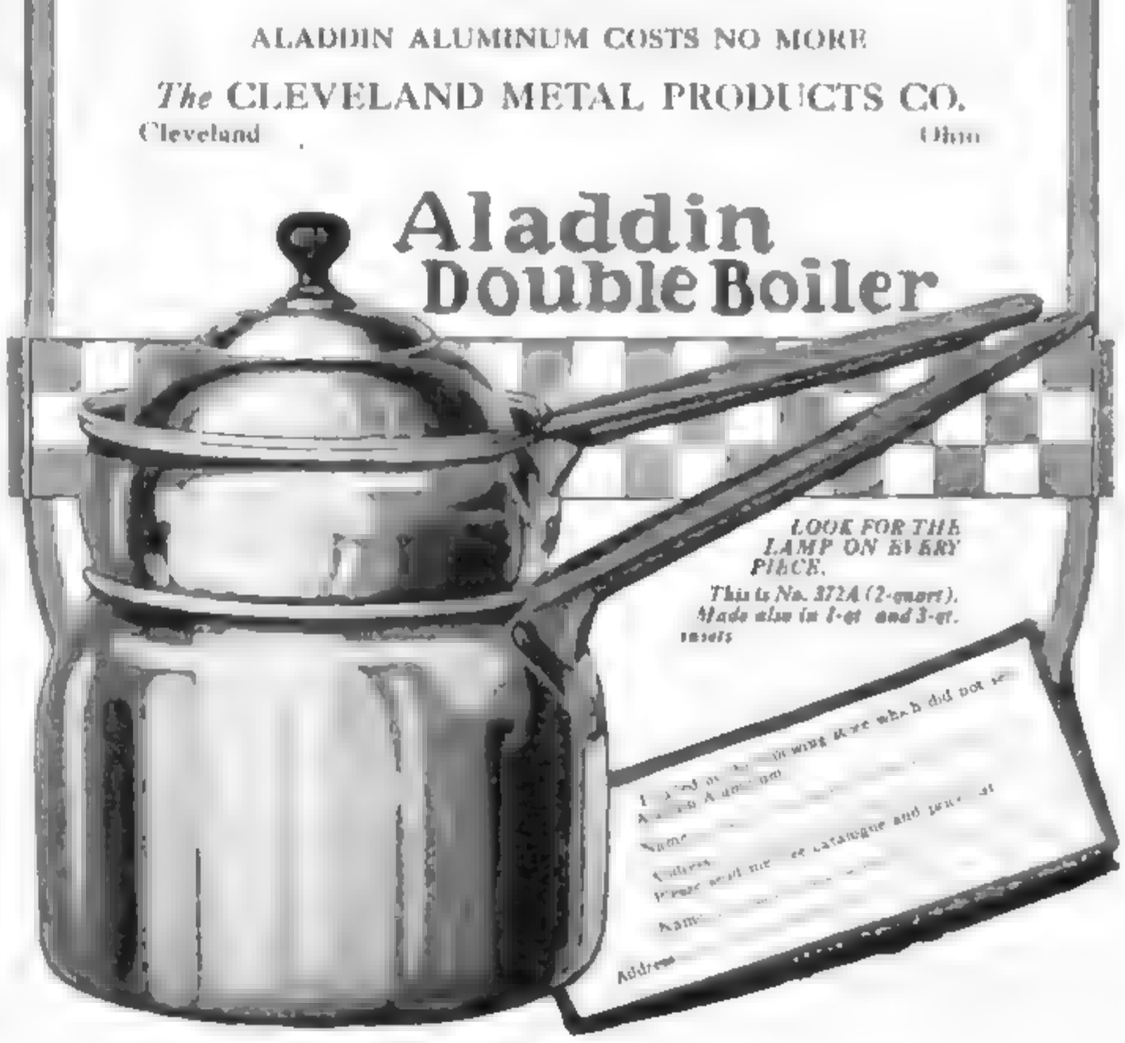
Describe a dozen other uncommon features and you have still described but one Aladdin utensil out of nearly three hundred.

It's worth while to see this line today at your dealer's—hardware, housefurnishing or department store. If you don't find it there, write us, giving the name of the store you called on. We'll send you the complete Aladdin book and price list.

ALADDIN ALUMINUM COSTS NO MORE

The CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.

Cleveland Ohio



The Symbol of Quality —this Purple Ribbon

"The Chesterfield"

It designates watches of
LIFELONG ACCURACY
BEAUTY OF DESIGN
HIGHEST QUALITY
THROUGHOUT

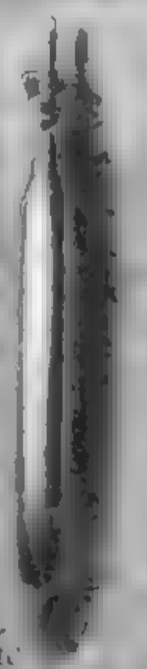
The Purple Ribbon worn by South Bend Watches typifies the high ideal of quality to which they are built.

It is the emblem of their handsome and distinguished appearance and a reminder of their life-time accuracy.

Moreover, this Purple Ribbon enables you to recognize instantly these remarkable watches at your jeweler's.

Ask to see the new 19-jewel *Extra-Thin* model: It possesses features never before built into a watch selling for $27.50. Other models from $16.00 to $100.00.

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
14 Studebaker Street South Bend, Indiana



"The Extra Thin Watch (Edge View)"

We invite your inquiry for latest Catalog

South Bend Watches

FACTORY to RIDER

Saves you big money. Buy direct - get a dependable bicycle and save money.
RANGER BICYCLES in 94 styles,
WE DELIVER FREE
TIRES
and liberal terms. A postal brings everything. *Write now.*
MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. K-55 CHICAGO

Send Your Name for These FREE Pens

A new treatment of metal has been discovered. It is used exclusively in

Hunt's *SILVERINE* Pens

Makes a pen that
premium, worth $1.25.

C. Howard Hunt Pen Co., Camden, N. J.
Mfrs of Hunt's Famous Round Pointed Pen

HUNT

Wears four times as long as common pens

From 50 Cents to $2.00 an Hour

That was the increase which Miss Fay Bell, of Toluca, Illinois, made when she secured appointment as a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* She says:

"For an hour's piano lesson I was paid fifty cents, while an hour spent as your local representative frequently nets me more than two dollars."

Miss Bell's experience is typical of that of many other women who have found with this company a profitable market for their spare hours. Can you afford to close your pocketbook to the same opportunity in your neighborhood?

Agency Division, Box 319, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

of their own business and methods. And that might be said of a lot of big businesses too.

"Some day," he continued, "a lot of business men are going to wake up to the power and sanity of the obvious. Some have already.

"Theodore Vail, for instance, worried over the telegraph equipment that stood practically idle eight hours out of the twenty-four, and he conceived the night-letter idea to spread out the business over the dull hours and make more new business. What could have been more obvious?

"Study most of the men who are getting salaries of upward of one hundred thousand dollars a year. They are nearly all doers of the obvious.

"Some day I expect to see grand opera stop advertising deficits; it is going to cease advertising opera stars too—to be promptly held up in return by these same stars—and advertise opera. It is going to do the obvious and advertise to the people who do not now go to opera. Then the balconies will be full and opera will pay for itself, as it should.

"Opera is going to come to realize that it has a legitimate merchandising problem—like hotels or books or steamship lines—and that it will respond to legitimate merchandising methods.

"Why, I even look to see the time when our municipalities will wake up to the fact that they are overlooking the obvious when they allow our great libraries, upon which we spend hundreds of thousands of dollars each year, to run along year in and year out only half fulfilling their mission, when a paltry two or three per cent of the total appropriation spent in sane newspaper advertising to sell the library idea—the library habit, if you please—to the people would double the usefulness of our libraries to their communities. What a wonderful thing to advertise—a library! Or a great art museum!

"The day will come, too, I think, when our railroads will get over their secrecy about fares. They will get hundreds of thousands of dollars from people who do not travel now, but who would if they realized how little it costs to travel comparatively short distances. They will publish the prices of their tickets from city to city in their time-tables—not between all stations, to be sure, but between the larger places. Now instead they put their fingers to their lips and say in a whisper things such as 'Ssh! We charge an extra fare on this train, but we are not going to tell you how much it is—and you'll never guess! Ssh!' Why, I know a man who lived in New York for five years, and all that time he wanted to go to Philadelphia to see the city, but he never did because he thought it cost much more than it does. He lacked the imagination to ask; but asking should not be necessary. Some day the railroads are going to do the obvious and advertise to that man. And there are hundreds of thousands of him."

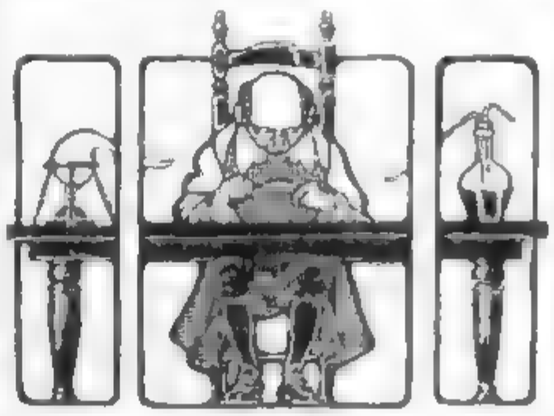
At this point Mr. Adams looked at the clock. Then he excused himself while he called up his garage and ordered his car. He was leaving on the night train for Chicago to tackle a difficult situation that had developed in the business of a large client, a big breakfast-cereal manufacturer out West. They had sent for the great Adams, medicine man of business. He would be able to prescribe the remedy.

As we rode into the city in the luxurious limousine he sat deep in thought.

I sat and thought too. What was the secret of this man's success? I asked myself. And then I recalled the little boy's composition on the mountains of Holland. He wrote:

THE MOUNTAINS OF HOLLAND
There are no mountains in Holland.

That is the answer, I decided. There is no secret—it is obvious!



"See! It isn't dusting"

"JUST as I told you—the right cement floor finisher would make our concrete floors wearproof, waterproof and oilproof. Now you see why I specified

R.I.W. CEMENT FILLER & CEMENT FLOOR PAINT

R. I. W. Cement Filler and Cement Floor Paint seal the sandy porous surface of concrete and cement floors and in this way stop the constant sanding, water infiltration and the soaking up of oil.

And it is so easy to apply—anybody can do it perfectly.

Twelve standard decorative colors. A two coat proposition that resists wear longer than anything else we have ever seen.

Don't let "cement dust" fly as the floor scuffs off or sands. Stop it immediately with an application of these wonderful preservatives and save your machinery and your stock.

Write for illustrated booklet from Dept. Z.

TOCH BROTHERS
Established 1848
Inventors and Mfrs. of R. I. W. Preservative Paints, Compounds, Enamels, etc.
320 Fifth Ave., New York
Works: N. Y., London and Toronto

New Timer *for the* FORD

Ford Timer Troubles No Longer Incurable!

Snap action of ball contact at just the [illegible] spark strike. [illegible] All wire connections at the top.

How It Works

Mounted direct on the time shaft. The contacts are steel [illegible] the time shaft. [illegible]

BEMUS TIMER

Tens of thousands already in use. Our nation wide distribution has placed these Timers in hands of 3000 dealers and jobbers throughout the country. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. On sale by all dealers. Sent prepaid by [illegible] $1.25

Motor Specialties Co.
Waltham, Mass., U.S.A.

BALL CONTACT

HERZ PLUG

BOUGIE MERCEDES

[illegible] bursts up the soot, [illegible]

General Catalog HERZ & CO. 245 W. 55th St., New York, or your dealer

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH OR BROKEN JEWELRY

SEND us any diamonds, watches, old gold, platinum or silver jewelry (new or broken), false teeth (with or without gold), any dental fillings, painters' gold tools, cotton or magneto points. We pay in cash the highest possible prices. Can do this because we do largest business of [illegible] in the country. Established 1899. Your goods returned at our expense should our offer be refused within 10 days.

Liberty Refining Co., 431 E. Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for list of inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

"Which store will give me greatest value?"

IT is the store that sells good merchandise at fair prices.

It is the store where you are waited on promptly.

It is the store where they do not make mistakes in charges, nor ask you to pay bills twice.

It is the store where you do not have to wait for change.

It is the store where the proprietor has time to see that things run smoothly.

Stores equipped with the up-to-date Cash Register give this valuable service.

This machine furnishes every customer with a receipt or sales slip.

It prints on this the amount paid or charged.

On this is also printed the date of sale and who made it.

It forces a duplicate, printed record for the merchant.

Such stores do not have to skimp on help or delivery to make up for losses through errors or carelessness in handling money.

Such stores make all their legitimate profit.

It pays to trade in stores equipped with up-to-date National Cash Registers.

The National Cash Register Company, Dayton, Ohio

NCR SERVICE

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN THE WINDOW

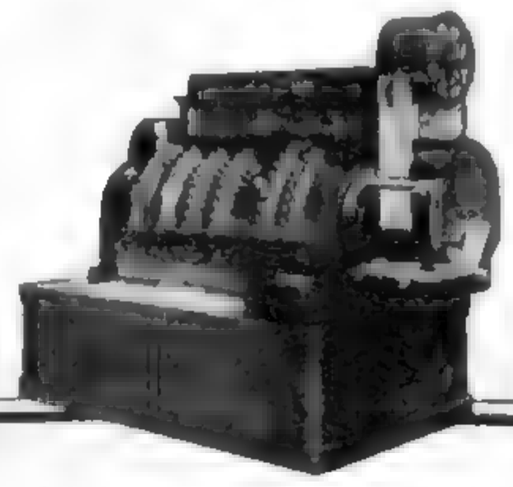
MR. MERCHANT:

One by one we have discovered new ways to protect merchants' profits.

We have now ready for delivery many new models of the National Cash Register

These 1916 models are the very last word in protection to you, your clerks and the public. The added improvements are worth your investigation.

Write for full information. Address Dept. A.



NATIONAL MAZDA

The Way to Better Light

Old Eyes—Young Eyes—Need Plenty of Light

Close work requires plenty of light—for young folks as well as old. You can't sew, read, study or work well in poor light. Bad lighting is often responsible for bad work, for eye-strain, for failing sight.

Are *you* making old eyes do double work because of bad light? Are *you* taking a chance with young eyes, that will make them *old eyes before their time?* Are you running up a score against Nature—that you'll have to pay later?

It's needless. If your house is wired for electricity (and if it isn't, now is a good time to wire it!), you can have all the light you want!

Wherever you're burning carbon lamps, National Mazda will *treble* the light from your current, and add not a cent to the light bill!

With National Mazda you can have, without increased cost:—Three times as many lights; or three times brighter light; or burn the light three times as long.

In every house, in every room, in every socket, from this time forth—a rugged, thrifty National Mazda.

Buy National Mazdas *five at a time* in the blue convenience-cartons, wherever you see them displayed in the windows.

This one old-fashioned Carbon Lamp gives ⅓ the light and burns as much current as these three NATIONAL MAZDAS

Smash Carbon Lamps

Take carbon lamps out and destroy them. They waste the current you pay for. They waste twice as much current as they turn into light. They burn up their own cost every month in squandered current. It's extravagance to keep them. It's thrift to throw them away.

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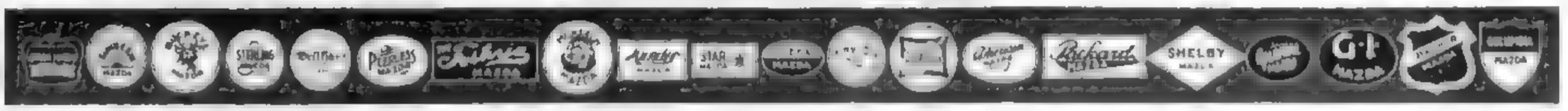

HELD UP BY THE WAR

(Continued from Page 13

a William-and-Mary secretary of fumed oak for the living room at $75; and one of those dear, perplexing gate-leg tables, which I had always wanted, at $18. My entire bill was $647.50. Had I bought three months ago I should have paid only about $580!

"Well," remarked Madeleine consolingly as we again capitulated to a tea room, "it's a fortunate thing you got so many chairs as wedding gifts."

"I should say so," replied I. "If I hadn't only every second guest would have been able to sit down."

The most striking thing about the whole merchandise situation is the inquisitive and haunting touch of the war. You look at some simple household or toilet article. You reason to yourself: "Why, that can be made up ever so nicely in Utica or Newark or any number of other places!" And then all of a sudden you learn that one very necessary ingredient has been brought from the plateau of Tibet or the steppes of Russia or some other war-hemmed and inaccessible spot. For instance, there are hairbrushes.

Stopping at a toilet-goods counter of a big department store Madeleine asked the price of the English brush on the counter. On being told that it was six dollars she gave an indignant gasp.

"But surely," complained she, "they have gone up?"

"Indeed, yes," replied she behind the counter. "You see, these bristles in the high-grade brushes come from the Russian boar, and the war has made it very hard to get them. This brush costs over a dollar more than it did before the war. And you'll find something of a difference on most brushes."

The same way with glass. I had been reading only the other day what advances America has made in the manufacture of pottery and cut glass. Yet, when I came to a china store to buy a dozen of the cheaper kind of table glasses, Madeleine detected an advance in the one dollar and seventy-five cents I paid for them. Yes our friend behind the counter admitted—there was an advance of about ten per cent; and very soon he thought there might be another.

"Even in American goods?" I queried.

"Of course," said he; "because in the manufacture of glass we've got to have potash. Potash, however, comes largely from Germany. Oh, of course, they talk something about potash deposits in the West. Still, there is not much to that; and you can get some idea of the scarcity when I tell you that one big firm holds eight hundred dollars' worth of potash at twenty-eight hundred dollars. In this cheap glass they use substitutes for the potash, such as pearlash and soda ash and lime; but, even so, you'll find that your glassware costs you more than it used to."

Why China is High

Up to this time, however, we learned from our friend behind the counter, the war has not been such a serious bull in the china shop as you might imagine. During the year following the declaration of war the prices on French china, for example, remained very nearly the same. This was because, you see, there was a great deal of china already baked. So, when the men were called to the colors, the women and children got to work decorating the white ware left behind in the potteries. Even so, however, we received from France in 1915 less than two-thirds of the china we imported in 1914. This year we shall probably receive even less, for now the supply of white china must be about exhausted, and the big potteries of Limoges are face to face with a tremendously increased cost of operation.

For example, there is the single fact of coal. The Germans are in possession of most of the coal mines of France. Hence, coal has soared to the prohibitive price of forty dollars a ton. Who can wonder, then, that the great kilns glow somewhat feebly nowadays? Who can wonder that if I buy a set of French china to-day I pay sixty dollars instead of fifty? And who can fail to see that we in this country feel direct vibrations from the mighty chords of war? For, when the Germans seized the French coal mines, did they not seize, in a certain measure, the china plate on the American housekeeper's table?

As for Germany herself, she sent us a million dollars less of china the past year than she did the year before. From now on she will send practically nothing. The potteries of the United Kingdom, next to Germany in the volume of goods they exported to this country, are partly paralyzed by the war; and in Staffordshire it is said that one large concern, which may be taken as a gauge for the whole situation, has exactly one-third of its usual number of operatives. As a consequence I should now pay twenty-five per cent more for my fine English china than I did in 1914.

Then, too, we have been robbed of all sorts of little housekeeping luxuries. There is no more Bohemian glass coming to our shores. There are no more of those gayly carved wooden things that have been done for us by the peasants of Germany and the Austrian Tyrol. Here, for example, is one point of economic pressure: I wanted to buy a set of earthen jars marked variously with the names of cereals and spices. I found that this product of the German potteries cost five dollars instead of two dollars and ninety-five cents—and the one I carried off with me was the very last left in the shop.

But my dalliance in the china shop was more in a spirit of scholarly research than practical requirement. I had enough china and glassware to see me through a long siege. It was not, therefore, until the next day, when Madeleine and I charged the upholstery department, that I again came within personal range of war-priced articles. Here I had difficulties; and when I went away it was with the scared and rapid gait of a child who conducts a bag of candies through a hazardous pass.

In Case You Want Curtains

"Now, Hilda," Madeleine was murmuring as we went into the shop, "do get all your curtains in one color. That's what all the best decorators say nowadays, and I'm so sorry I didn't do it with my flat. It gives you such a feeling of spaciousness and symmetry to look through vistas of warm yellows and browns instead of ——"

Yes, yes, Madeleine; all that was very pretty. But when you spoke so lightly of looking through vistas of warm yellows and browns you had not yet consulted the sibylline books of upholsteries and hangings. You didn't know then that such colors as browns, blues and rose were rapidly being numbed by the drop in the dye thermometer. You hadn't yet faced a future where meek windows will be draped in savage magentas, and when our whole quiet house will be deluged in torrential purples. What other colors indeed will be left to us?

I asked for a certain trademarked artificial silk drapery and I saw the salesman's chest heave with emotion.

"How much do you want?" asked he.

"Let me see—we've eight windows, not counting the kitchen," I began.

He looked a little dubious.

"Yes—yes," he muttered; "perhaps we have enough to see you through."

"How much is it?" asked Madeleine, true to type.

"One dollar and seventy-five cents," came the reply.

"Why, isn't that awful!" said Madeleine. "I think I paid only about one dollar and forty-five cents for the same thing here a year ago."

"A few months from now," retorted the salesman, "you'll not be allowed the privilege of paying five dollars a yard for it. They're not making any more of these materials. There are none of these dyes in the country. Yes, ma'am; very bad indeed, for it was the fast-color industry that practically revolutionized the drapery business. We did a tremendous business in these curtains—I should say close to twenty-five thousand dollars a year; and you see where it leaves us."

It left me, by the time I had bought twenty yards of this waning fabric, just exactly six dollars farther back than I should have been. And every other step into this department of comfort exacted a corresponding tariff. For the silk velours that I wanted to hang in the living room I paid four dollars, instead of the three dollars which has been the standard price for the past fifteen years. And as for that heavy velours which you hang up between

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You plant your garden as fast as you walk—a whole row at a time—and accomplish as much in one hour as you would in a whole day by the old back-breaking method. Amateurs become as successful as experts with SEEDTAPE.

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Leading Agricultural schools and Garden experts, after exhaustive tests, endorse SEEDTAPE as a superior way of planting.

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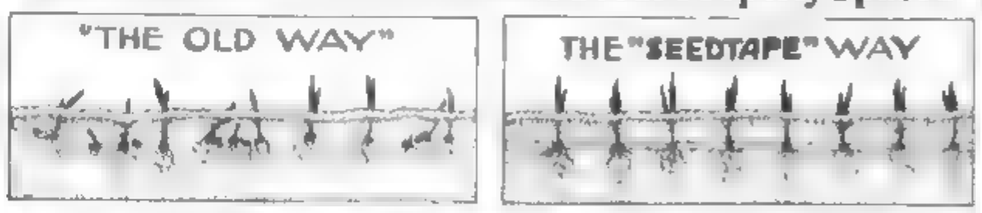

40 Feet of Vegetables for 10c

Beet, Early Egyptian
Cabbage, Early Jersey Wakefield
Cabbage, Premium Flat Dutch
Cabbage, All Season
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Kohlrabi, Early White Vienna
Lettuce, Big Boston
Lettuce, Black Seeded Simpson
Onion, White Portugal
Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers
Beans, Bountiful
Beans, Golden Wax Improved
Beans, Challenger Lima
Peas, Gradus
Radish, Scarlet Turnip White Tip
Radish, Long Scarlet
Radish, Icicle
Parsley, Double Curled
Spinach, Long Standing
Swiss Chard, Giant Lucullus
Tomato, New Stone
Tomato, Beauty
Turnip, Purple Top, Strap Leaf
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Corn, Country Gentleman
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10 Feet of Flowers for 5c

Aster, Balsam, Candytuft, California Poppy, Mignonette, Morning Glory, Pansy, Phlox, Pinks, Sweet Peas

Ready-to-Grow Seedtape Gardens

THESE assortments represent the recommendations of our Board of Gardening Experts. They contain the correct proportions of such varieties of seeds as will insure a well-balanced garden with maximum productiveness.

$2.25 Worth of Seedtape for $2.

An assortment of 20 Vegetables with which 5 full-size packages of Seedtape Flowers will be sent without charge.

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An assortment of 10 Vegetables with 2 full-size packages of Seedtape Flowers without charge.

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A package of any of the Seedtape vegetables (40 feet each) will be sent you upon receipt of 10c. Flower Seedtape 5 cents for 10 feet.

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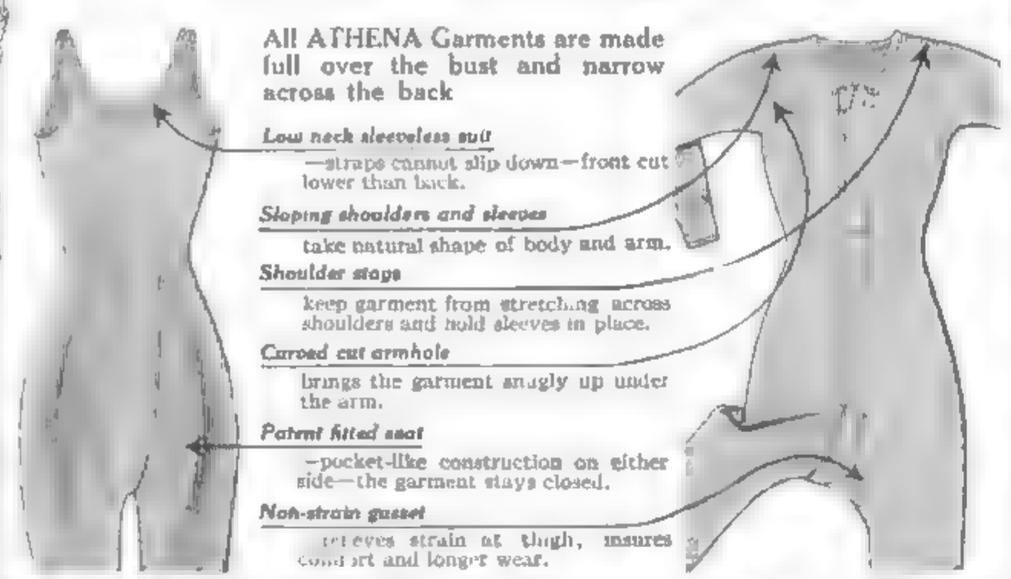
All ATHENA Garments are made full over the bust and narrow across the back
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—straps cannot slip down—front cut lower than back.
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take natural shape of body and arm.
Shoulder straps
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brings the garment snugly up under the arm.
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sleeves strain at thigh, insures comfort and longer wear.

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We are so sure you will be delighted with the daintiness of ATHENA Underwear and the comfort you will have in it that we ask you to try a suit just for your own satisfaction.

ATHENA Underwear is tailored to match the lines of your figure. It does not have to be stretched into shape. There is no binding over the bust or at the hips, no bagginess or wrinkling at the waist.

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Genuine Panama Hats

Hand woven and hand-blocked. Black silk band. Leather sweatband. Brims can be worn up or down. All headsizes.

Prepaid $2.50 Each

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Write for free Catalog of Panamas from $1.00 to $100.00
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SHOES for MEN

ASK FOR RALSTONS. Some unnamed shoes are honestly made—no doubt—but why should you risk your money if a manufacturer dares not identify them as his own product? We make Ralstons worthy of their name, which is our best asset.

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Now sold in 2665 good stores mostly at $5, some styles at $4, some at $6. We'll be glad to send booklet.

To Dealers: The shoe is IN STOCK (No. 673) gun metal, button Home Dawg last.

Your kind of a Shoe

doors, and which always makes such a nice germ boulevard—this, they told me, they were out of entirely. Furthermore, they said calmly that they didn't expect any more in, because the thick pile of this fabric demanded three times the amount of dye taken up by less greedy materials.

For one bedroom I had selected beautiful cretonne, with birds of paradise and nests and flowers in cheering profusion. It cost sixty cents a yard; and, as I had to have twenty yards, I paid on this item exactly two dollars war tax. Upholstery needed to make several old chairs look dapper had moved up from a dollar and a half to a dollar and ninety cents. Even the scrims and marquisettes were more expensive—because, quoth they, both bleaching chemicals and raw material had gone up. Altogether, when I came to count it up, I had paid, in the upholstery department alone, fifteen dollars that the shopper of 1914 was able to save for other things.

Now the one great defect of my wedding had been that it was absolutely blanket-proof. Nobody would, could or did give me anything like this. Now as I walked away from upholsteries I sauntered into a shop and bought myself two pairs of nice thick woolly blankets. The difference was only fifty cents a pair, and I shouldn't have thought it worth while even to mention this had I not heard the cries of the cotton-famished on my way through the section.

A hotel keeper was buying a hundred cotton sheets and remarking that he lost five cents on each one. A small shopkeeper from somewhere uptown rushed up and said he could just as well afford to buy his cotton sheets from a big retail house as at wholesale. And a small, sparrowlike woman was chirping because "this very bedspread" had gone up from one dollar and fifty cents to one dollar and sixty-five cents since she saw it last week.

One of the men who were appeasing these impatient demands gave the first explanation I had heard of why cotton—cotton, our great American talent—had gone up so tremendously. He said it was mainly because of the fact that so much low-grade cotton is used in the making of munitions. What with higher-priced bleaching chemicals and several purely domestic factors, a rise in cotton goods was inevitable.

Similarly with the linen section. This spot is always crowded nowadays, I believe, with lineal descendants of the Noah family. They are determined to "get in" with the goods. And no wonder!

Since the war began, the price of a tablecloth made of Russian flax and woven into Irish damask has increased from six dollars to eight dollars. There is nothing occasional about this either. The same thing runs through napkins, tablecloths and towels. For instance, a pair of linen sheets which I could not resist was now seven dollars and fifty cents instead of the former price of six dollars.

High Cheese Still Higher

Linen scarcity is, I suppose, easy to understand. Even I had realized that here was one commodity which must be affected by the war. Why not? Russia, which has always supplied the bulk of the world's flax, is stopped by an embargo. Belgium, noted for its exquisite quality of flax, is out of the running. France, which produces linens of the most marvelous silkiness and design, to-day sees her linen looms of the north overrun by alien armies. Germany is sending no more of her hardy huckaback and damask. Not strange, under these circumstances, that so many American housekeepers have read the writing on the wall!

I had now spent $862.45 of father's thousand dollars, and on this Madeleine and I figured that I had paid just about $110 war tax. It was an average of almost fifteen per cent increase and it was logically continued throughout the investment of my remaining $137.55.

For instance, I had to pay more on a down quilt—ninety per cent of the down comes from Germany! I had to pay more on brass curtain rods and various brass fixtures—this metal has gone up from eighteen to thirty cents a pound! Household utensils have gone up—zinc is scarce and galvanized iron prohibitive! A mattress of elastic felt represents a difference of one dollar—again the wool situation! Why, even tacks and hammers and buckets are affected!

But one of the great surprises of the day was when I took my last ten dollars and tried to buy some delicacies for a party. Strolling into one of the biggest provision places in town I was amazed to see just what terrible privations this war has forced on some of our billionaire families.

Belgian hothouse grapes, for one thing they're not coming over any more. And they were so nice. The Belgian grower, it seems, knows just how to give Nature a nudge; and so every grape and every bunch are fit to go into a cabinet. Then, too, the English hothouse grapes—they used to cost something more than a dollar a pound, and now they cost more than double. What is more, these latter delicacies are not now nearly so fine as they were in the days when they enjoyed the perfect refrigeration of the big liners.

Other things the epicure must now do without are Westphalia hams and Frankfurters of real local flavor. Caviar costs two dollars and seventy-five cents for every half pound as against two dollars before the war. Camembert is higher than of yore and Roquefort makes only an occasional crossing. Tea at this particular place has gone up because my importer has to send over to England the very same tin boxes in which the precious beverage is brought back. Canned mushrooms come exclusively from the other side, and now the fine ones are in the neighborhood of forty cents a can. Worst of all, endive—which used to be eaten by even a few of the plodding corn-beef-and-cabbage families when their price was only thirty-five cents a pound—now goes as high as one dollar a pound.

Even Sickness is Dearer

That night, when I saw Stephen, I had a long tale for his ears; but he had a Roland for my Oliver.

"Do you know," said he, "that shoes are going up? That to-day they wanted to make me pay three dollars more for a special stitched sole? Do you know that they say we're going to have a famine in patent calfskin because the very best of it is finished in Worms, Germany? Have you any idea of the scarcity of kid and calf, and all sorts of leather, since so many countries have been placing an embargo on leathers, and since this country has light-heartedly taken up the task of supplying everybody with shoes?"

I shook my head and he continued:

"Do you know that the price of quinine is doubled, and that other drugs, which used to be three dollars, are rapidly hiking on up to seventy-five dollars? Are you aware that most of the coal-tar medicines in use to-day are made in Germany, and that every remedy which is a coal-tar product is soaring like an eagle? Have you tried to get moth balls and found that, instead of selling at retail for five cents a pound, they now cost the merchant himself more than twenty-four cents? Have you been informed that carbolic acid, which used to be eighteen cents a pound, is now a little over two dollars? Have you got into the haggard list of applicants who want resorcin for their hair tonics and can hardly get it at any price? Have you been one of those who have stretched out yearning arms to bromide of potassium and found that it has vanished? Have you tried to establish a brand-new family medicine chest and found that it would be cheaper to keep your health by laying in a little yacht?"

"Hush! cried I, stopping my ears.

"'*The time has come,' the Walrus said,*
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings ——'"

quoted Stephen.

"Who ever thought," said I, "that it would all come true—any relation between those subjects? Yet just see! The kings and ships have done it all—they're taking our shoes and sealing wax and cabbages!"

"And then some!" agreed Stephen.

In April Showers—Amid May Flowers

APRIL, the month of showers and chills—just the time to enjoy and appreciate the advantages of the ALL-YEAR Car *with the top on.*

And when May flowers bloom and the warmth of the Great Outdoors invites you, drive *with the top off.*

No need to wait for seasons or weather. USE IT NOW! See the KisselKar dealer.

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Two great chassis—the High Powered 42 for the 42 Six—mount both the Touring Sedan and the Roadster Coupe [illegible] the complete ALL-YEAR Car $1450 to $2100. Touring Cars and Roadsters, with top at extra $150 to $1 50. Interior equipment

Make Certain of *Your* Jeffery Now

THE joys of Jeffery ownership are not for everybody this year—a Jeffery shortage is an assured fact.

Now, when Nature is just beginning to smile, is the time to assure yourself this privilege, and throughout all the golden days of Spring and Summer you will realize to the full your perfect satisfaction in your purchase.

Your judgment in selecting the car which introduced the high-speed, long-stroke, high-efficiency motor to America will be justified daily by actual performance in comparison with the products of other factories which have followed the Jeffery example.

From radiator to rear axle you will find a multitude of other evidences of Jeffery leadership—made possible because the car has been developed by Jeffery engineers, and is built, practically in its entirety, in the Jeffery factory. You will be satisfied with the car as a unit because the car has been built as a unit to satisfy you.

An early visit to your Jeffery dealer will insure ***you*** this satisfaction—and at the very time of the year when motoring is most delightful.

THE JEFFERY FOUR		*THE NEW JEFFERY SIX*	
Seven Passenger Touring	*$1035*	*A light-weight Six, of distinctive beauty and surpassing comfort—with practically unlimited power and speed*	*$1450*
Without auxiliary seats	*1000*		
Three Passenger Roadster	*1000*		
Sedan—top removable, summer top included	*1165*	*(Prices F. O. B. Kenosha, Wis.)*	

BOOKLET ON REQUEST

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Main Office and Works, Kenosha, Wisconsin

A LITTLE PRESSURE

(Continued from Page 15

"As bad as all that," said Lord Louis, and motioned the barber to proceed. His shave completed, Lord Louis dressed with care, then led the way to his study and invited Cedric to be seated.

"In spite of your remark," said he, "I fancy a little sherry and bitters would harm neither of us. Speaking for myself I have often found its influence beneficial."

When the drinks had been ordered and consumed Lord Louis leaned back in his chair to give full attention to his nephew's tale of woe. The Honorable Cedric told the story with characteristic inadequacy. Indeed, had Lord Louis not been a man of considerable discernment, it is doubtful if he would have made head or tail of it.

"One thing is evident," he remarked at the conclusion; "your success or failure to win Miss Sarah's hand is dependent upon whether or no the dog Fifi remains."

"That's the whole do in a nutshell," replied Cedric.

"And what exactly," continued the peer, "do you wish me to do?"

"I don't know," came the reply. "I thought you could talk 'em over, perhaps. You can do that sort of thing. I'm no earthly good when it comes to a jaw. Now you can talk the hind leg off a donkey."

"It is good of you to say so," replied Lord Louis with a smile, "although I confess I have never made the experiment."

"When'll you go?" demanded Cedric.

"Well," said Lord Louis, "I might take the car and drive over this afternoon."

"You're a sport, I swear you are!" cried the young man enthusiastically.

"Rest assured that I shall do my utmost," said Lord Louis. "But guard against entertaining too high hopes. Sir John's obstinacy is as notorious as that of his wife."

"Shall I come with you?" inquired Cedric.

"It would be better, I fancy, if I go alone," was the reply.

About two hours later Lord Louis' car passed the lodge gates of Sir John's estate. He had not proceeded very far up the drive, however, before remarking the form of little Miss Saran, walking disconsolately toward him. Instructing the chauffeur to stop he dismounted and approached her. Raising his hat he said:

"Am I right in surmising you are Miss Sarah Sedgewick?"

"Yes," said Sarah, regarding him doubtfully.

"My name is Lord Louis Lewis," he continued, "and although I cannot claim any great intimacy with your parents, I have had the pleasure of meeting them on several occasions."

"Oh, you are Cedric's uncle," cried Sarah, brightening perceptibly.

"I am," replied Lord Louis. "I drove over in the hope of inducing Sir John to regard the idea of my nephew's engagement to you less unfavorably."

"You darling!" exclaimed Sarah, and greatly to his surprise kissed Lord Louis on the point of the chin.

"My dear young lady!" he expostulated smilingly.

"I couldn't help it," said Sarah. "If you knew how utterly wretched I have been I am sure you would forgive me."

"I do so readily," replied Lord Louis. "And I trust that the confidence you have shown will not prove misplaced. Now will you advise me what course of action I had best pursue?"

Miss Sarah rubbed her little nose.

"It all depends on mother," she said. "If she refuses to give up Fifi nothing can be done. Oh, can't you wring the horrid little thing's neck?"

Lord Louis smiled. "I fancy that would be unwise," he said.

"Perhaps it would," Sarah answered. "But you will think of something, won't you?"

"I shall leave no stone unturned," replied Lord Louis. "I feel that my own happiness is at stake."

"And you'll let me know what happens?" she queried.

"Meet me here in an hour's time," said he, "and you shall hear everything."

"All right," said Sarah. "I'll make a little fire and we'll have tea together under the trees." Then she added: "I know you are going to succeed." And she favored Lord Louis with a smile which made him feel exactly eighteen years old.

Lord Louis signed. "My nephew is a very fortunate young man," said he, and raised her fingers to his lips.

Upon arrival at the house Lord Louis was informed that Sir John was out, walking up some hedgerows with a gun. Yes, Lady Sedgewick was at home, and if his Lordship would care to wait would doubtless be pleased to see him in a few moments.

Lord Louis was shown into the large drawing-room, where, after presenting him with an illustrated paper, the footman retired. He was still wearing his heavy ulster, not having been invited to remove it.

Lord Louis was not sorry for this brief respite for thought before the interview, as he confessed to himself he was relying solely upon his ever-ready wit to bring it to a successful issue. Musing deeply he moved over toward the fire. Without actually looking at it, he was conscious of the presence of a comfortable armchair in his near vicinity, into which, with careless freedom, he allowed himself to drop.

Simultaneously there was a cry—he experienced a sharp pain and heard a gasp. He guessed that he had been bitten and knew that he had retaliated crushingly.

For a moment he sat there, perturbed by what had taken place. Then, setting his teeth, he rose and turned about to inspect the damage.

Upon the seat of the chair lay the body of Fifi—her soul having departed for that tribunal where the spirits of dogs are judged according to their earthly deeds.

"Well," reflected Lord Louis, "that's that—and how the deuce I am going to explain it I have no idea."

Then of a sudden he became aware of the sound of footsteps on the parquetry of the hall outside. The need for prompt action was imperative. It is curious how a latent criminal instinct exists alike in the best and worst of us. Lord Louis had never committed a murder before, and consequently had no previous experience to draw upon as to the best method for concealing a body. To his everlasting discredit be it said that he did not hesitate for an instant, but snatching up his victim thrust it unceremoniously into the outer pocket of his motor coat.

When Lady Sedgewick entered the room, some three seconds later, he was seated on the site of the recent tragedy, listlessly turning over the pages of the Sporting and Dramatic.

His hostess greeted him graciously.

"My dear Lord Louis," she said, "this is a pleasure. I take it you are here to plead the cause of your charming nephew, Cedric."

"That is so," replied the peer. "The boy's happiness concerns me deeply. I very much hope to persuade you——"

Lady Sedgewick interposed.

"The matter rests entirely with Sir John," she said. "As you know, my feelings are most favorable to the match. There is nothing I would not do in order to bring it about."

"Even to the sacrifice of your pet," ventured Lord Louis.

Lady Sedgewick frowned. "No," she said, "that is a length to which I cannot go. To do so would be to betray the greatest weakness."

"I beg you to reconsider that decision," pleaded Lord Louis. "Surely your daughter's happiness is of greater moment to you than the possession of this dog?"

Lady Sedgewick was polite but firm.

"You do not understand the position," she said. "If I gave up Fifi I should forfeit with her much of my own self-respect. My husband is a man whose obstinacy is a byword. For his sake I cannot allow him to have his own way. Such a course would inevitably increase the perplexing problem of how to manage him properly. By the way," she added, glancing round the room, "I wonder what has become of Fifi. She is generally to be found here when there is a fire."

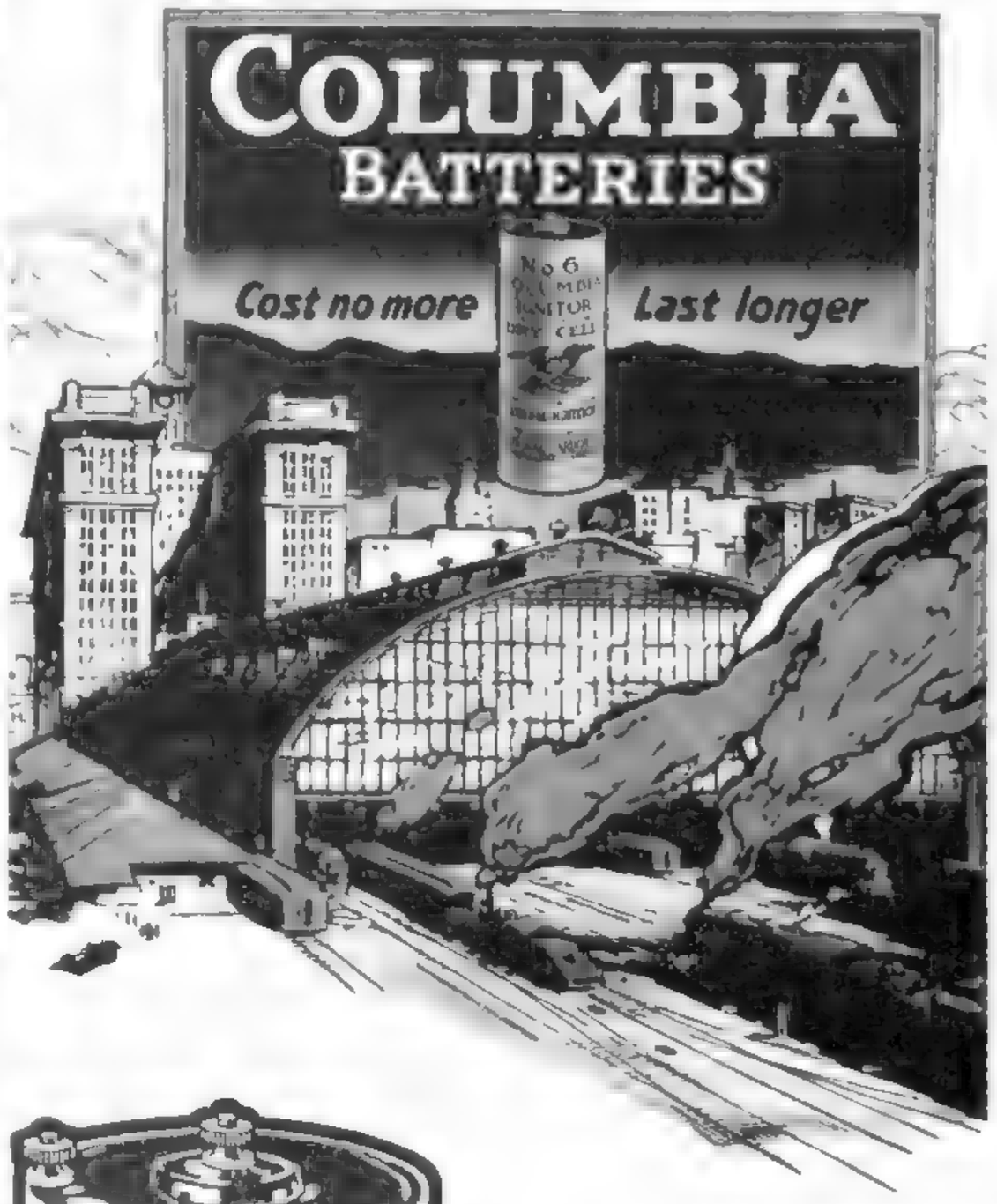
Lord Louis mastered a powerful desire to bolt, and remarked, as he adjusted the flap of his righthand coat pocket, how the love of a fire was predominant in all domestic animals.

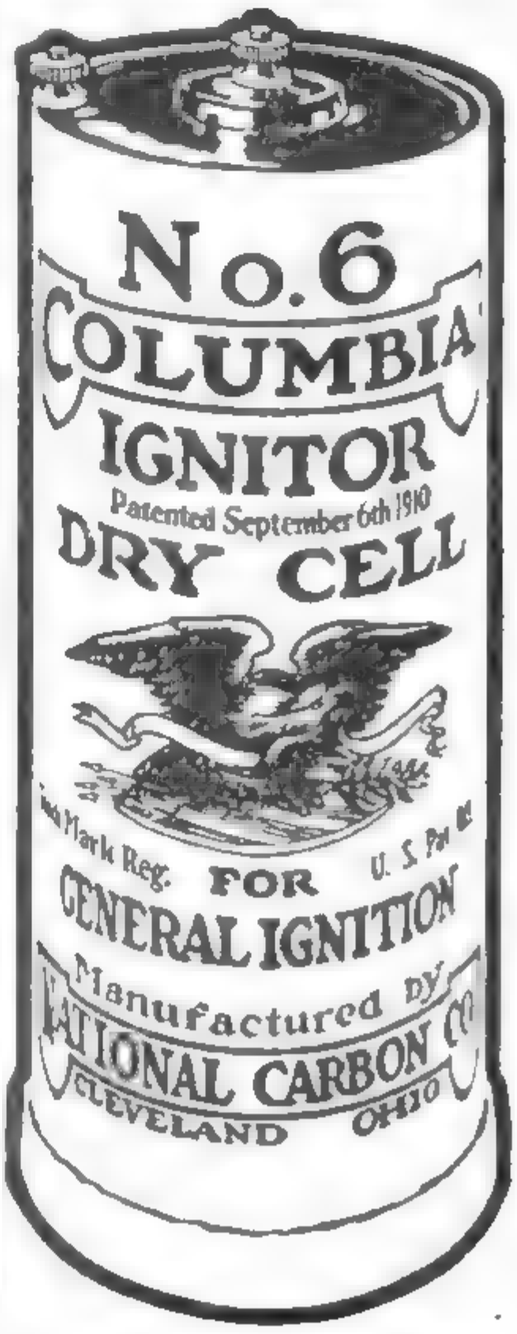
"Would you mind touching that bell?" Lady Sedgewick requested.

When Lord Louis had done so and a footman had answered the summons Lady Sedgewick demanded if the man had seen Fifi.

"No, m'lady," was the reply. "But I thought she came into this room just before I admitted his lordship."

Columbia Batteries





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"If that had been so I should probably have seen her," said Lord Louis in a steady voice.

"Find her, Warlock, and bring her to me," Lady Sedgewick ordered. Then, addressing Lord Louis: "Won't you let him take your coat? You must be very hot."

"Thank you, no," he replied. "I have a touch of rheumatism which attacks me during the effort of putting it on or taking it off."

After a few minutes Warlock returned to announce that Fifi was nowhere to be found. This statement was the signal for general activity. Lady Sedgewick was much shocked, and insisted that the house should be searched from floor to ceiling without an instant's delay. In the midst of this confusion Lord Louis observed that his presence must be an embarrassment. He felt that at any moment the telltale bulge in his pocket might arouse suspicion, and also he had a horrible dread that Fifi would miraculously return to life and give tongue.

But never for an instant did he betray his anxiety. In fact, he even went so far as to say

"Do you think Sir John could have anything to do with this disappearance?"

Lady Sedgewick scouted the idea.

"He would never dare," she responded in a voice of fate. "He would know that such an action would never be forgotten and never be forgiven."

Lord Louis bowed nervously, and murmuring an apology retreated sideways through the French windows and thence to his waiting automobile.

An eminent detective once remarked that the wisest of all criminals makes one mistake. Lord Louis was no exception to this rule. Granted leisure for consideration, he would probably have realized that the obvious course for him to pursue would have been to drive straight home and dispose of the body of Fifi in his own garden. But, as he afterward admitted, his soul-absorbing desire was to hide all traces of his guilt with the smallest possible delay. The presence of the corpse in his pocket was an ever-growing nightmare, and consequently, when the car was passing through a thickety little copse about half a mile from the lodge gates, he told the chauffeur to stop, and climbing out slipped away into the bushes.

It was some time before he found a spot suited to his purpose. Most of the ground was so encumbered with roots that to dig without proper tools was an impossibility. Eventually he came upon a little clearing, some twelve feet square, where to his delight he remarked a sandy patch. Laying the body of Fifi in some long grass he went to his knees and with bare fingers set about to excavate a grave. He was astonished to find that the task was much more difficult than he imagined. The sand was hard and for a long time resisted his efforts. Accordingly he took from his vest pocket a fountain pen and by its aid succeeded far better than hitherto. He had almost finished when a voice behind him broke in upon his labors.

"Hands up, please!" said the voice. "I'll teach you to set snares on my land!"

Lord Louis revolved on his own axis to find that he was looking down the barrels of Sir John's twelve-bore gun. In spite of the awkwardness of his predicament he preserved his self-control.

"May I remind you, Sir John," said he, "it is considered rude to point?"

"Lord Louis Lewis," exclaimed Sir John, lowering his weapon. "Well, I'm damned!" Then added: "What the deuce are you up to?"

Lord Louis deliberated a moment before replying. He then said: "Sir John, you have surprised me at a moment when I hoped to be alone. But being here it would be useless to conceal from you the purpose of my activities. This small hole which you perceive is a grave; and here"—he stretched out his hand and dragged the body of Fifi into a better light—"are the remains it was destined to conceal."

"Great Scott—Fifi!" gasped Sir John.

"The same," said Lord Louis; "and if you will grant me a few moments of your valuable time I shall be happy to explain to you how this melancholy occurrence came about."

"Go ahead," said Sir John, and leaning his gun against a tree seated himself beside Lord Louis on the grass.

When the narrative was finished Sir John threw back his head and laughed. He laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. So infectious did his merriment prove that Lord Louis, forgetting previous anxieties, mingled his laughter with that of the older man and rocked to and fro in an agony of mirth. When Sir John had partially recovered he desired to know whether Lord Louis expected to be believed in his statement that the death of Fifi was fortuitous, and receiving an affirmative answer, advised the peer to "tell that story to the marines" at the first possible opportunity. As it evidently gratified Sir John to believe what had happened was the result of a carefully laid scheme, Lord Louis thought it wiser to protest no further, but expressed the devout hope that the disappearance would not be laid to Sir John's account.

"No, no," said Sir John, "my wife always takes my word for a thing. After all, I can say quite honestly that I had nothing to do with it."

"And I assume," said Lord Louis tentatively, "that you will not mention this chance discovery?"

Sir John winked. "So far as I'm concerned," he said, "I have no idea at all of what became of the dog."

"Bravo!" cried Lord Louis. "And may I further assume that you no longer withhold your consent to my nephew's suit?"

Sir John scratched his head.

"The young blackguard did fire down the line," he said.

"The best of us are liable to mistakes," pleaded Lord Louis. "Even you, Sir John, pointed a gun at me not so very long ago."

"So I did," allowed the baronet; then added in a cheery voice: "The man whose uncle can tell such perfect lies deserves a pretty wife." And he shot out a hand in token of their agreement.

A few minutes later they emerged upon the drive. Fifi's remains had been given to the earth and a handful of dried leaves scattered over her resting place.

"You'll take a cup of tea at the house?" Sir John invited.

"Thank you, no," replied Lord Louis, glancing at his watch. "I have another appointment which I must keep."

"What, another?" exclaimed Sir John with a twinkle.

"Of a more pacific kind," added the peer.

"I see," said Sir John. "Well, I'll slip along to the house and tell the news to the wife. It'll cheer her up a bit to know I have consented." And with a wave of the hand he was gone.

The autumn dusk was falling when Lord Louis, guided by a twinkle of flame through the bushes, made his way to little Miss Sarah's side. A wood fire was burning, upon which a tiny camp kettle sang merrily, and on the adjacent grass a nice jammy tea was arrayed.

"Well?" exclaimed little Miss Sarah excitedly.

"It is quite all right," said Lord Louis with a reassuring nod. "I have seen your father, and everything is settled."

Miss Sarah clapped her hands.

"And Fifi?" she asked.

"Oddly enough, Fifi is nowhere to be found," murmured Lord Louis with averted head.

"What do you mean?" she interrogated.

"That is all I can tell you," he answered, "except to repeat an Eastern proverb which says that 'Happiness should ask no questions.'"

"You're a dear," said Miss Sarah, and gave his hand the gentlest little pressure in the world.

After which, in the gathering gloom, they had tea, and Lord Louis consumed more slices of bread and jam than he could ever remember to have done before. Then side by side they sat and talked of many delightful things.

"What a lovely family yours must be," said Sarah. "Just imagine any family with two such ducks in it as you and Cedric."

The evening was growing chilly, so Lord Louis took off his motor coat and put it round them both. When eventually he rose to go there was a sad inflection in Sarah's voice as she said:

"I shall never forget what you have done for me—never as long as I live." And Lord Louis, realizing that soon he was to become her uncle, boldly availed himself of a privilege of relationship in advance.

Cedric was waiting at the gates of Bruton House when Lord Louis' car returned.

"What news?" he cried.

"I managed somehow," replied Lord Louis rather curtly. "But you certainly don't deserve it."

And the Honorable Cedric paused for a moment in the paces of his joy to wonder why his uncle, who had succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, appeared so bad tempered about it all.

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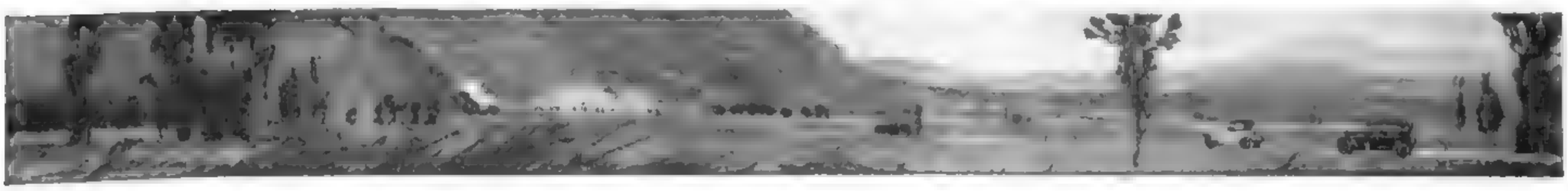

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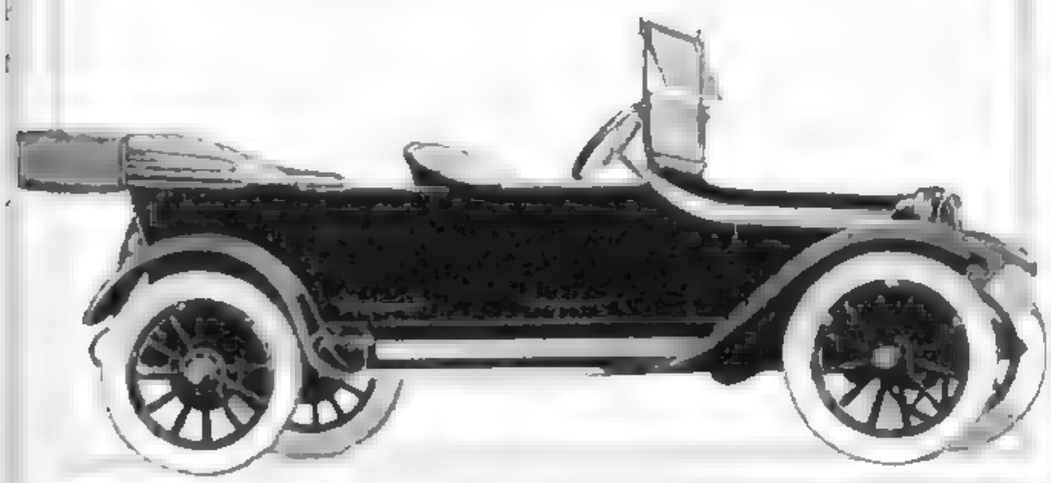

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a highbrow. He was a pink-faced round man, a trifle bald at the crown of his head. He smoked panetelas, dressed immaculately, and wore a carnation in his buttonhole. He inspected the works in a perfectly nonchalant and noncommittal manner. It was back in the office in the evening that he woke up.

"Our engineers have gone over your whole proposition, Mr. Bogartus," he said. "It looks big enough to scare, but it's feasible and we're satisfied. But why, please tell me, are all the typewriters in your office this afternoon copying the book of Job on your letterheads?"

Jim's barometric mercury had scurried to the top of the tube. It dropped with a sudden flop. For a moment he could not speak and when he did, it was meekly.

"I'll just tell you the whole story," he said.

But Thistlethwaite held up a fat hand.

"You needn't," he protested. "We know all about it. You're mortgaged pale. Your notes are almost due. Your security ought to stand for almost anything in reason, but you can't raise another cent. Is that it?"

"That's it," admitted Jim.

"Well, didn't you ever wonder why? I'm going to tell you. Do you know who holds your pledged stocks?"

"Why, yes, the Pacific National."

"They do," said Mr. Thistlethwaite pityingly—"in a safe-deposit box pledge and notes assigned to Graf & Gratz. Lately some two or three people have begun to suspect that the Pacific National is Graf & Gratz."

"No," said Jim stubbornly; "we've done our business there—my father and I—for half a century."

"Banks change," commented Mr. Thistlethwaite. "At least stockholders do. I don't say it's so. I say it's possible. Then there's another thing—you have parted with considerable land."

"Only in three-acre plots to a lot of Greeks in a colonization scheme."

Mr. Thistlethwaite smiled sadly.

"Have you looked up those titles lately? Graf & Gratz—every acre of it."

Anger was slow in Jim Bogartus, but it came now with white evidence that made Hilda stir uneasily in her seat. He got to his feet.

"How do you happen to know all this?" he asked hoarsely.

"Steady, son, steady!" soothed Mr. Thistlethwaite.

"We're on your side. We're not against you. As a field manager I shouldn't ask for a better man. But you'll have to admit that you're something of a lambkin among the powers that prey.

"The truth of the business is, you're in a Graf trap. And that's the sort of situation which the conservative business man in a small way down in town keeps his fingers out of.

"But a few of us knew about Churchuya, and it just naturally went against our grain to see a fat thing like this walked off with so easy as all that. And I've got a little confession to make: If there isn't a Back-to-the-Land Association, for the benefit of Belgian farmers, there ought to be. But we're not it. Here's who I represent."

He handed Jim a list of names, some of which Bogartus recognized as belonging to merchants and brokers in the city—none of them very important, but the aggregate was strong.

"And here are my real credentials. Now, Bogartus, we can raise all the money you need. But you've got to recognize it's a clear case of salvage, and it's going to cost accordingly."

"I'll talk turkey," said Jim. "There's a small fortune in power alone, and I can dicker with that and the water rights too. About all I insist on is that no land goes in as security and that I retain control."

"Have you got a lawyer?" asked Mr. Thistlethwaite.

"The best in Mukoleme County," said Jim.

"I'll stick to the city brand for this job on my part; and I've got mine with me, thank you.

"You put your stenographer on the job and we'll sign preliminary papers to-night. There's no time to lose."

It was three o'clock in the morning when the tired secretary and the two lawyers filed out of the office. Jim Bogartus contained himself until they had gone by digging his nails almost to the quick in the palms of his hands. He even closed the door with calmness and waited a decorous minute. Then he squatted clear to his

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We said that, due to its wonderful cushioning qualities, the Motz permits owners to operate their trucks economically at speeds up to 25 miles per hour.

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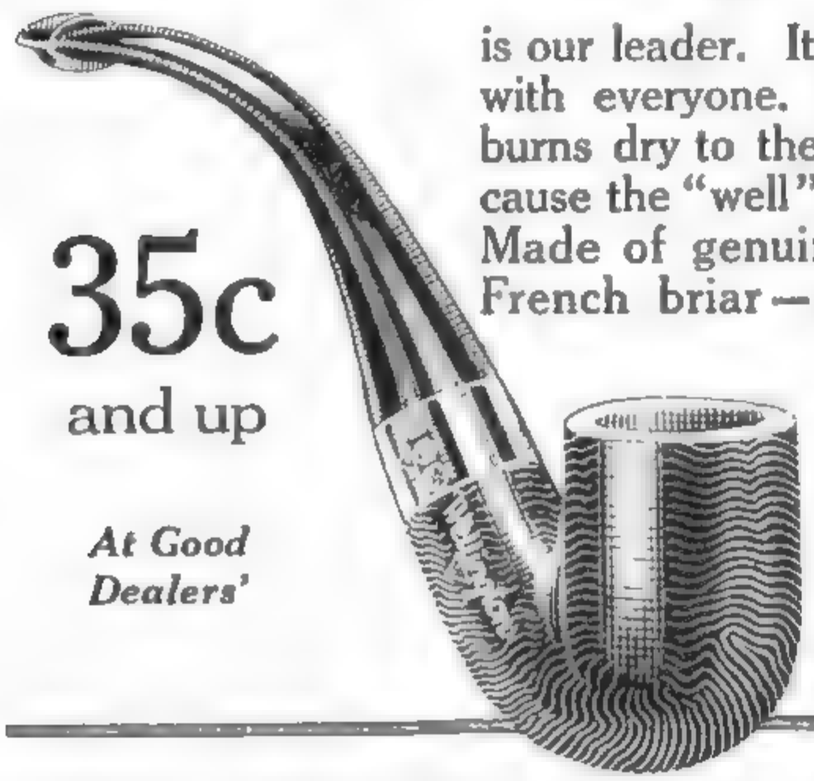

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haunches, slowly rose to his full height and, as he rose, emitted the shrieking crescendo of a battleship's siren.

Hilda sprang up in alarm and was seized in strong arms and foxtrotted the length of the room, bringing up in front of Jim's big plat of the valley. Gently but irresistibly he lifted her bodily till her eyes were on a level with the Mukoleme Dam site.

"By carefully watching that yellow spot, girl," he said in a voice that was scarcely suppressed from a shout, "you'll see a dream come true, a big dream—the biggest thing in California—and no one knows the whole story but just you and I. Oh, you see it! And oh girl—oh, say—oh, my!"

In the ecstasy of his excitement he turned her swiftly about and kissed her. Instantly he fell away, completely sobered.

"Oh, Miss Graf, I didn't mean to! I'm sorry. Oh, honestly, I couldn't help it."

Hilda was very tired and her upper lip trembled slightly. Bogartus stood like a boy who has just upset a goldfish bowl and been caught at it.

"Oh, darn it!" he moaned. "I'll never get anywhere. Just whenever things are going right I go and spill the beans. I was going—I had it all planned to tell you something when I had won this scrap and nailed her down; and now—"

"Now I think I had better go home," said the girl crisply. She had already taken her sports hat from its peg behind the door.

"I am sure it was just exuberance—and I am very glad for your sake you can feel that way. Good night."

The days before the twenty-eighth of June—when Jim's notes matured—dragged interminably, and almost every one of them brought a letter from the Back-to-the-Land Association—Bogartus and his secretary called them the "boneless ham" letters—reporting progress on the campaign for funds and reorganization. Some of them raised him to the heaven of hope and some of them steeped him in despair; but, whether they brought delight or sorrow, he took them to Hilda as a small boy takes confidences to a chum.

One day toward the end he came back from an inspection tour, breathless.

"Those darned Grafs have come out into the open," he said.

"They've posted appropriation notices on those Greek sections, and all in their own names."

"It won't do them any good, will it?" asked Hilda innocently.

"It won't if those stocks are redeemed. If they aren't the Grafs will get the ditch and the works and the water rights; and my priority expired three months ago. It'll just knock things into a cocked hat and I might as well quit."

For some reason Hilda did not like this last word.

"You wouldn't stop fighting, would you?" she asked anxiously.

"You wouldn't want me to quit?"

"Well, if I were a man it seems to me I shouldn't like to use that word about it anyway."

"I won't quit," he said meaningly. "Three months ago I might have done it; but not now."

The door opened mercifully and Hilda escaped. That evening she wrote a long and very explicit letter to Copperthwaite. It did not contain much information, but it created sufficient havoc.

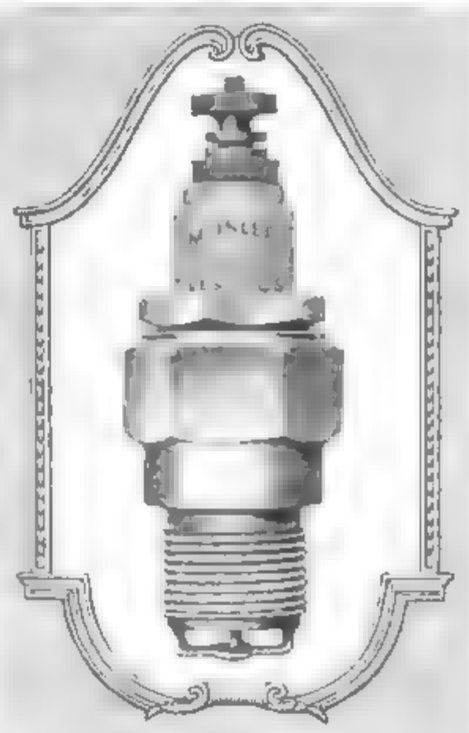
"It'll just about kill him," she said as she signed and sealed it, "and I'm perfectly sure he will feel like killing me." But whether she was speaking of Copperthwaite, Sherril or Bogartus did not appear.

The morning of the twenty-eighth of June found both Jim and Hilda early at the office—Jim, because he was in a fever of nervous excitement; Hilda, because a good huntress should always be in at the death.

"The devilish part of the whole business," he told her in an awed, hushed voice after the day was well along, "is that provision in the notes giving them possession and the right to buy in at par. If it was just a mortgage I'd have a chance; but somebody in that Graf bunch knows how to make things airtight. Sewed up from noon to-day—that's what we'd be. Just s'posin' we should slip up now—just supposin' it!"

His voice was the voice of a child, self-frightened by ghost talk in the dark of a windy night. Hilda looked into his round eyes in an almost motherly sympathy.

(Continued on Page 100)



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Suppose you could actually get a garden hose that could not and would not kink.

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If you could get such a brand of hose, we take it, you would buy that brand.

Well—all you've got to do is to go to the nearest store and ask for Goodyear-Akron Lawn Hose, and you'll get everything that we indicate above.

* *

We should like to break the national bad habit of just asking for lawn hose.

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It is given just as much care and time and thought and scientific preparedness as though it were the only product we build.

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* *

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If they will think of it in specific, instead of general, terms—if they will ask for Goodyear-Akron, instead of just hose—several things will happen.

Garden hose, in the light of Goodyear-Akron Lawn Hose performance, will no longer be thought of in terms of general disrespect.

Goodyear-Akron Lawn Hose will be installed as a faithful friend in thousands of homes that now look upon garden hose as a necessary evil.

You can buy Goodyear-Akron Lawn Hose—the best hose Goodyear makes—from the most reliable hardware and department stores everywhere. ¾ inch, 18c per foot; ⅝ inch, 17c; ½ inch, 16c.

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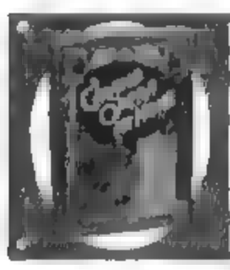

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HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

(Continued from Page 98)

"It would go pretty hard with you," she reflected "wouldn't it? Do you know—you ought not to set your heart so desperately on anything in this world. People who do don't come up when they're bowled over ——"

"Yes," he said, rallying; "and people who don't do that don't make many deserts blossom like the rose! Did you ever look at it that way?"

"I have—lately," she conceded; "but you want this so terribly that a single hard disappointment would take the fight out of you."

"No, it wouldn't. I've thought of what you said the other night. There's something that I want about ten million times harder than I want Churchuya—I want it so hard that for hours at a time I forget all about Churchuya, and I suppose that nobody in the world will ever know how hard that means. I want it so hard and so deep and so long that sometimes I just ache all over from wanting it."

The telephone at the girl's elbow buzzed and she took down the receiver.

"Long distance for Mr. Bogartus." She smiled sweetly, and she was glad that he proved himself by swearing.

"Hang up—bother long distance!"—and then the swear word. His confusion forced him to take refuge in the call. He covered the transmitter with his hand. "It's the Boneless Ham." And he said in a scared whisper: "Madam, are you prepared for a shock?"

There was a humming, nasal whine and then Jim Bogartus leaped to his feet.

"What!" he roared; and then: "Yes, I'll go there and I'll keep him off till I hear, if I have to kill him. And Thistlethwaite—if you've double-crossed me in this business I'll make it my eternal business to wring your neck. The day won't be too long or the way too weary —— What? Well, I just mention it. If the shoe doesn't fit you don't wear it—that's all." And he slammed the black funnel on the hook. The bronze of his face had paled to a sickly saffron. Hilda moved toward him and laid a hand on his arm.

"What is it? Oh, what is it?"

"Some hellish hitch—somebody's draft dishonored at the Pacific National. I didn't catch his name—sounded like Sherril—I don't know. Thistlethwaite says they still have hope. He says a man named Pfeill is coming up from Merced on the mountain road to take possession, and for me to go out and keep him off till I get final word. It may save a lawsuit. You know what possession is, in the courts. I'm going up there."

"Oh!" said Hilda.

It was not an expression of sympathy. It was an expletive of vexation and chagrin. Suddenly she moved toward the telephone; but Bogartus was before her. He seized her hands almost roughly.

"Look here!" he said. "You came up here as my stenographer. You just came to me out of nowhere, but you've grown to be all there is in the world to me. I don't care about this other thing except from just one angle. I wanted to tell you when I'd won—'As a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and . . . as a strong man to run a race.' That's the way I wanted to come to you—head up and strong. And when I come that's the way I'm coming. I'll tell you that! I'm not going to bring you a wreck of tangled hopes and come whining to your skirts for sympathy. You said I might not fight—well, you'll see! For you I'll fight. I'll fight till I drop; and those Grafs will know it on the longest day they live!"

"Jim ——" She stopped his mouth with her hand and the word thrilled him into silence, for it was the first time she had called him by that name. "You'll win! I'd like to hear you. You will never know how much I want to hear you go on saying just what you are saying now, but you haven't got time to be talking. Go up there and keep Pfeill out of Mukoleme. And Jim"—her voice dropped to so low a pitch that he had to lean close to hear her—"you're going to hear something about me. I want you to make me a promise—will you?"

"Yes!" he said huskily.

"Well, no matter what you hear, no matter who says it, you'll just say: 'She's been my girl ever since the Grafs staked the Churchuya—and I'll wait to hear her story.'"

Ten precious seconds ticked away from a precariously perilous margin of time, and then the voice of Bogartus came thick and uncertain.

"Nobody'll ever dare to tell me anything about you!" he said—for she had kissed him.

She pushed him to the door and fairly flew to the telephone. Every agonized second she had to wait before she had Copperthwaite on the wire wrung even her steady nerves like the rack. Her opening words came with a tingling certainty that was far more effective than ever her father's blustering had been:

"I don't want to be rude; but you bungling, stubborn, thickheaded old man! If you don't get down to the Pacific National Bank in twenty minutes; if those drafts of Sherril's aren't honored in half an hour; if you don't personally see that that little terrier of a Thistlethwaite has those Churchuya stock certificates in an hour; and if I don't get word from you and confirmation from both Thistlethwaite and Mr. Phillips of the bank by eleven-forty you're fired, Copperthwaite! And it's nine-fifty now. . . . No; don't argue with me. You deliberately disobeyed the instructions in my last letter. If Sherril gets the estate, that's my affair, not yours. Now I'll be waiting for you right here at the telephone, and I'm paying for an open line to Frisco."

VI

HILDA'S hired automobile made good time to Mukoleme, but there was no desperate race for life in the trip.

She was approaching a crisis and her defenses were all down. She could have saved Churchuya from Sherril to the very latest second; but somehow Churchuya was among the last thoughts of her mind.

Jim Bogartus had been long giving her back her full faith in men. Even after she knew she loved him so deeply that she could never live happily without him, she had thought to take Churchuya from Sherril and give it to Jim.

Then the certainty had come that her knight would never take his victory from her. Certainly not, when he knew the whole story. To win she must surrender. There must be some moment of time when he should be master. She had capitulated, but she feared [illegible].

She found Bogartus on his property line, sitting with a rifle across his knees. In the road a third automobile was drawn up and two very surly-looking men sat hunched in the tonneau. At sight of her one of them got up.

"Steady as you were!" growled Jim and the man sat down.

"It's all right, Jim!" she called. "The money was paid at eleven-thirty. Here's a telegraphed receipt from Mr. Copperthwaite."

Bogartus emitted a whoop like an Indian. He did not touch the fluttering paper. He caught the girl in his arms and crushed her painfully. He danced in the road. He threw his hat in the air. He seized his rifle and flourished it across his face.

"Now you two claim jumpers, beat it up that road as fast as that tin Lizzie will scoot you, or I'll pump you so full of lead they'll have to haul your coffins on a dray."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Bogartus," wailed a nervous man whose hands were dancing up and down in apprehension. "I want to tell you something. Don't be fooled! That girl—Copperthwaite and I ——"

"Not another yelp out of you—move!" Jim raised the rifle to the crook of his elbow.

"Can I say it to her, then?" the man almost shrieked.

"You can't talk in the same county with her."

The driver was a discreet man and the automobile was moving out to turn.

"Wait, Jim!" begged Hilda tensely. "Let him talk."

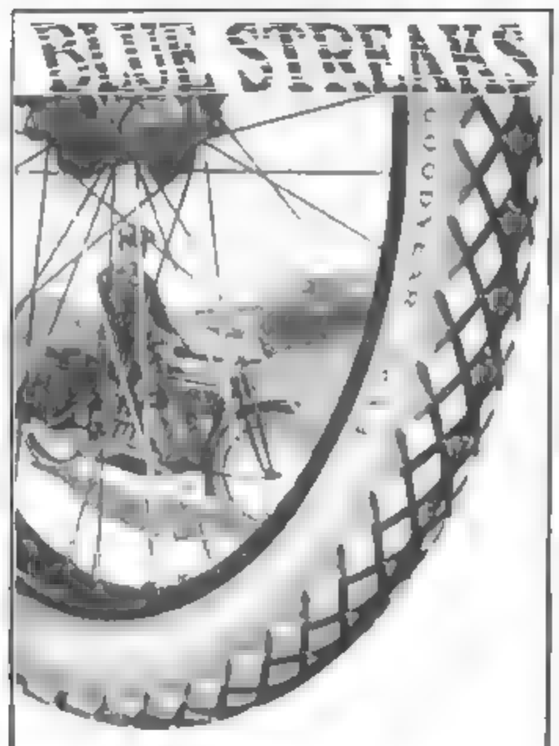
Pfeill fairly leaped on the seat.

"That telegram's a lie!" he bawled. "Copperthwaite and I got together. We knew you'd lost your head over this—this big yap—and we made up our minds we'd save you for the sake of your father, if not for your own, Hilda Graf."

"The telegram's right enough," said Hilda wearily. "I know what you did. Here's another one from Mr. Thistlethwaite and Phillips of the bank."

Bogartus stood, limply staring; but he woke at her words and viciously pumped a cartridge into the chamber of his rifle. The machine was already fairly shrieking into high.

Then Jim turned to the girl. His rough-hewn face seemed to her like flint. All the



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sparkling twinkle had gone from his eyes and their blue had become the blue of deep ice—not that of skies.

"Are you old Graf's daughter?" he said; but it was not a question and he did not wait for an answer. He turned from her and his voice wailed: "Good Lord! Is the whole world crooked?"

The words brought Hilda from her despair. It was her own cry, scarcely three months old. She knew how to pity him as he turned and walked away toward the bastion where they had stood when he first told her of his dream. She saw him seat himself on the bowlder where he had first dreamed that dream, and she waited a scant few minutes.

Presently he heard a low voice at his elbow.

"Jim, you promised to hear me."

Hilda told her story well. She neither omitted, glossed over, nor concealed. She began at the very beginning. She made her lover feel and know the girl who had knelt at the side of old dying Graf—the girl who had come back from Coronado crying as he had cried: "The whole world is crooked."

She took him through her struggle with the devious Sherril; through her twinges of conscience on the day she came into his office and the way she had stifled them; through her change of heart when she first knew that she loved him; and finally to her moment of realization and joy in the knowledge that the man who scorned to come to her save as a victor would never take her gift.

"I trifled with your business, Jim," she said calmly; "but I never trifled with your love."

She had not raised her glance to his face. Had she looked at him she might have said no more. His big fists were gripped at his sides; but his eyes were clear with happiness and soft again, albeit misty.

"It was a hard thing for me to give in, Jim—ten times harder than fighting Sherril even when I knew that he would beat you in the end, while I could only save you. So you were fighting another fight that you didn't know about at all—a harder fight. And, after all, you did win Churchuya—just by being you!"

"Churchuya!"

It was Jim's first word.

Its lordliness of scorn relegated a river system to the ranks of little things. It turned his back on the mightiest gorge in all the mountains.

"Churchuya—— My God, I won you!"

Five days later Hilda's three years expired. Her mail brought a flood of letters. There was a fugue of despair, admonition, reproach and calamity from Copperthwaite. There was a scathing and sarcastic letter from Pfeill. They had mutinied to save her from herself; but they would never mutiny again.

A lighter hand than old Go-to-It's had held the reins, but they had ruefully learned that it was a hand no less firm. She wrote them soothing, hopeful letters. But it was a fourth communication that gave her keenest joy. It was a letter from Sherril formally calling a meeting of the heirs to attend to the final details of incorporation and informally indulging in a little jubilant self-satisfaction.

"It seems almost cruel to tell you," it boasted, "that it was I who redeemed the Churchuya; and I did it with Graf money for the Graf corporation. It's what your father used to call playing both ends against the middle—win either way. But I suppose that sort of business strategy is too deep for a girl."

Hilda had been considering her reply to this letter even before it came. Finally she wrote:

"Ask Copperthwaite how cruel it was to tell me that you were the great original Back-to-the-Lander.

"And, by the way, never mind the meeting of the heirs. You'll find title to the whole Churchuya Valley recorded in my name—a wedding present from my husband, Senator. I was married quite suddenly day before yesterday.

"Most sincerely,

"HILDA GRAF BOGARTUS.

"P. S. That's what I should call playing both ends against the middle. H. G. B."

"It'll seem that way to him," she commented to the laughing Jim, who aided the composition.

"It was that way," he urged. "You never had a chance to lose."

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And as he said those words he knew that from that time on, neither of them would have to worry any more. They had both read the Ætna advertising and had both known that accidents are so common in the United States that no man is safe. They had both known that one man in every seven is accidentally killed or injured each year, and they both know now that if he is hurt there is provided an income for him and an income for her.

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When we came to the American repeating rifle of forty-five caliber, seventy grains of black powder and five hundred grains of soft lead, everybody thought the top of rifle development had been attained. You would be laughed out of camp to-day if you carried one of those guns—the same sort with which many of our soldiers were armed in the Cuban campaign.

To-day the American Army has the modern Springfield rifle of the 1906 type, of thirty caliber, the Spitzer bullet of which has a velocity and accuracy combined that makes this the best military weapon in the world in the opinion of all army men. It is also one of the best big-game guns in the world to-day. Use it with a bullet of one hundred and seventy grains and it will do business with almost anything up to rhino and elephant, or big African buffalo. Indeed, it will kill all these animals if rightly handled. With this piece—which your gunmaker can reduce to sporting lines for you at a cost of a few dollars—you do not have to bother much about the elevations up to two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards, as once you needed to when you used the old black-powder Springfield load.

As they are working up to great calibers again in European artillery, in rifles we are working all the time to smaller calibers—especially for sporting weapons. The rifle velocities of to-day are something enormous, tremendous, terrific. There has just come out a little twenty-five-caliber American rifle the muzzle velocity of which goes over three thousand feet. A few years ago we vaunted our thirty-caliber rifles of twenty-three hundred feet velocity; and those same thirty calibers, with a bullet weighing two hundred and twenty grains, were thought sufficient to stop any big game on the American Continent—as indeed they were.

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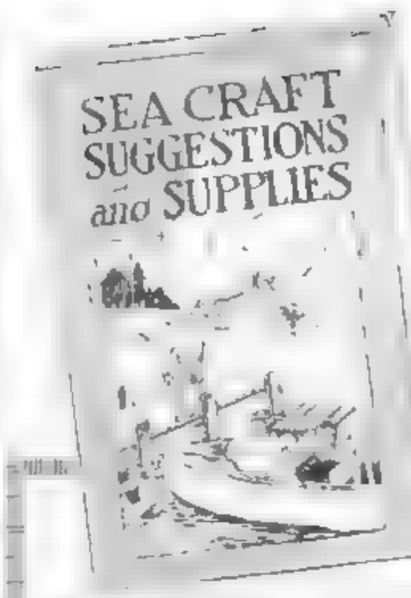
Any good hunter will tell you, however, that this rifle is not to be accepted on a paper-target basis—it is accurate, and it will kill if you place the little bullet in the right spot. Apart from the vital spots on a big-game animal, it would be simply an annoyance and very risky for the user. At least one woman hunter has been known to kill a full-grown tusker with the .256; and this tiny bullet—one hundred and thirty-nine grains—has accounted for numberless specimens of other great game.

The descent to the .256 from the black-powder four-bore rifle of early English days in Africa was at first gradual, and then very swift. It is easy to recall the report of an American adventurer, who, a little over a dozen years ago, came back from Africa and calmly announced that he had been able to kill all the species of African big game with the American repeating rifle of that day. Everybody scoffed at him at first. Since that time the truth of his statements has been proved a thousand times by other Americans. So many of our hunters have demonstrated, for instance, the .405 American repeater that there is no longer any question of its efficiency. One good hunter of the writer's acquaintance says that, should he ever make a second trip to Africa, he would take no other gun but the .405 for any kind of game, and would use the soft-point bullets and not the full nickel jacketed. Everyone to his taste. That particular hunter would seem to be entitled to his own taste, for he has demonstrated his own skill and success.



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READY TO SERVE ON TOAST OR PATTIE SHELLS. I challenge the chefs of the country to equal it.

I challenge them to find finer poultry or [illegible] to make an exquisitely flavored golden cream dressing. A memorable dinner course. An extraordinary guest dish. Great for any luncheon or supper. This delicacy of the great Clubs and Hotels, may now be enjoyed when or where you will.

Your fine dealer will supply you at 25c and [illegible] or I [illegible] prepaid by mail [illegible] at $1.10 and $2.20. If you will send me his name and a liberal trial order.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Purity Cross, Inc. Route 28, Providence, R. I.

HALLMARK

Announcing HALLMARK SHIRTS

New Spring Styles

Your good dealer is now showing his new HALLMARK patterns—styles that well-dressed men prefer.

When you look for your spring shirts secure unusual value at the price you like to pay—demand HALLMARK, $1.00, $1.50 and up.

Hall, Hartwell & Co., Troy, N. Y.
Makers of SLIDEWELL Collars

BILLINGS & SPENCER TOOLS

Your dealer probably has them. If not, write us.

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Wrenches
Pliers
Sc. Drivers
Hammers
Ratchets
Wrench Kits
Tool Kits

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Illustrators and cartoonists make $20 to $125 [illegible] Many newspaper [illegible] Press [illegible] send you a [illegible] of drawings showing [illegible] YOU

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
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100 Edwin's GENUINE Havana Seconds $1.90

From Factory Direct To YOU By Ex. or Parcel Post Prepaid

Made of Imported Havana Seed, from our own plantations in Cuba, leaves that are [illegible] to perfection. There is no [illegible] or distress [illegible] Each [illegible] Banded in the Regular [illegible] To each purchaser of 100 Edwin's Genuine Havana Seconds, we will extend the privilege of ordering for 50c additional one box of Edwin's SAMPLE CASES containing 25 assorted cigars each of our 12 Best Sellers—all Regular Values—priced [illegible] per 100. In case this is your order, you will get the biggest 50c box you ever saw.

Largest Mail Order Cigar Concern in the World

EDWIN CIGAR CO., Dept. No. 1 [illegible] Factories Acquainted 2334-2342 Third Ave., New York

When in New York SAVE MONEY by Patronizing any of the [illegible]

FOR BOYS ONLY

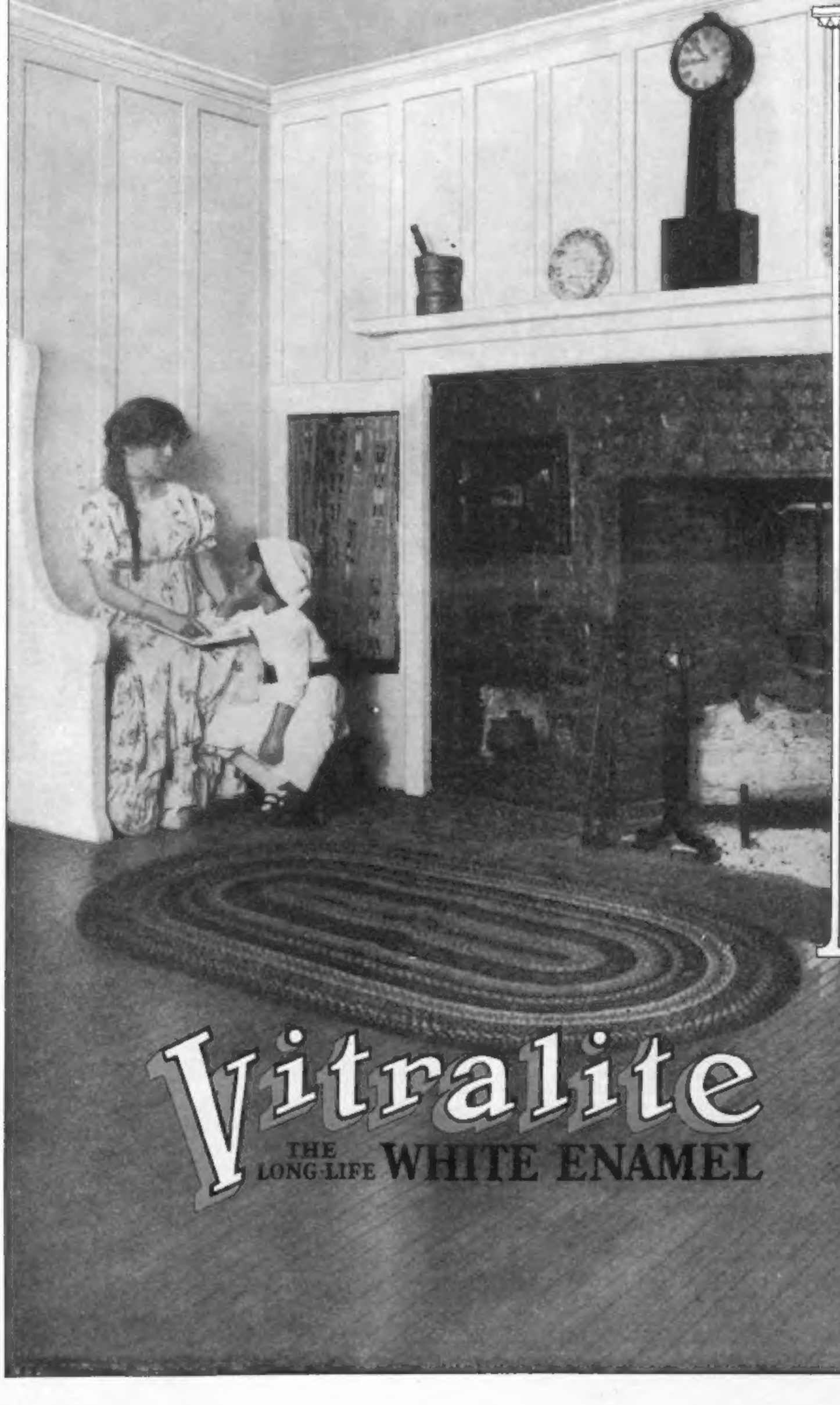
All over the country thousands of boys are earning a lot of money, besides getting some of the best premiums ever offered. They do it by selling *The Saturday Evening Post* on two days a week after school hours. Any boy can do it. If you want more spending money send us a postal card. The Curtis Publishing Company, Box 320, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

PATENTS

[illegible]

MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE
Established 1861. Washington, D. C., New York and Chicago

"61" FLOOR VARNISH



"Seek home for rest
For home is best,"
sang the old town crier as he passed.

WITHIN the house the chaste white woodwork and the sleek varnished floor, reflect the truth of the song.

Modern home-makers bring back the romance and cleanly coziness of finely finished floors, with "61" Floor Varnish.

Its abiding smoothness and beauty under severe usage makes a lasting investment. Water, hot or cold, does not penetrate nor discolor "61" Floor Varnish.

Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel,* is the natural companion of "61" Floor Varnish in any house, whatever may be the style of architecture.

Free Book and Sample Panels
finished with Vitralite and "61" sent on request.

The quality of P. & L. Varnish Products has always been their strongest guarantee. Our established policy is full satisfaction or money refunded.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

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Vitralite
THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

Says the Superintendent to the Purchasing Agent:

"Don't let's forget that the motors we put on these machines should be fully in keeping with our own quality standard. That's why I recommend Robbins & Myers Motors. You'll find them on the leading motor-driven devices of all kinds."

THE superintendent knows that the service to be given by his electric-driven machines depends absolutely upon the reliability of the motors. That is why all manufacturers of high-quality electric-driven machines choose a motor of known reliability—why you always find Robbins & Myers Motors on the leading power-driven machines for home, office, store and factory.

The name Robbins & Myers is a quality guarantee. When you see it on the motor of any electrically-driven device, you know that the other features of the machine are of the same high quality.

Twenty Years' Experience

Whatever the need, you know that the Robbins & Myers Motor you buy represents the best that can come of twenty years' experience in motor building.

If you are a manufacturer of any motor-driven device—from a vacuum cleaner to a machine tool—you can get a Robbins & Myers Motor made especially to fit your machine—made to give the service you want your product to give.

We will gladly submit sample motors for trial, and quote on quantity lots.

These Facts Await You

Whether you're a manufacturer of motor-driven equipment, or a large or small power user, or a dealer, some very interesting Robbins & Myers facts await you—

If a manufacturer of motor-driven machines, let our engineers send you complete data on motors adapted for your machines.

If a motor user write stating your particular motor needs. We will gladly send information on motors to meet your requirements.

If a dealer, write for bulletins, prices and discounts and let our nearest office work with you in closing that big sale.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY
Springfield, Ohio

New York Philadelphia Boston Rochester Cleveland
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The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

Robbins & Myers Fractional Horse-Power Motors for driving small power machines for home, office, store and shop, have the frames of the direct and alternating current motors the same in all important dimensions. Direct and alternating motors can, therefore, be interchanged on any machine without altering the machine in any way. This feature enables manufacturers of motor-driven machines to furnish their equipment for either direct or alternating current, without going to the expense of building two different models.

Robbins & Myers Motors

The *beauty*—
the *tenderness*—
the *healthfulness*—
the *deliciousness of*

Sunkist

California Seedless Navel

Oranges

should make you want more of them.

Fresh from California with its wonderful sunshine, this sweet, juicy, luscious fruit brings to your home one of Nature's richest bounties.

To salads and desserts—to *hundreds* of them—this orange lends a flavor and a healthfulness that not all foods contain.

Free peeling, seedless, firm but tender—it stands alone—the ideal orange—for culinary uses.

And your whole family would be *better* for *more oranges.* Why not serve them every day—at every meal?

* * * * *

Sunkist are shipped to every market by the California Fruit Growers Exchange, a strictly non-profit, co-operative organization of eight thousand growers whose sole purposes in organizing are to *grow better fruit* and *distribute it so economically* that every family may have oranges at a reasonable cost.

All good dealers everywhere sell Sunkist oranges and lemons. Look for the tissue wrappers marked "Sunkist" and save these wrappers for beautiful silverware.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
CO-OPERATIVE—NON-PROFIT
Eastern Headquarters, Dept. B8, 139 N. Clark Street, Chicago

Send Now for this Book

Send a postcard to the address above and we'll mail to you *free* a beautiful recipe book called "Sunkist Salads and Desserts." It will tell you how to make delicious dishes with oranges and lemons. Every housewife needs just such a book. Every family will delight in the new dishes it suggests.

(427)

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